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THE GOLD STRIPE

No. 2

*A tribute to the British Columbia Men who have been killed, crippled
and wounded in the Great War.*

A SOUVENIR
OF THE
CENTENARY
OF
“Victoria
the Good”
1819-1919

A BOOK
OF
WAR
PEACE
AND
Reconstruction



MODEL BY C. MAREGA

The Net Profits of this Publication will go to the

Amputation Club of B. C., Vancouver

for men who have been maimed and wounded in the Great War

W. B. McCONNELL
President.

J. A. PATON
Vice-President.

T. L. HEADS
Secretary.

The Amputation Club of B.C.

For Members of H. M. Forces on whose behalf the
"GOLD STRIPE" is published

ORGANIZED solely for the benefit of the men who
have suffered Amputation while in the Service of
the Empire with His Majesty's Forces.

All those qualified, who reside in British Columbia, are
invited to communicate with the Club.

Regular business meeting held on the first Monday in
each month.



Business Office :

The "GOLD STRIPE"
206 Dominion Building
207 Hastings Street West
Vancouver, B.C.

J. A. PATON,
Managing Editor,
"GOLD STRIPE"

PRESENTED ... CITY ARCHIVES

February 1964.

By
Mrs. Grace Melville Green.
(Dashwood-Jones,)
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

Mrs. A. Dashwood Jones

DEDICATION

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CENTENARY

TO the gracious memory of Victoria, Queen and Empress, Mother of Her People, this book is, with loving reverence, dedicated by men who have loyally fought and bled, serving the Empire and her grandson, His Majesty George V., in the WORLD'S GREAT WAR, 1914-1919.

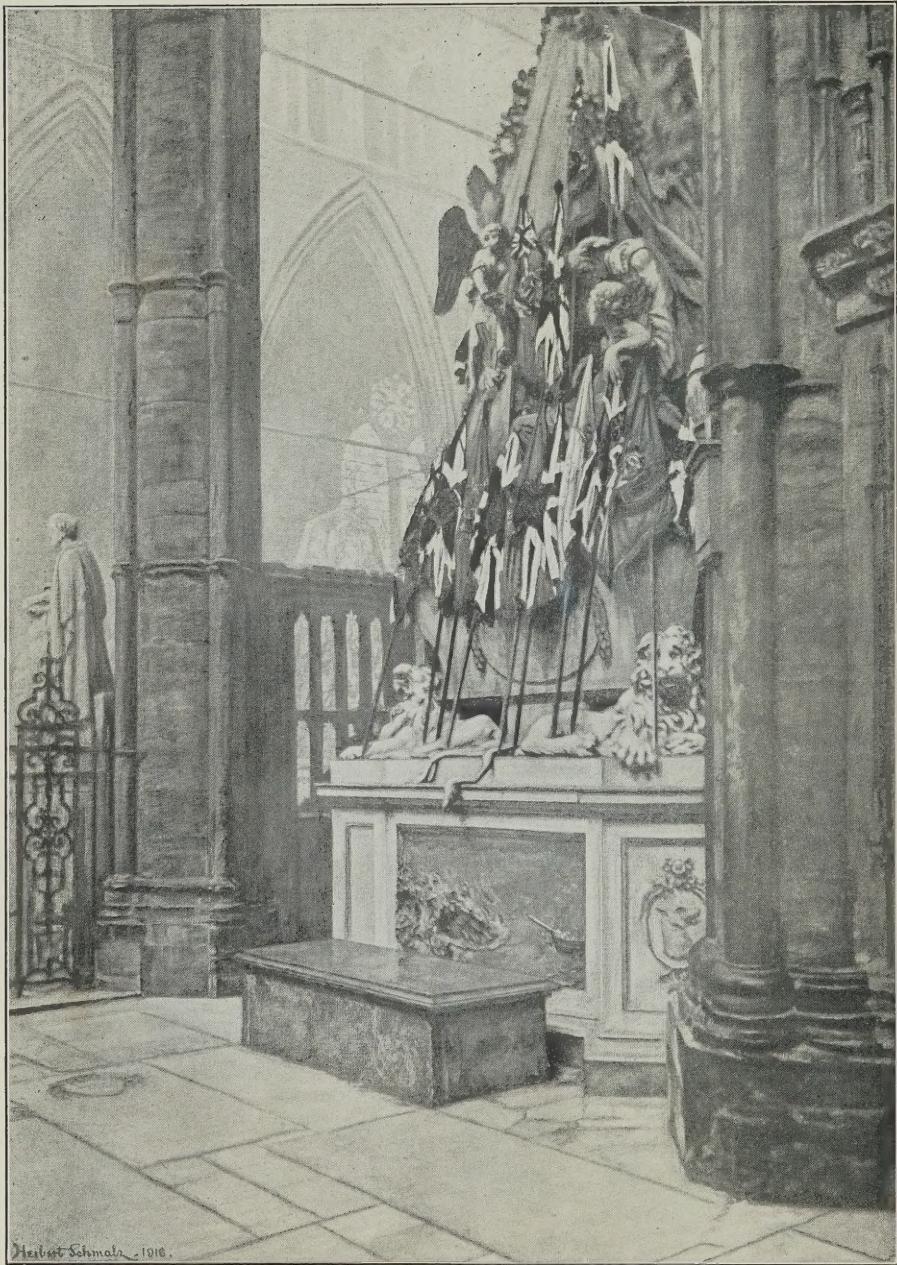
That their sufferings were minimized, that their services won recognition, that merit won promotion, and that the future of the returned soldier and his dependents is more illumined by hope than it was in past years is due to reforms initiated during the reign of "Victoria the Good."

Soldiers silently toast Her memory in the confident hope that Her gracious influence is yet potent for future good.

THE AMPUTATION CLUB.

Vancouver, 1919.

THE GOLD STRIPE



"BANNERS OF EMPIRE."

Flags of Canadian Regiments placed on General Wolfe's Tomb in Westminster Abbey whilst the men are fighting in France. Dedicated to our brave Canadian Soldiers. Reproduced from the Painting by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, by permission of the publisher, Mr. Arthur Greatorex, London.

THE GOLD STRIPE

No. 2

*A Tribute to the British Columbia Men who have been
killed, crippled and wounded in the Great War*

A Book of
War, Peace and Reconstruction



*Published for the benefit of
The Amputation Club of B.C.*

In May, 1919, the Centenary of "Victoria the Good."

355.11
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PACIFIC PRINTERS
500 TOWER BUILDING
VANCOUVER, B.C.

FOREWORD



THE GOLD STRIPE No. 2" is respectfully presented to the Public of British Columbia because the public kindly called for it. Having produced "The Gold Stripe" diffidently, but hopefully at Christmas, 1918, we were surprised and gratified at the success—a success more the result of your generosity, kind British Public, than our merit. With proud blushes we heard the cry "Encore." Like Oliver Twist you asked for "More"—so here we are! Kind friends abroad as well as at home have given us words of appreciation and encouragement. One of the first letters to reach us was from the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, ex-First Lord of the Admiralty and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Bishop de Pencier, and others prominent in Church and State, Art and Letters, approved our venture and bade us go on.

Many contributions of merit are crowded out by Honour Rolls, to which our friends begged precedence might be given—and rightly so. To our many friends we tender thanks. Should this book be received with the favour we anticipate, yet another, "Gold Stripe No. 3," may appear at Christmas. For this Mr. F. H. Townsend, the great "Punch" cartoonist, George Dancey, the Australian artist, Mary Riter Hamilton, Caton Woodville, Charles Dixon, the eminent marine artist, with writers of renown, have promised contributions.

Public men in British Columbia recognize that in this book some veterans not only "shoulder their crutch and show how fields were won," but demonstrate that, while grateful for help, they are trying to help themselves back to the civil life which, at the call of duty, they temporarily left.

It would be ungracious, the editors feel, if they omitted to pay a tribute to the Pacific Printers, to Messrs. Cleland & Dibble, and the Angel Engraving Co., engravers, and all who have helped to make this book what it is. It would have been better if the desire to render patriotic service carried achievement. Success cannot be commanded—all have tried to deserve it.

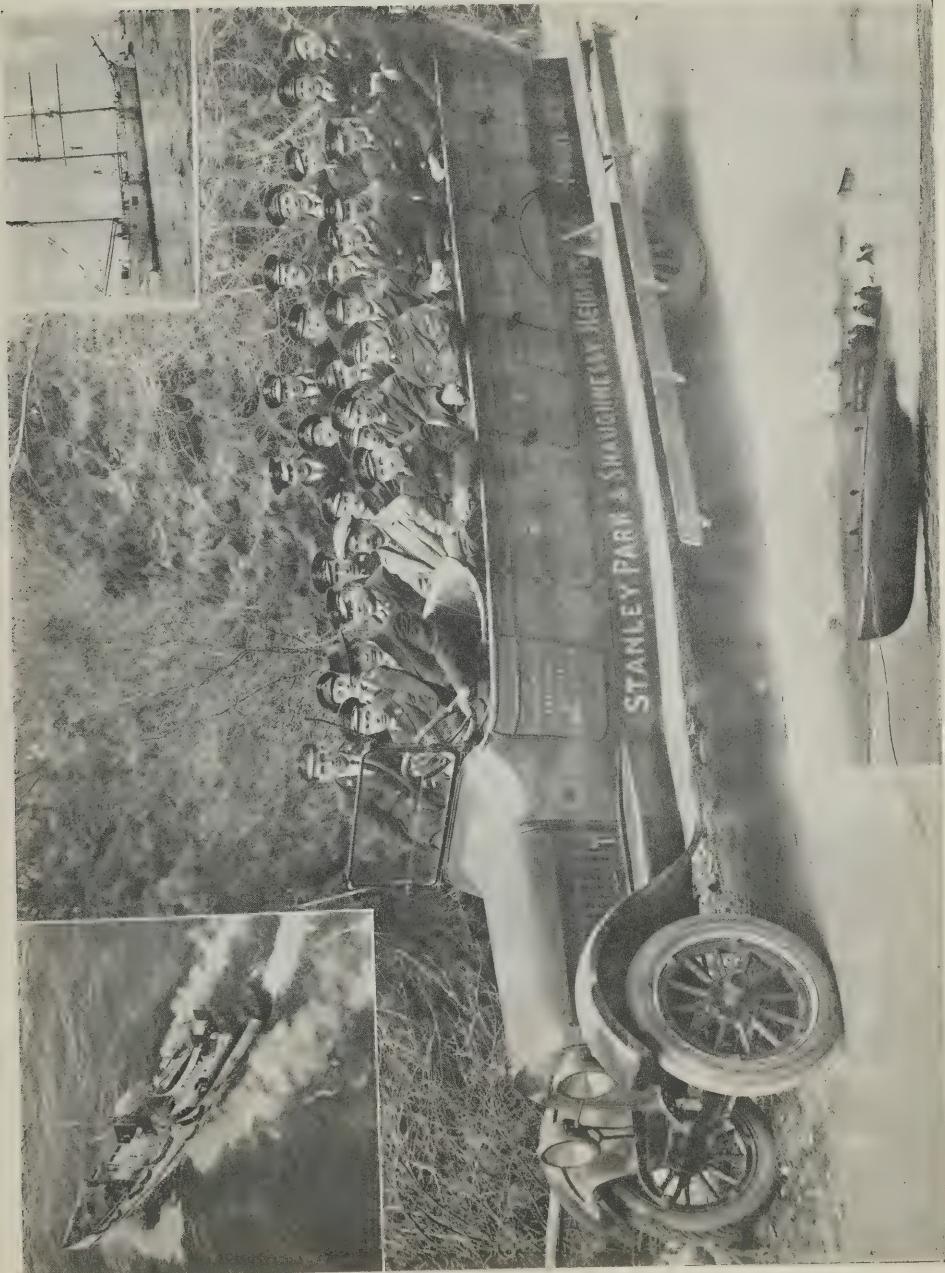
THE GOLD STRIPE



"THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE."

—C. Marega, Sculptor, Vancouver.

THE GOLD STRIPE



NEW ZEALAND NAVAL MEN "SEEING VANCOUVER."

Insets showing Submarine Chasers.

THE GOLD STRIPE



A FEW MEMBERS OF THE AMPUTATION CLUB OF B.C.

THE GOLD STRIPE

THE AMPUTATION CLUB OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Amputation Club of B. C. was formed in Vancouver last year. The Club was incorporated under the Benevolent Societies Act in January of the present year. Its main object is the betterment of artificial limbs, much dissatisfaction being expressed with the arm at present being manufactured and issued by the Government. A questionnaire has been issued by the Club to sixty men who have lost an arm, and replies from one-third have so far been received. The report is distinctly unfavorable to the class of arm being manufactured, for in no case has a reply been received that could even be construed to be favorable.

The photograph on the opposite page shows a few of the members of the club. There are over two hundred men in British Columbia who have lost limbs in the recent world war:

First row—R. W. Bashford, Jon. Alderson, H. W. Dawe, W. Cowan, Pte. A. W. Purdon, Pte. A. B. Cuthbertson, Pte. F. C. Newcombe, Sergt. E. S. Kappel, Sergt. Jas. Whitehead, Pte. W. Armstrong, Alex. Burnett, J. A. Paton.

Second Row—A. Stewart, M. McGougan, P. G. Carr, J. Lobban, E. Pitman, W. B. McConnell (president), G. H. Morritt, D. McKenzie, C. C. Spring, H. Parry, T. Williams.

Third row—A. J. Chrissp, P. J. McCormack, H. Corbett, H. Jones, G. Larkin, W. J. Devitt, Cliff Coons, J. W. R. Jones, C. Etchell.

Fourth row—H. Corner, D. McInnes, J. Russell, F. Curtis, A. Uden, S. Phillips, J. A. Todrick.

Fifth row—G. G. McAfee, (seven blank), R. A. Garrett, Jas. Wilson.

Inserts—Top row—J. W. T. Currie, George Humphries, R. C. Sinclair, T. L. Heads, R. C. Verrier, E. R. Morton, G. S. McArthur, S. Ross.

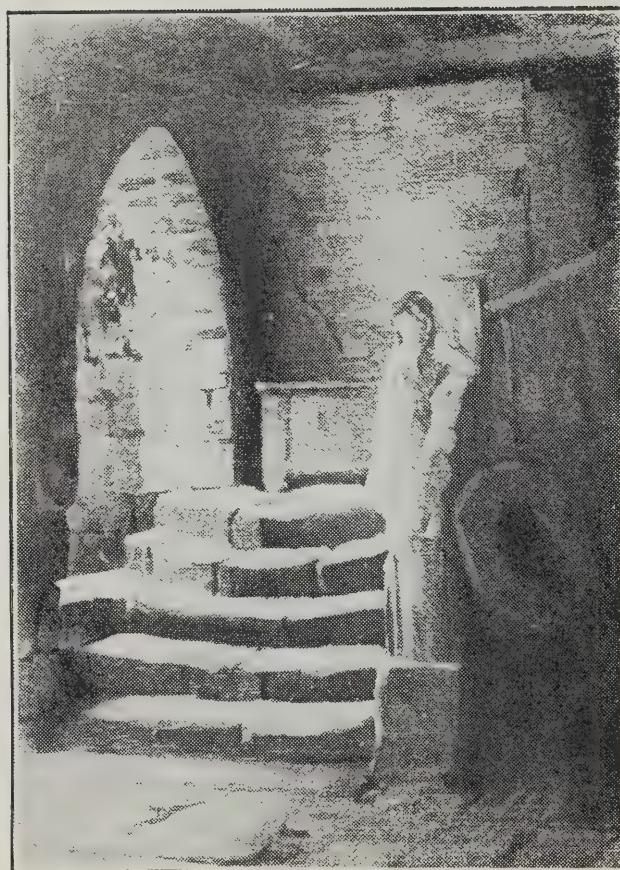
Second row—F. McDonald, J. R. Mulford, J. Wilson, W. Halstead, T. H. Potts (author of the "Episode of the Lemon Pie").

Third row—A. Stewart, C. McQueen, C. Wilson, M. Wildman.

"British Columbia has every
cause to proud of her
splendid soldiers, as well as of
the contributions which her people at
home have made towards the
Red Cross & other organizations
connected with the Great War
Behind me

In faith full
J. A. Devitt

THE GOLD STRIPE



"THE CASTLE STAIR"

Picture owned by the Rt. Hon. Sir R. L. Borden. Painted by Mary Riter Hamilton, who contributes to this volume, and is now in France, painting. Some of her most vivid work will be for "The Gold Stripe."

THE GOLD STRIPE

LANGLEY HONOUR ROLL



†PTE. FRED. O. ROBERTS



†LIEUT. R. HAAZELETTE SIMONDS



†JOHN B. CARVOLTH



†PTE. MONTAGUE WIX



†PTE. JAS. McDONALD



†LIEUT. GEO. SELLERS



†CPL. GORDON A. McDONALD



†PTE. HARRY BRAWN

THE GOLD STRIPE



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THE GOLD STRIPE



IN GRIP OF THE FROST

Property of J. B. Cowan, Esq., Vancouver.

—By John Innes.



A TOUCH OF AUTUMN

Property of P. Burns, Esq., Calgary.

—By John Innes.

THE GOLD STRIPE



THE GOLD STRIPE



A. J. Clarke, Sculptor, Toronto.

THE GOLD STRIPE

*A Tribute to the British Columbia Men who have been
killed, crippled, or wounded in the Great War*

Victoria's Centenary

An Era During Which "*The Soldier*" Had Recognition



"Victoria the Good"

IT is quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that this, a Soldiers' Book, should mark the centenary anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth, being dedicated to her gracious memory.

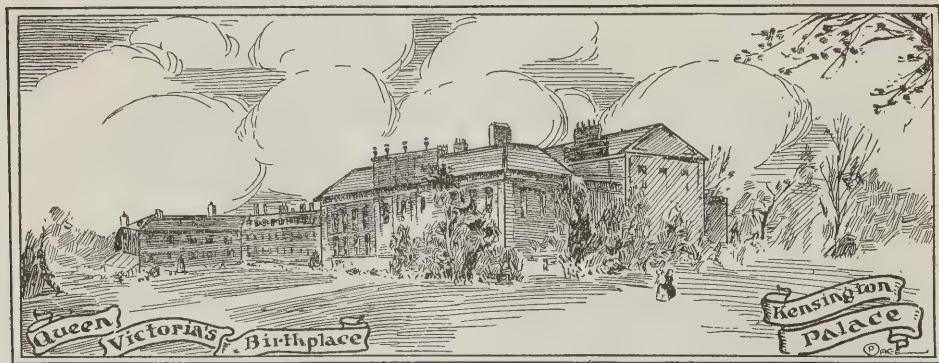
The reign of "Victoria the Good" was, by comparison with the history of previous centuries, a peaceful reign. The Crimean, the Indian Mutiny, the Boer war and other minor expeditions, however, proved the supremacy of British arms and wrote many glorious chapters in British naval and military history.

In the splendid lines of Tennyson, Kipling, Francis Hastings Doyle and other poets; in the magnificent prose of Kinglake, Russell, Steevens and other writers, tribute has been paid to the heroism, steadfastness and chivalry of the British soldier and sailor, and it is gratefully remembered by every man who has donned khaki that it was during the reign of the sovereign known to the present generation as "the Widow of Windsor," that "the Victoria Cross," so dear to the heart of the soldier, was instituted.

Queen Victoria was a lover of peace. She had the sympathetic woman's horror of pain and suffering, but she was a monarch who could rule as well as reign. With her, "sovereign power" was no idle phrase, as she proved more than once. But her foreign policy might be summed up in the words of Shakespeare:—"Beware of entrance into a quarrel; but, being in it, bear yourself so that your enemy may beware of you."

Glorious as were the military annals of the army during the Victorian era, it is natural, and proper, that maimed and crippled men, wearers of that honourable decoration, "The Gold Stripe," should remember that anaesthetics, the origin and development of army nursing under the soldiers' good angel Florence Nightingale, the Red Cross, the improvement in the soldiers' status and the better care of soldiers' dependants and the returned soldier himself—all these improvements were originated during the Victorian era. Under King Edward VII and King George V there has only been a widening and deepening development of what was originated and partly carried out during Victoria's beneficent reign.

It is fit that we should turn the hour glass and go back and contrast the horrors of the Crimea, as described by W. H. Russell; horrors which Florence Nightingale, "the lady of the lamp" with heroic devotion mitigated, with the treatment of the wounded in this last world's great war, when even poison gas, and



modern devilish inventions were robbed of some of their terrors by science and the humanity which now accompanies the forces of death and destruction.

It should be borne in mind, too, that the Victorian era saw the development of the Volunteer Force; a movement which demonstrated the need and importance of physical training, temperance and other means of keeping the Briton "fit," a movement, too, which made the citizen recognize his duty in the defence of the Empire and so evoked that patriotic sentiment so splendidly displayed in the Great War.

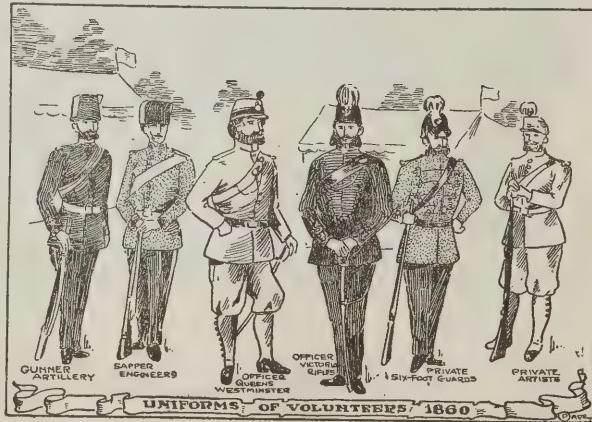
Contrast the comfort and practical usefulness of the soldiers' khaki uniform of to-day with the uniform of the soldier in the early days of Queen Victoria and you will see that Tommy Atkins has good reason to be glad that time has changed the fashions. Sir J.

H. A. MacDonald in "Life Jottings," thus describes the soldier of the early forties:

"I have a memograph of a man in a red tailed coat with hard, cotton epaulettes and no end of belts and straps in pipe clay. He had a leather stock which seemed designed to choke him. Above was a tall hat, spread out at the top very much in the shape of a kitchen mortar, with a pompon sticking out of it like a pestle knob. This was absurd, being as unlike a fighting dress as anything could be. But the acme of absurdity was reached by the Horse Guards. Out from below the steel cuirass came

the usual tail of the coat, and the artillery had tailed coats too—Can you conceive men dressed like waiters serving the guns? The only idea was stiffness and show. George IV, "the tailor king," had said 'a seam in a soldier's coat is permissible, a crease is a crime,' and so the soldier was ceaseless and stiffened to the point of torture."

When the little Princess Victoria Alexandrina was an infant, 100 years ago, there seemed but little chance that she would be one day Queen of Great Britain; much less that she would reign over a great empire, for in 1819 Britain's colonial possessions were little known, little appreciated. It was not until 1831 when the Princess had "come of age," that she stood within reach of the throne. It was not until 1838 that she succeeded William IV and was crowned in Westminster Abbey.



Then began a reign the most wonderful in history for progress, material and intellectual, a reign wherein science advanced by leaps and bounds, the great masses of the people were lifted on to a plane of material comfort and intellectual advancement of which they had never dreamed.

During Victoria's reign Britain, nominally a monarchy, became the only real democracy, where government was broad based upon the people's will.

Queen Victoria—by universal consent, to be known to history as "Victoria the Good"—was the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent; her father was Prince Edward, fourth son of George III.

The little Princess was left fatherless at an early age but she was carefully trained by her mother, who seemed to have an intuition of the child's great future.

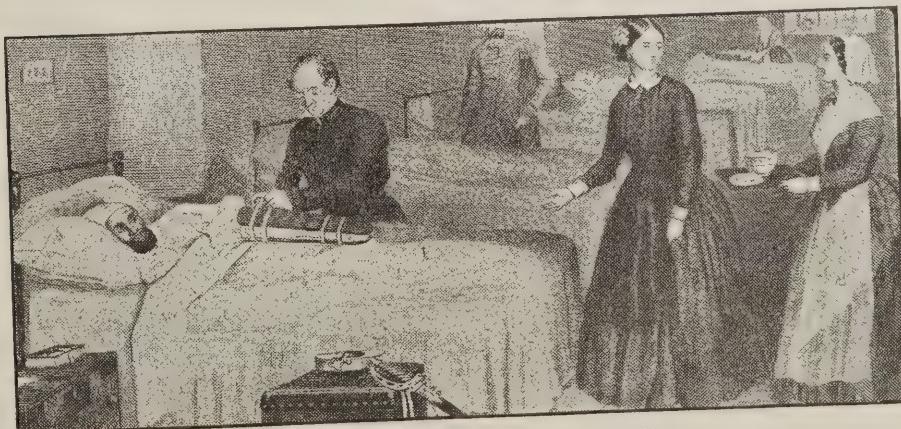
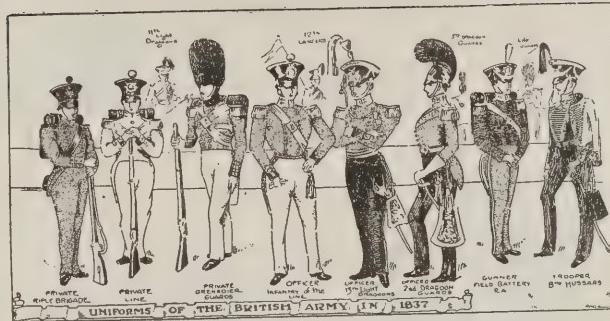
From the day when Victoria, "a mere slip of a girl" as one of her ministers described her, assumed the duties and responsibilities of a Queen until the closing day of her life, she held fast the affections of her people, the love and reverence of the world.

Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India, monarch of the proudest and greatest empire the world has ever known, Victoria will be remembered more as a wife and mother than as a Queen; though in affairs of state she had royal

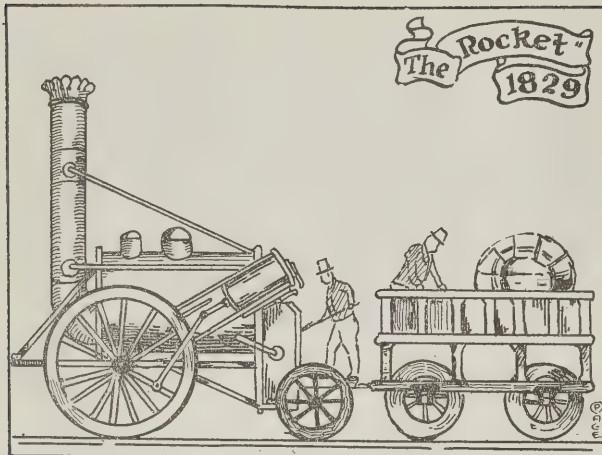
dignity and a gracious tact that more than once or twice saved the British Empire from collision with other powers.

With a war not yet officially over, at a time when though victor, we cannot yet allow our bruised arms to be hung up for monuments, we may well recall the military triumphs of Queen Victoria's reign, the heroic deeds of the Crimea which inspired "the Victoria Cross," but we shall dwell with more pleasure on the victories of peace, the fact that during the Victorian era the schoolmaster was abroad and that the people were educated and disciplined so to the duties of loyal citizenship that when the day came for arduous tasks, heroic deeds and supreme sacrifice, the British people were prepared to fulfil their destiny.

The hundred years which closes with the centenary celebration of Queen Victoria's birth was indeed a century of marvellous progress.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN THE CRIMEA



The little Princess opened her eyes upon a country torn with political unrest, a country pale and thin from universal distress. There was little sentiment of loyalty for the crown, there was little public spirit, there was little joy in life for a people ignorant and oppressed. The young Queen saw the "hungry forties" give way to "the sixties" and "the eighties," when some of the arts revived the glories of classic days and brought little Britain into line with ancient Athens, Rome and Venice.

One of the most wonderful characteristics of the Victorian age was the development of aeronautics. Charles Green, who made "The Great Nassau Balloon" in 1836 has been rightly called "The Father of British Aeronautics." It was he who first used coal gas and made a thousand ascents in gas-filled balloons.

The parachute, which cost Robert Cocking his life, developed into the flying machine or aeroplane in which Britain holds supremacy.

Britain became the centre of a world-wide renown, gaining in fame that reached every corner of the earth, a fame that is immortal.

From the primitive flint and steel to the modern electric light; from the primitive man painfully crawling on all fours to the aeroplane pilot speeding in "the Empyrean blue" at 100 miles an hour—is a progressive development typical

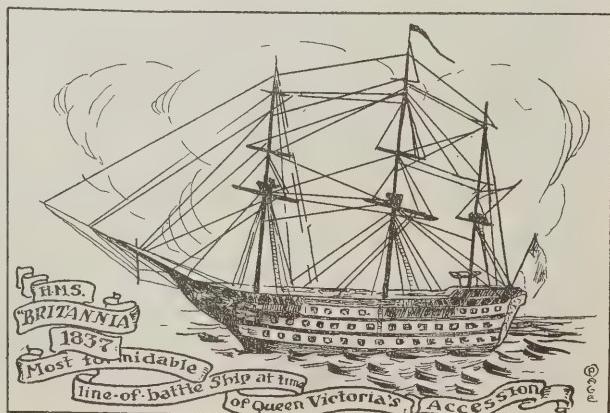
of the advance made during the period which closed with the good Queen's death. Glorious as were the Victorian annals of prowess on sea and land, more glorious is it to remember that the discovery of anaesthetics minimized pain and suffering, and that the trend of the era was humanitarian.

A century which began with unrest and was gasping from the efforts of a titanic struggle, developed into an era of Peace, Prosperity and Progress. It is well that we should remember that it was the Victorian era which gave Canada her position in the world. Confederation bound the provinces together with a new sense of importance and responsibility. A wise policy

of confidence and non-interference made Canada a true democracy with loyal love for the mother land, a love so loyal that no task was too heavy, no sacrifice too great for Canada to make when the call of empire came.

So we will remember "Victoria the Good," not only on Empire Day, but on Dominion Day and every day when we feel it is good to be British and heirs of the heritage of Victorian literature, science, art and traditions. The richest jewel in Victoria's crown was her people's love. We still have that love for her memory.

And ever when mid-June's musk roses blow
Our race will celebrate Victoria's name,
And even Britain's greatness gain a glow
From her pure flame!



The Soldiers of Shakespeare

(By W. R. Dunlop)



*"By Heaven, I had rather
coin my heart,
And drop by blood for
drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of
peasants their vile trash
By any indirection."*

—BRUTUS.

"Felix Penne" as Brutus at Shakespeare Festival.

NATIONAL Defence owes much to the inspiration of great poetry. Marathon and Thermopylae were the fruit of warrior-vise in the composite greatness of Greek life; and in the lines which Macaulay puts in the mouth of Horatius we can feel the pulse of Rome in her heroic age:

"How can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods?"

In modern times Robert Burns' "Scots wha ha'e"—written under the impulsion of a driving storm on a Galloway moor—did more to stiffen the front to the Napoleonic menace than all the eloquence of Pitt and Dundas; and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade"—a posthumous tribute—has put Glory in the blood of many a British soldier since that day.

It would be strange if the greatest of poets failed in one of the greatest of virtues: love of country and a jealous care for its defence. Shakespeare's patriotism was deep, perhaps the deeper because of the lack of national efficiency in military matters. The greatness of Elizabeth in relation to the Period to which she gave her name lay in her aptitude for

civil government, her consuming interest in the expanding genius for oversea travel and conquest and in her skilful incentive to private enterprise to that end; certainly it did not lie in zealous efforts for adequate National service by land and sea, as a first consideration. In her time there was neither a standing army in England nor any proper security that the Muster Rolls would realize more than a quarter of their nominal strength. The Queen was essentially her own chancellor; and her parsimony was her cardinal vice. With a niggardly hand she refused to give decent pay to her soldiery; and as a result the troops were weakened by mutiny and desertion, while yet they retained loyalty and affection for herself. The leaders included some great and noble names, which have come down through History, but, as a rule, the Queen's attitude tended to prevent gentlemen of self-respect from taking command. In many cases, therefore, commissions fell into the hands of dissolutes who were not above swindling some of the men in their charge and sending them into the country to plunder. On occasion levies were raised to strength by opening gaols and herding numbers of criminals into the ranks or by the iniquitous use of impressment, and it was not unknown that on Easter Sunday when, by law, every one was required to take the Sacrament, the Press-gang would close the church and impress every man within. Such abuses, for which the Queen was only indirectly responsible, tended to spread the blight of inefficiency; and in the neglect of the troops in the Low Countries when fighting against Alva and in the lamentable confusion of the military camp at Tilbury in the Armada year—as examples of crying evils—an atmosphere was created for the incisive pen of the great dramatist, writing with due regard to the capricious moods of an imperious monarch.

The rascally Corporals Bardolph and Nym; the bombastic Pistol; the reprobate fat Falstaff were doubtless types whom Shakespeare knew to be only too common in the army life. It was thus prudent enough to scoriate public policy by creating characters who represented its worst defects; and I cannot doubt that, in the mind of Shakespeare, there was more than vicarious interest when he made Brutus give vent to a noble burst of anger at corruption:

"By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to
wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile
trash
By any indirection.
Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching
palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold."

It is not unlikely that, in his delineation of the great Roman, the dramatist thought subjectively of noble English officers of the day, such as John Norris and Francis Vere, who scorned abuses and were the embodiment of the nation's chivalry; and in the memorable appeal of the soldier-king at Agincourt one can interpret a felt pride in the brave yeomen of England who, in the poet's day, were still a great part of the military strength of the Kingdom.

From various indications it may be inferred that Shakespeare had little knowledge of military organization or of the evolutions of great bodies of men, perhaps because the opportunities of witnessing them were few. He is sparing in the use of military titles; and it is somewhat curious that he missed the pomp of the word Colonel which, in its equally authentic form of "Coronel" was in full use before 1588, or of "Sergeant-Major," at that time the rank of the second in command of a regiment; but there are hints here and there of intimate knowledge of details in strategy and tactics. In "Love's Labour Lost" and "Titus Andronicus" he refers to the need of throwing the sun or wind or both in the eyes of the enemy—a point which summarised the highest tactical ideas of the day—and it may be noted that the form of strategy which has come to be known as "Camouflage" has one of its earliest illustration in "Macbeth" when the soldiers of the young Malcolm, in approaching Dunsinane Castle, were ordered to cut down boughs of trees and hold them in front to suggest the appearance of a wood, incidentally fulfilling a witch's prophecy on the futility of which Macbeth staked his fate.

If, however, Shakespeare gave little heed to the minutiae of military lore he shewed his usual masterly skill in picturing great soldierly qualities. Marcus Brutus is one of the finest creations in literature as a soldier and as a man. So fine is the texture of his nobility that, if it were possible to judge conduct by motive and not by act, he would emerge from the one dark deed of assassination without a finger stain on his soul. As you hear him address the Roman crowd and urge that

as he slew the ambitious Caesar for the good of Rome he has the same dagger for himself when his country's weal demands his death; as you hear him scorn bribery as an adjunct of war; as you see him deal in noble anger and restraint with the fiery Cassius; as you note his tender solicitude for the drowsy page while he himself is burdened with anxiety; as you mark him, in the crushing news of the death of his wife, subserving private grief to military duty while he makes his immediate dispositions for the field of Phillipi you feel that Antony's testimony was just.

"This was the noblest Roman of them all"—a great soldier with the fine merit of being praised by his enemy.

Othello, another of the great soldiers of Shakespeare, lives in the drama chiefly as the moral victim of Iago's devilry; and assuming fair historical accuracy, his case suggests the very interesting point that, in the proudest of mediaeval states, worth was the main thing and that colour was no bar to love, military advancement or national esteem.

No one will venture to say that Shakespeare did not know his business; but in a general sense we may regret that the legitimate uses of dramatic art include the occasional perversion of historical fact; for the former is the more potent as an educative influence. From the great play of the name-title we are accustomed to think of Richard III as a deformed monster of devilish cunning and cruelty; but, without whitewashing his crimes, I suggest that, when the historical Richard fell in his heroic charge on Bosworth field and with him perished the White Rose of York, there died a greater soldier and in some respects a better man than Richmond, the hope of Lancaster; and in actual life Macbeth was much less guilty in the accompaniments of his crime than the Tragedy would have us believe.

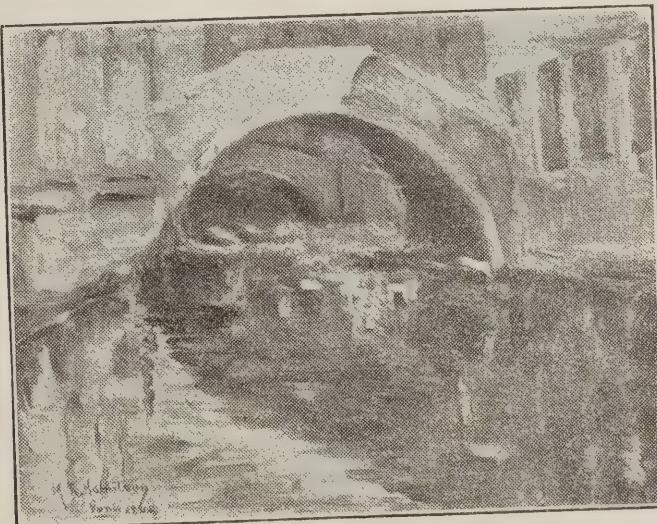
In stage production, perhaps too much emphasis has fallen on Shakespeare's matchless skill in analysing human character; too little on his ringing words of patriotism and military obligation as a vital element in the building up of a great national life. It is true that the amenities of the ordinary theatre do not fit in with the full requirements of the historical plays; but the richness of stage device, even in Provincial cities, should not preclude a fair presentation of them, though perhaps in contracted form. And I suggest that if, in the few years preceding the late war, the great play of "Henry V," with its magnificent passages of kingly nobility and inspirational appeal, had been shown more often in all the great cities of the Empire there would today be less disloyalty to a form of govern-

ment that has stood the test of a thousand years; less of the spirit of anarchy which, like a plague spot, is infesting parts of the social order; and a less number of those, in polite as well as in vulgar circles in society, who, well within the military age and with no valid reason for exemption, moved neither hand nor foot in defence of the Empire in her crisis and are now willing to slip back into normal life as if nothing had happened or at least in the secret hope that their miserable defection has been overlooked or will soon be forgotten.

In Shakespeare's day the Army was in a transition stage; armour and the steel gauntlet were falling into disuse through the advance of modern device in ordnance and sword-hilt; and the skill of the archer was giving way before the compelling influence of the sixty pounder. In another sense than that of generally acknowledged precedence it was then the second arm in the Service; for the evolution of sea-power filled the National vision. Drake, Frobisher and Hawkins were the men of the hour, and the defeat of the "Invincible" Armada was the crucial point

that enabled the great British Navy of today. Though it does no harm to remind ourselves that that memorable victory was as much the result of storm as of naval skill and that the last round of Drake's game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe in the face of imminent peril was a conspicuous example of Folly glorified by Success, it remains true that the naval genius which budded in the days of Alfred flowered in the days of Elizabeth. English built ships were proved by statistics to be far more seaworthy than Spanish galleons, and English seamen had then, as now, the inherent skill bred and nurtured by the conditions of an island home. Shakespeare felt the spell and the pride of it; and, while the great traditions of the military arm will always retain an honoured name—never greater than in the World War—we have pregnant words in the fine lines in "*Henry VI*" that still apply to the far flung line of Empire:

"Let us be back'd with God and with the
seas
Which He hath given for fence impreg-
nable,
In them and in ourselves our safety lies."



An Impression of Venice. Hung in the Paris Salon, 1906. Owned by
H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught.—Painted by Mary Riter Hamilton.



New Westminster

For Peace Empire bred them, and for Peace
Through Love's great miracle,
That war and violence might cease,
Silently great they fell.

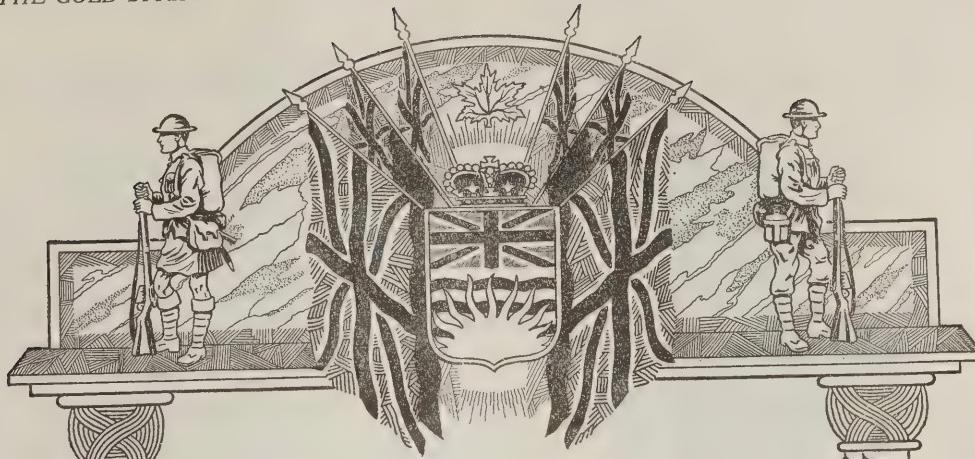
—Charles Vincent.

Thos. Annandale, Jr.
W. A. Bower
L. N. Caple
L. W. Curtis
C. G. Dean
L. Gray
W. P. B. Keary
N. Kenny
A. H. Martinson
W. A. Marwood
W. M. Miller
A. B. McAllister
A. McRae
C. T. McPhee
H. Odium, D.C.M.
N. Phillips M.C.
R. Reid
J. H. Ross
H. Rumble
H. White
W. A. Wilcox
D. Wright
T. J. Connolly
Wm. M. Day
Harold Gaudin
John Martin
Thomas Mills
A. R. Lamont
George A. Milton
Earnest A. Morgan
Edward Powys
Benjamin Ross
Harold J. Rumble
Harry L. Wintemute
G. F. Anderson
Fred Bowden
J. S. Cameron
W. B. Carruthers

Wm. Day
G. Dailey
James Denniston
R. Edgar
E. B. Gough
O. Gordon
B. Gunn
Robt. Johnson
Henry Johnson
Stanley Lane
John Lynn
J. E. Martin
B. Markland
A. D. Mackenzie
Munn, D. F.
Stewart Murray
E. A. Rand
F. O. Roberts
A. Robertson
H. Stoddart
Donovan Trapp
George Trapp
Stanley Trapp
Dertland Watson
Jos. Aitchison
G. Buchan
W. Cleghorn
Wm. Calman
E. Flummerfelt
W. Graveney
G. G. Gordon
W. G. Tait
J. M. Walker
Jno. Windrum
Alex. Windrum
William Atkin
W. E. Sowen
E. G. Corbett

L. W. Curtis
F. B. Cunningham
Robt. Gladstone
Oliver Gordon
Wallin Gordon
H. Harris
Henry Johnson
Ralph Bradford
Robt. H. Reid
J. S. Reid
C. E. Seymour
F. C. Traves
S. R. McCombs
James Crandall
John Henderson
Chris. F. Bowden
Ken. M. Campbell
Jas. G. Grandell
Hugh Campbell
Arthur H. Cullington
Alfred F. Daley
Ken. H. Huggard
Frank W. Kelly
J. Malcolm Laird
Stanley R. Morrison
Capt. Donald Moore
Geo. R. Norrie
Capt. H. W. Sangster
Wm. W. Wilson
M. George Bateman
John Boyd
Frank L. Bratstow
Norman Church
Frederick Chessel
John A. Foster
Wm. K. Graveney
Arthur E. Hume

A. Uden



Roll of Honor

And these, the newly dead, whose face
Glow yet with flames of war,
We love with deeper tenderness
Than all those gone before.

—Charles Vincent.

Charles Irvin	A. M. Bruce	T. Alex. Connolly
Henry Munday	G. W. Birt	Wm. M. Day
Alfred O. Morris	R. M. Clarke	A. R. Lamont
Chas. A. Patchell	Wm. Craighead	John Martin
W. R. Allison	Alfred Gray	Thomas Mills
T. S. Annandale, Jr.	Matthew Knox	George A. Milton
W. R. Burr	J. M. Laird	E. A. Morgan
Arthur Creighton	Tupper McPhee	Eward Powys
T. D. Curtis	Jos. Meehan	Benj. Ross
E. T. Dunford	Roy North	Harold J. Rumble
Edwin F. Eastman	Gordon Ryan	Harry L. Wintemute
T. Ferguson	Wm. Ross, Jr.	Harry Ayres
Hugh Jones	Wm. Smith	Harry Burnett
T. H. MacQueen	Dinon Spring	Samuel Bristow
C. S. Phipps	G. B. Sutherland	T. D. Curtiss
R. F. Ruddock	Joseph Wilson	W. J. T. Craighead
R. C. Simpson	John Linn	Percy Clitheroe
W. J. Warwick	H. Harvie	Oliver Gordon
Alfred Jas. Butcher	F. Harris	H. E. Gaudin
Chas. Edw. Clapp	C. Irving	Tomiki Gyotoku
Gerald Collins	Harold Edgar Gaudin	Arthur E. Hume
Jno. W. Hunter	James Sidney Reid	Juko Ishihara
Herb Jagger	Benjamin Ross	Wm. Kelly
Louis Jagger	S. Adamski	J. C. F. Mayers
H. Jones	E. Allard	G. A. Milton
Bert Ketcher	A. Angelo	Arthur Walter Pretty
Bob Marshall	J. Callanan	D. John Spring
Frank Mayers	Thos. Couto	T. H. Stoddart
Geo. Oddy	Wallace Douglas	E. M. Turner
Lorne Sharpe	Joseph James	G. O. W. Tucker
Herb Russel Smither	William Kearny	W. G. Tait
Swetland, R. G.	Hubert Leamy	J. Topping
P. Samper	Howard Lusler	W. Wright
E. L. Turner	Frank E. McCabe	Capt. W. Wright
Lt. West (Alberta)	F. J. Moffat	Wm. Hamilton
R. C. Wright Douglas	Henry Monk	W. Melklejohn
Robt. Anderson	Noel Seymour	A. Linton
Wm. Anderson	John F. Wilson	Jas. C. McLellan

O. Ullan

John Innes, Author, Artist, Soldier, Cowboy



"John Innes, author, artist, soldier, cowboy, and an all-round good shot, good sport and good newspaper man . . ." is the description given in the editorial column of "Toronto Saturday Night" by the famous "Don" Sheppard. Mr. Innes writes spasmodically, as the spirit moves him, and always of things he knows intimately. That he has a fair working acquaintance with the West may be gathered from the fact that everything from bronco-busting to editorial writing has claimed his attention at some period or other since he came out ahead of the C.P.R. As a painter his work has the authority that only actual experience can give. His illustrations and cartoons appeared regularly in New York, Boston, San Francisco, Chicago and other cities, as well as in Canada. He was a sergeant in the "Geegees by G," commonly known as The Governor-General's Body Guard, the premier cavalry unit in Canada. He holds the Queen's medal and three bars for South Africa, and nurses a grudge against Old Man Time and General Disability for having conspired to keep him out of the late unpleasantness.

The reproductions of the oil paintings "A Touch of Autumn" and "In the Grip of the Frost," appearing in the illustrated section at the front of the book, are samples of the artist's favorite subjects. Many of his pictures have found a place in the homes of art lovers in many parts of the Empire.

The pen and ink "Flanders Mud," appearing on page 24, was drawn specially for this number of "The Gold Stripe," the subject being suggested by the Editor. Mr. Innes, as stated before, nurses a grudge that he was not able to get over in person, that he keenly realized the situation is shown in the picture, which is true to life.



ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH

Phoenix Honor Roll

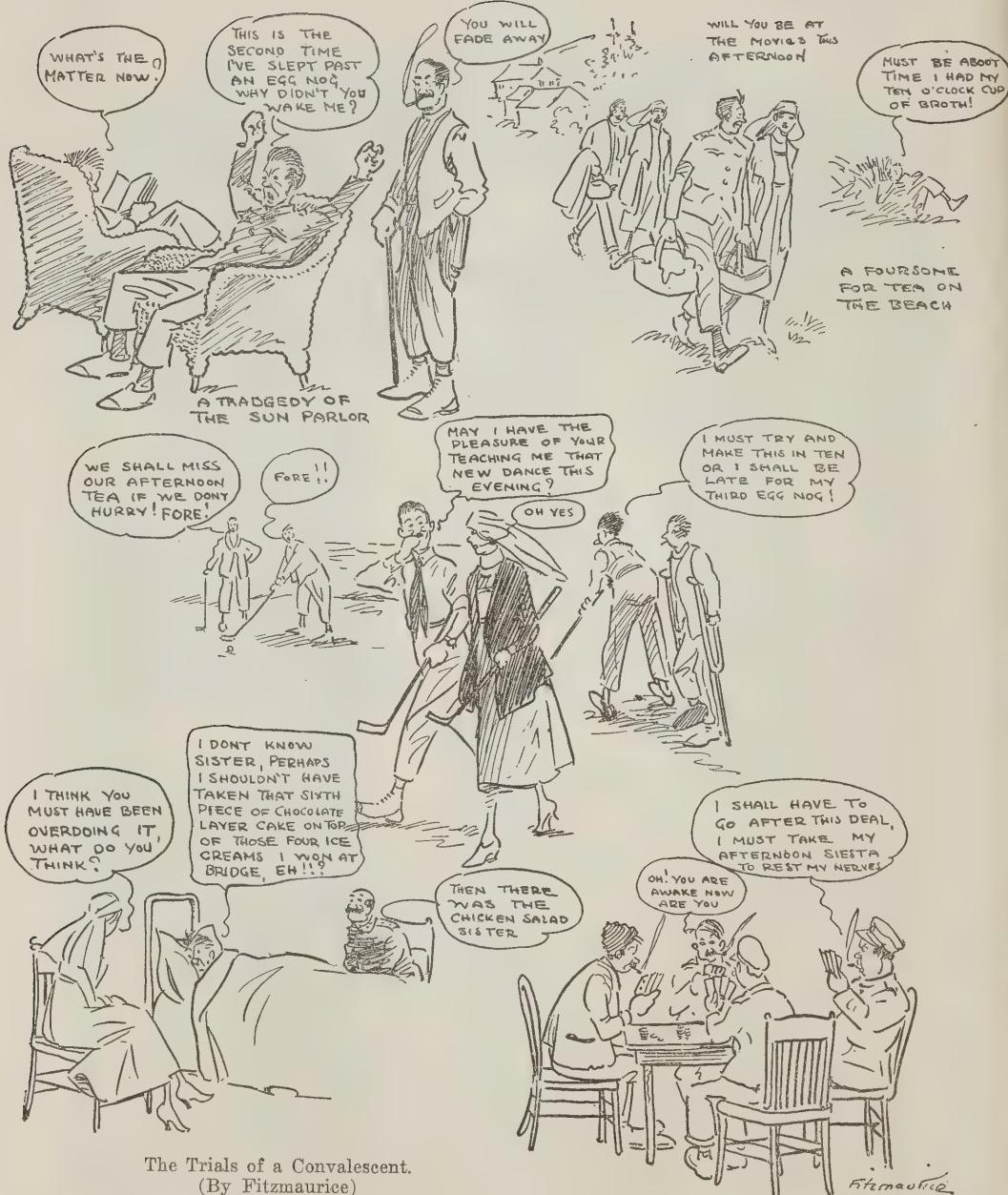
Killed in Action—

Cochrane, James	Parry, J. A.
Fleming, Jos.	Wilkinson, Fred
Kempston, J. C.	Jennings, Sid.
Monahan, Thos.	Lindsay, John
McDonald, Roy	McMillan, Dudley
Pittpaddy, J.	Pittendrigh, D. M.

Wounded—

Blundell, Edmund	Peterson, Joe
Carman, J. C.	Sullivan, W.
Collins, John	Sewell, Harry
Donnelly, M.	Stratford, W. J.
Dutton, Albert	Thomas, Thos.
Dutton, Arthur	Wilson, Jas.
Elsmore, H.	Mathieson, J. C.
Geddes, Elmo	Agnew, R.
Millington, Wm.	Carson, H.
Manning, Hugh	Graham, F. C.
McCammon, Theo.	Kerr, R.
Nicholson, E. E.	Knight, C. H.
Porter, James	May, John
Patterson, Dan.	Kinsley, A. A.





The Trials of a Convalescent.
(By Fitzmaurice)

“B. C.” Hilliam

The Soldiers’ Entertainer



The man that hath no
music in himself
And is not moved by
concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treason, stra-
 tegems and spoils;
Let no man trust him.

—Shakespeare.

WHEREVER are heard the alliterative allurements of “Freedom for All Forever,” “Bairnsfather Bloke from Blighty,” “Knocking the K out of Kaiser,” a Canadian process, the composer is careful to explain—there is known the name of “British Columbia” Hilliam, Lieut. B.C. Hilliam—“British Columbia” Hilliam! Did ever young land have its name set so triumphantly resounding through the Great White Way? Its bearer modestly observes, “I have often rejoiced over the detail that my own initials happen to coincide with the Province which is always uppermost in my thoughts and which contains those whom I love and like.”

Those who recall—and who in Vancouver cannot?—the intriguing rhythmic swing of “Looking for Lots for Lottie” need no assurance that “Knocking the K out of Kaiser” brought down New York’s Hippodrome. Seven thousand were gathered for New York’s first “Into the War” benefit, and so instant was Mr. Hilliam’s success that Raymond Hitchcock found his way to the stage to beg for copies of the song, and a day or two later New York heard from the seductive lips of Elsie Janis, that “The H’Allies H’Owe a H’Awful Lot to H’Us,” just as London, later instructed by the same fascinating lady, was to learn to count happiness from—“Après la Guerre!”

The Army and Navy secretaries set official seal for the United States as did Sir Sam Hughes for Canada on “Freedom For All For-

ever.” By surpliced choirs, by fetching chorus girls, on gramophone, in revue, by voice, by instrument, Mr. Hilliam’s hit was sent ringing through the land. Publishers entered into contracts with the British Columbia lion of the day, and there followed in swift succession the equally far-famed “In Your Eyes,” “When Lilac Blooms in Arcady,” “Four Ships,” “Everybody’s Waiting for a Somebody Else,” “So Lovers Say.” The last is a setting of Rupert Brooke’s lovely verse, while the first three lyrics were written by a Canadian, Mr. S. Morgan-Powell, telegraphic editor on the staff of the Montreal Star. Busy at present on two scores of forthcoming musical comedies and on half-a-dozen vaudeville acts, Mr. Hilliam has had to abandon his own professional appearances on the stage. Last year, however, he took part in thirty-five benefit performances, besides appearing for eight months in the two-a-week entertainments staged by that constellation of artists, the Lamb’s Club of New York, for soldier patients, of whom there were usually a hundred and fifty at each performance. Mr. Hilliam also managed to squeeze in an autumn tour on the Keith circuit and ten weeks at the New Amsterdam under the management of Ziegfeld. While on the Keith tour, Mr. Hilliam sang “Freedom For All Forever” to President and Mrs. Wilson; Orville Harrold, with the same song, aroused equal enthusiasm in Cleveland and in other great cities, while Werrenrath was chosen to record it on the gramophone. “Four Ships” has been made widely known by David Bispham, while another growing favorite is Pauline Johnson’s “Good-Bye!”

Despite tempting inducements from vaudeville managers, Mr. Hilliam has resolutely set himself against wearing the King’s uniform while appearing professionally. Of his songs he is wont to say, “Although produced on Broadway, they are British and from British pens,” and of his work, there is the characteristic utterance, “I am working hard to make and sustain a name which will always remain British Columbia.”

Mr. Hilliam contemplates a visit soon to Vancouver and, with characteristic generosity, he offers to sing some of his songs for the benefit of the Amputation Club boys, adding modestly, “if anyone would buy tickets.” To that offer, Vancouver will have but one answer—a response as hearty as New York’s.



(Illustrations by courtesy of The Sun)

THE VICTORIA CROSS is a decoration conferred on officers and men of all ranks of the British Army and Navy for personal bravery. It was founded on January 29, 1856, and consists of a bronze Maltese cross, bearing in the centre the royal crown surmounted by a lion, while on a scroll underneath is the inscription, "For Valour."

“V.C.” Heroes

And There Are Others Whose Records Are Yet to Come.

FOR valour in the face of the enemy the highest gift in the British Empire is the Victoria Cross. It is awarded only where the circumstances surrounding the bravery of the soldier, whether he be officer or man, are such as to pick him out of fighting ranks where heroes are the order of the campaign. Since its introduction to the British Army during the Crimean War it has been the most coveted of all decorations, and even in a conflict of armed millions like the Great War, comparatively few are presented.

British Columbia sent a record breaking proportion of its able-bodied men to the war, leading all the provinces of the Dominion in that respect. All units returned with glorious records.

CORP. FILIP KONOWAL, V. C.

IN the long list of heroic anecdotes of the Western battalions the story of Corporal Filip Konowal's bravery is one of the most remarkable. Corporal Konowal was a 47th Battalion man, and the 47th was, in the earlier part of the war, a British Columbia unit. The corporal was an old veteran of modern battle-fields, having served with the Russian army. A Russian by birth, he sprang to arms when his adopted country called for his military services, and fought in some of the heaviest fighting along the western front, particularly on the Somme. His great feat of killing, single-handed, 52 Germans and wiping out a machine gun nest that had held up his battalion's attack occurred in the heavy fighting around Lens.

LIEUT. HANNA, V. C.

WHEN the 29th Battalion came back to Vancouver it brought Lieut. “Bob” Hanna, the winner of the Victoria Cross, regarded by his comrades in arms as one of the greatest of them all. Lieut. Hanna comes from County Down, in Ireland, and he joined the 29th at Hastings Park in November, 1914.

The glorious feat for which he was given the highest award was performed on August 21, 1917.

He was at the time Sergeant-Major of the 29th (Vancouver) Battalion. He had enlisted as a private, and had won his way through the ranks by steady bravery. He fought at the Somme and St. Eloi. All told, he had been over the top twenty-two times. Hanna not only

killed a score of Germans; he saved a battalion, perhaps two.

LIEUT.-COLONEL “CY” PECK, V. C.

THE culmination of a splendid military career during the war came with the awarding of the supreme honour to Colonel “Cy” Peck of Prince Rupert, officer commanding the famous 16th Battalion, Canadian Scottish. Colonel Peck joined the overseas forces on the day Britain declared war, and was away with his men just as soon as the government could send him across. It was said by General Currie that Colonel Peck “lives for the 16th Battalion,” and that “no braver or kinder heart ever beat in the breast of man”—eloquent praise from Canada's foremost soldier and the leader of the brilliant Canadian corps in France.

SERGT. W. L. RAYFIELD, V. C.

THE story of the feat of arms for which Sgt. W. L. Rayfield, of the 7th Battalion, was awarded the Victoria Cross is told in the following official despatch:

“For most conspicuous bravery, devotion to duty and initiative during the operations east of Arras, from September 2nd to 14th, 1918. Ahead of his company, he rushed a trench occupied by a large party of the enemy, personally bayoneting two, and taking ten prisoners.

PTE. M. T. O’ROURKE, V. C.

THIS gallant soldier had distinguished himself in many personal encounters with the Germans and had a wonderful record even for the 7th Battalion. The official record is:

“For three days and nights Pte. O’Rourke, who was a stretcher-bearer, worked unceasingly in bringing in the wounded into safety, dressing them, and getting them food and water.

“During the whole of this period the area in which he worked was subjected to very severe shelling.

“Seeing a comrade who had been blinded stumbling around ahead of our trench, in full view of the enemy, who were sniping him, Pte. O’Rourke jumped out of his trench and brought the man back, being himself heavily sniped at while doing so. Again he went forward about fifty yards in front of our barrage under very heavy and accurate fire from enemy machine guns and snipers, and brought in a comrade.

“On a subsequent occasion, when the line of advanced posts was retired to the line to be consolidated, he went forward under very heavy enemy fire of every description and brought back a wounded man who had been left behind.”

Powell River

Roll of Honor

†Thos. Aldworth	C. Frederickson	†G. Nedeau
†R. P. Allan	Carl Gaudet	P. E. Nedzwecke
Thos. Anderson	Thos. Geddes	R. F. Nelson
John Anderson	R. Gowen	Thos. Nestrum
J. Arsenau	N. E. Greene	R. W. Newby
*J. Arwick	Thos. Grieve	D. Newkirk
J. Baddeley	†A. Griffiths	A. Nicholson
†J. Banham	†A. Hanson	†R. Nicholson
W. H. Barclay	A. E. Hanson	Patrick O'Brien
†J. Barr	C. L. Hanson	†A. Park
W. G. Batterham	Gordon T. Hanson	E. Peacock
G. Baxter	Norwood Hanson	A. Persons
D. K. Bell	J. Hamerton	Thos. Phelan
H. G. Bell	W. Haslam	W. W. Philip
Gus Bestrum	Harold Henderson	H. Pierce
C. H. Bird	H. Hendren	W. L. Pocock
M. Birklund	J. Higgins	D. Pollock
*Alec Black	E. Holm	F. A. Quale
*W. Blake	Nels Holm	George Rainey
W. A. Brown	A. Howard	E. Raper
*Ralph Bryanton	Peter Johnson	P. Redmond
Sam Butler	Ira Karstad	A. Rennie
R. Butteroff	S. F. Keeley	Edward Rice
S. Buzzo	Len Keith	†W. Roberts
*H. A. Carter	J. W. Kilpatrick	Clifford Royer
John Catto	A. Kindlam	†Chas. Rushant
James Clapp	N. L. Kirk	Ben Sealey
Premo Clozza	Paul Lamoureaux	G. Schuler
†J. Coccola	R. Leadbeater	Thos. Scott
Chas. Cole	Wm. Lequire	J. Shelton
*Gordon Cole	A. Livingston	H. Skinner
†Joseph Cole	Roger W. Lombard	W. Snyder
J. G. Comito	A. Lyons	R. Southcott
†H. L. Compton	A. McBryer	Geo. Springer
G. Connor	A. McCullough	Allan Small
Gus Court	Alex. McDonald	*Thos. Simmons
R. Cowan	*Jos. McHugh	*Wm. Stanley
P. L. Cullen	R. McKeen	Jos. Stewart
R. Currie	H. McLean	*S. Stewart
A. Dicker	M. C. McLeod	D. Stokes
H. Dicker	Wm. A. McLeod	†G. E. Street
L. B. Dixon	B. Maim	Carl Symes
†L. Ducharme	John Matheson	M. R. Thomas
W. Edwards	W. A. Matheson	Wm. Todd
C. Eckstrum	S. Marston	W. M. Towne
F. T. Fairchild	Stanley Mead	*George Washington
†J. Falconer	Frank Merrick	R. Welsh
J. P. Farnham	H. M. Metcalf	A. Whittaker
Leo Flinn	S. Miller	†J. Wilson
S. Ford	*Benjamin Moorehouse	†L. Wiltshire
W. Fox	R. L. Morantle	C. Woods
W. J. Fraser	Buck Munn	F. Woodward

*Killed in action

†Wounded in action.

O. Uden

THE GOLD STRIPE



MONT ST. ELOI, FRANCE

From the Drawing by Arthur L. Cherry, R.A.F.

Copyright, A. & E. Cherry.



"THE ROAD TO POPERINGHE."

From the Drawing by Arthur L. Cherry, R.A.F.

Copyright, A. & E. Cherry.

THE COLD STRIPE



FRISTON PLACE, EASTBOURNE.

Copyright, A. & E. Cherry.

From the Drawing by E. J. Cherry, 29th Battalion.



"THE LAMB INN, EASTBOURNE."

Copyright, A. & E. Cherry.

From the Drawing by E. J. Cherry, 29th Battalion.

The Cherry's, an Artistic Family

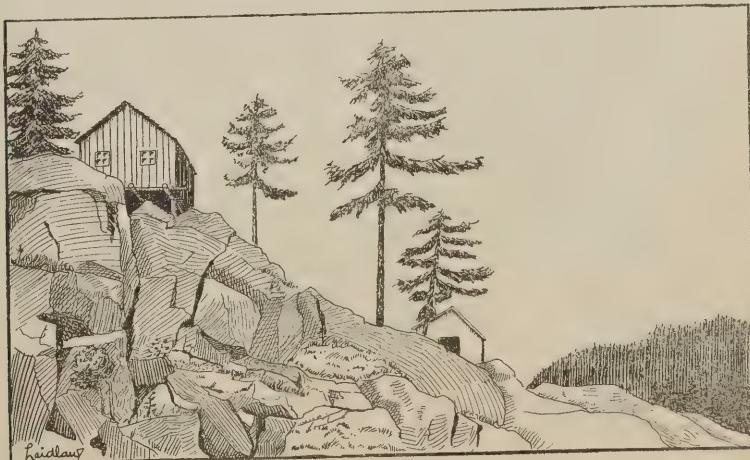
Good Work by Soldier Artists.

GETTING the wind up," as every man of the ranks knows, has nothing to do with the barometer, but it is just the same, an ominous sign that nervous pressure at headquarters is far from normal. There are, of course, times when official uneasiness has saved the mere Tommy from an unpleasant experience. Punch cites the case of an unfortunate, who in the absence of apprehension on the part of those higher up, ventured too far into a village and spent the weary hours of dark hiding from a German posse, chewing up the yard square of precious map in his possession. Too often, however, officialdom has "got its wind up" over what seems to the victim a mere trifle. Such was the feeling of Mr. Edward Cherry who started in as a relief from piling up profits for the Brasso Co., to sketch some charming bits of architecture around the Ablain St. Nazaire district. But officialdom, as he ruefully explains, "got the wind up," and he was compelled to return again to his button polishing.

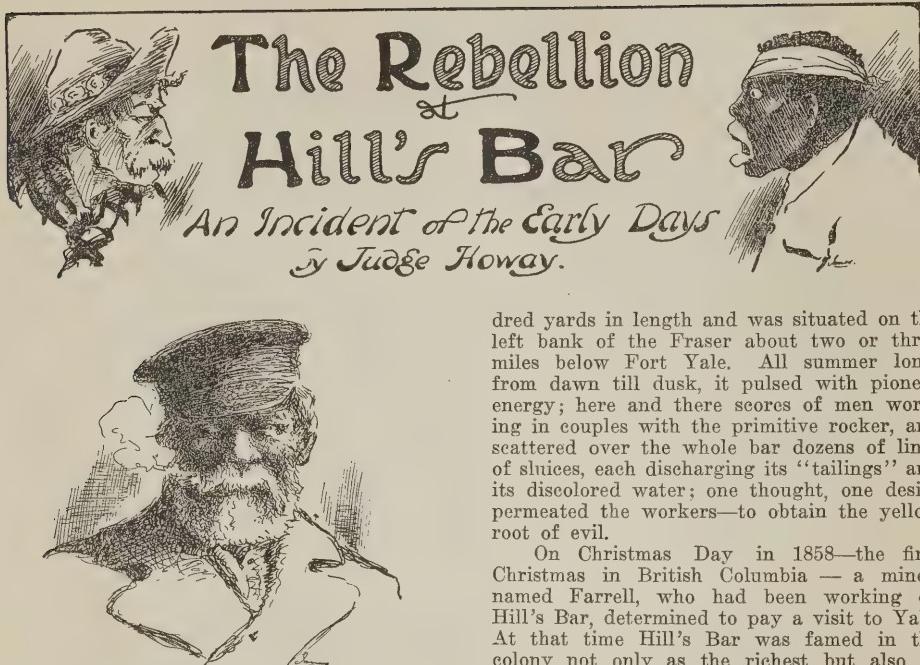
Mr. Arthur L. Cherry, who is as adept in his exquisite miniature work as in his pen and ink drawings, had a happier lot in France than his brother. And in the aristocracy of the service, the flying corps, did admirable work, both in the service of art and of Empire, as shown in the particularly choice bits from his portfolio here reproduced. His work has so particularly direct an appeal that it delights both connois-

seur and untrained appraiser. Mr. Edward Cherry, fortunately, has arranged to return to France, by and by, in a more auspicious role than infantryman in the 29th Battalion, to which he was transferred from the 103, with which he left Victoria, in August, 1916. This pleasing prospect is equally a source of pleasurable anticipation to admirers of his art who expect that France will yield him as many charming themes as have the quaint old manor houses and inns of Exeter, where he spent his hospital days. Of these picturesque bits is notable the Elizabethan manor sketch here reproduced.

The entire Cherry family have established an exceptionally fine military record from father to grandson. The latter, a son of Mr. Frank Cherry, the noted black and white artist, director during the war of camouflage at New York, was with the Westminster Rifles, although under age; while besides the two artist sons, was Mr. Wilfred Cherry, an erstwhile Bantam who, impatient at not getting away to France, "stowed away" in a troop train and joined up with his brother's unit. Later, after discharge through subsequent medical unfitness, he got past the U. S. medical authorities and finished up the campaign with the Doughboys. Of two sisters, Miss Bertha Cherry, is a miniature painter of note, and miss Gertrude Cherry, formerly of Vancouver, served as Red Cross nurse.



At Hardy Island, Jervis Inlet



Judge Perrier, of Hills Bar.

IN the spring of 1858 rumors of the discovery of gold in the nameless region where flowed the Fraser, drew to that unorganized Northland great numbers of the adventurous and discontented miners of California and Oregon. Never in the migrations of men, as the Rev. R. C. Lundin Brown phrased it, had there been seen a rush so sudden and so vast. As these Argonauts ascended the Fraser they prospected the various bars for gold. These bars are low-lying and sometimes submerged sandy flats, occurring in the river bends. For ages the river, rushing madly through the Cascades, had torn away masses of rock and gravel and, crushing them in its natural arrastre, had deposited the gold with its accompanying metallic sand in the eddies in the bends and covered it with worthless debris.

The first bar that gave satisfactory indications to men who had washed the rich gravels of the Yuba and the Stanislaus was that known as Hill's Bar. It was about five hun-

dred yards in length and was situated on the left bank of the Fraser about two or three miles below Fort Yale. All summer long, from dawn till dusk, it pulsed with pioneer energy; here and there scores of men working in couples with the primitive rocker, and scattered over the whole bar dozens of lines of sluices, each discharging its "tailings" and its discolored water; one thought, one desire permeated the workers—to obtain the yellow root of evil.

On Christmas Day in 1858—the first Christmas in British Columbia—a miner named Farrell, who had been working on Hill's Bar, determined to pay a visit to Yale. At that time Hill's Bar was famed in the colony not only as the richest but also as the "toughest" bar on the Fraser. Its population consisted largely of refugees from the rough-and-ready justice of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee. Farrell, like many of his neighbors on the bar, had had a successful season, and now sought relaxation and an opportunity of celebrating his success. That relaxation and celebration consisted in visiting in turn each saloon in Yale and indulging in a large number of "John Collins'" and various other mixtures of liquors of different degrees of badness. In a short time he was in a fighting humor. Then he began to look around for trouble. While engaged in this easy occupation he chanced to notice a negro, Dickson, standing at the door of his barber shop. The sight at once raised the heated "race question" of the day and in his condition Farrell regarded it as an outrage that a negro should dare to breathe the same air as a free and independent American citizen.

He, therefore, demanded from the negro an explanation of his conduct, pointed out to him the grievous wrong he was committing in not having, as Sir Anthony Absolute says, an atmosphere of his own; and to enforce his precepts in an unmistakable manner, he pro-



He proceeded to impress the Precepts upon the colored man.

ceeded *vi et armis* to impress them on the poor colored man with the butt of his revolver. Then, having set trouble going, he went his way to sleep off the effects of his debauch.

In due time news of the brutal and unjustifiable assault reached Hill's Bar. Now Hill's Bar boasted a magistrate, one George Perrier, who, but a short time previously, had been appointed a Justice of the Peace. So far as can be ascertained, "Judge" Perrier, as he was commonly called, knew more about the forecastle than about Blackstone. His chief qualification for the position was that he was the only British subject on the bar. However, as a resident of his bar had misconducted himself, he concluded to investigate the alleged assault, even though it had not been committed within the bounds of his jurisdiction—Hill's Bar. It may be that he argued that a resident of Hill's Bar should have got drunk at home and looking on that as done which ought to have been done, concluded that the whole matter belonged to Hill's Bar. Accordingly the learned Justice of the Peace sent his constable to Yale to arrest Farrell, sober now and sorry for his action, and bring him home for trial.

It happened, however, that Yale also boasted a magistrate in the person of Mr. P. B. Whannell, otherwise Captain Whannell. Now Mr. Whannell's name was a synonym

for magisterial dignity. He seemed the incarnation of Jaques' Justice "in fair, round belly with good capon lined." If "Judge" Perrier had seen service in the mercantile marine, "Judge" Whannell had seen service in the army. Like many other members of the bustling official and commercial centre, Captain Whannell looked with scorn upon Hill's Bar and its inhabitants, who were regarded by those in authority at Yale as being "as desperate a gang of villains as ever went unhang'd."

The pompous magistrate of Yale enjoyed his Christmas dinner with a select circle of friends, including the Gold Commissioner and other colonial officials. Even in those days luxuries were to be had in British Columbia—cavorts, indeed, were not unknown—and magistrates since the time of Shakespeare have been renowned for their ability to obtain and enjoy them. So he regaled himself to the utmost and the wine and the liquor flowed freely, and when the jovial company separated he was in such a state of hilarity that he little cared though the whole decalogue were broken in Yale.

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious
O'er all the ills o' life victorious."

In the morning the effects of the excesses of the previous night were plainly visible upon him. His irascibility was increased and his pomposness not diminished. Dressing



Capt. Whannel's wrath knew no bounds.

himself in military costume according to his custom, the Captain went to his office late that afternoon. There he learned that the assault had been committed and, to his surprise and indignation, that the constable from Hill's Bar was even then searching the town high and low for the lawbreaker, Farrell. His wrath knew no bounds. He worked himself into a mighty passion, as he thought, of the insult to his dignity, which was implied in the attempt to arrest an offender in his jurisdiction without his knowledge or authority. In his heated mind the whole thing was a deliberate contempt both to himself and his court. He, a military man and a magistrate, could ill brook such an insult from anyone, especially from the little up-start sailor magistrate of Hill's Bar.

Considering the subject carefully he determined to punish the insult as it deserved. Accordingly he instructed his constable to arrest not only Farrell for the assault but also the constable from Hill's Bar for contempt of court.

Meantime at Hill's Bar "Judge" Perrier waited impatiently and looked anxiously up the trail for his constable and the offender in vain. Finally the news came that the constable was under arrest at Yale for attempting to execute the warrant. As the word spread the anger of the people of the bar began to find expression. All work ceased. Excited groups discussed the situation at every cabin door. An indignation meeting was held, inflammatory speeches were made. The miners determined to support magisterial dignity in the person of "Judge" Perrier. A body of about one hundred and fifty men put themselves under arms to uphold by force, if necessary, the stand taken by their magistrate.

It happened that amongst the miners on the bar there was a man once famous in California: the celebrated Ned McGowan, who at one time held the office of Judge in San Francisco. Opposite his name in the Vigilance Committee's book was written, "Wanted." In leaving San Francisco he had not stopped to bid adieu to the committee and the token of its esteem which he bore away was a bullet hole through the lapel of his coat, obtained just as the steamer was departing. He had worked quietly at Hill's Bar, but in this turmoil he came to the surface. His legal experience readily pointed a way out of the difficulty. He suggested to "Judge" Perrier that if it were a contempt of the Yale magistrate's court for the Hill's Bar constable to attempt to make an arrest in Yale, it must

certainly be contempt of the Hill's Bar magistrate's court for the Yale magistrate to imprison that constable for performing his duty. He volunteered, if sufficient force were given him, not only to release the constable but also to arrest the original offender, Farrell, Captain Whannell, and the Yale constable, and to bring them to the Hill's Bar of justice. This pleased "Judge" Perrier mightily. McGowan and a number of other persons, sworn in as special constables were accordingly dispatched to Yale for this purpose.

In due course they returned in triumph to the bar, bringing with them Farrell, the "contemptible" constable, and the "contemptible" magistrate. The counter-stroke had been executed so quickly and quietly that the people of Yale were not aware of the arrests until all three delinquents were in the hands of their opponents.

"Judge" Perrier caused the three malefactors to be brought before him for trial. Farrell as being the primary cause of all the trouble was fined seventy-five dollars for the assault. The Yale constable was released with a caution. The military magistrate was the last one to be dealt with. The charge was gross contempt of court. The naval magistrate was inexorable. Nothing could excuse, in his eyes, the arrest of his constable. Captain Whannell endeavored, vainly, to explain, to excuse, to justify his conduct. After listening impatiently to the defence of his brother magistrate, "Judge" Perrier found him guilty of contempt and fined him fifty dollars.

The outraged magistrate of Yale paid the fine, and returning to Yale roused the populace with the story of his grievous wrongs. A public meeting was held to consider what steps should be taken to avenge the insult. Whannell, being a military man, had great faith in the power behind the throne. It was resolved to invoke the aid of the Army and Navy. At this time the main body of the Royal Engineers, who were being sent out to maintain order in the new colony of British Columbia, had not arrived; but the commanding officer, Colonel R. C. Moody, with a small advance party was stationed at Langley. Messengers were immediately sent to inform him that the notorious Ned McGowan, the renegade of renegades, had been prison-breaking at Yale. The dispatches further intimated that this was part of a gigantic plot to overthrow British power in the colony and to annex it to the United States. The original assault was buried; and the action of the Hill's Bar magistrate and his supporters was exaggerated into a deep-laid rebellion.



"Judge Ferrier found him guilty of contempt of Court."

On receiving these dispatches Colonel Moody started at once for the scene of the supposed hostilities with his whole force of twenty-five Royal Engineers, Governor Douglas was notified and in response to his request Lieutenant Mayne, in command of one hundred marines from H.M.S. "Plumper" and H.M.S. "Satellite" embarked in the "Plumper" for Langley. The marines took a field-piece with them. The police of the colony also joined the expedition. The Chief Justice, Matthew Baillie Begbie, went along to try the offenders according to law. Colonel Moody, with the Engineers, formed the advance guard. The matter was regarded as so urgent that the Colonel did not wait for his reinforcements, but left orders at Langley that Lieutenant Mayne, with the marines, the field-piece and the police should follow. Unfortunately there were no means of conveyance except canoes, as Colonel Moody had chartered the only light draught vessel on the river, the "Enterprise." The "Plumper" was so cumbersome and slow that she could not stem the strong current of the upper river. Leaving the marines with the field-piece and the police at Langley, Lieutenant Mayne set out in a canoe for Yale for instructions. He was ordered to return on the "Enterprise" and bring up the reinforcements. Arriving at Hope the next day Lieutenant Mayne there found instructions to leave the field-piece and the police at Hope and to hurry on to Yale with the marines.

In the meantime Colonel Moody and his Engineers had reached the supposed storm centre. The picture which had stood out in

their minds on leaving Langley was that of opposing hosts, where

"From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stillly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly
flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face."

This picture had, as they advanced, shaded gradually into one more and more pacific. When they passed Hill's Bar they had asked themselves: Where is the rebellion? It was not at Hill's Bar. It must be at Yale. But at Yale all was quiet. Where was the rebellion?

No one was more astonished than McGowan and his friends to see all this war-like display. A few brief inquiries on the spot satisfied Colonel Moody that there was no need for the military and naval forces under his control; but as the matter had gone thus far he determined to make a display of his little army to impress and repress the lawless element. The squabble over magisterial dignity was disclosed as the real root of the trouble; exaggeration was the rest. The rebellion diminished into a trifling, insignificant dispute. McGowan succeeded in satisfying the officers that he had acted strictly in accordance with his instructions as a special constable. What could be done with such a frank, entertaining rascal? He took the Colonel and his officers to his claim on Hill's Bar and showed

them how to wash gold. Then an adjournment was taken to his cabin where the party drank champagne with McGowan and his Californian mining friends. Lieutenant Mayne speaking of the matter says: "Whatever opinion the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco might entertain of these gentlemen, I, speaking as I found them, can only say that all things considered I have rarely lunched with a better spoken, pleasanter party."

But the rebellion, where was it? It had never existed. It was but a phantom. The military expedition has received the dignified name of "Ned McGowan's War"—the

most bloodless war on record. The colony paid the expenses—and large expenses they were; the Royal Engineers and the marines had a little outing; the touchy magistrates lost their commissions; and Dickson, the negro, though hidden from sight in the squabble between the magistrates about contempt of their respective official dignities, gained some notoriety as the man whose ill usage had by a strange concatenation of events been magnified into high treason.

F. W. HOWAY.

New Westminster,

May 5th, 1919.

Mary Riter Hamilton

(By J. E. M. Bruce)



MATERNITY

—Painted by Mary Riter Hamilton.

MRS. Mary Riter Hamilton, who takes her place in the very forefront of the small group of distinguished Canadian artists, made her first notable step up the stairway of fame some fifteen years ago when her first picture was accepted by the Paris Salon. Since then she has worked steadily, sometimes rapidly under the impulse of some enthusiasm, at other times more leisurely, but never at any time putting aside her brush in the way that is the invariable mark of the dilettante.

Mrs. Hamilton is now in France on a special mission from the "Gold Stripe," and selections of her work will be reproduced in colors in the next volume.

She lived most of her life in Bruce County, Ontario, prior to the time of her marriage and for a short time after. A born artist she had no opportunities for instruction during all these years, but, nevertheless, worked as best she could with the methods she herself created to express something of her innate longing to paint. It is interesting now in looking through even the small remnant of the pictures which she is leaving behind her in Vancouver and Victoria, to realize that until she went to Europe after the death of her husband she had never attempted anything but still life. For here in these two small collections of pictures, are vivid portrait studies, over and over again the human form appearing either as the principal or secondary figure in these living canvases which express so much. It is another encouraging instance of the result of application and determination—coupled, as in most of the successful instances of great artists, with innate genius.

It was to Berlin she went first after she decided to go to Europe to study. Curiously—and happily, as it turned out—her first teacher there was an Italian, Professor Scarbini. She retained her studio there for only eighteen months, spending part of this time in Venice on a sketching tour. When she decided to go to Paris she travelled deliberately, spending some months in Holland on the way through,

and discovering the beauty of a country which she afterwards painted when her knowledge was broadened by more study.

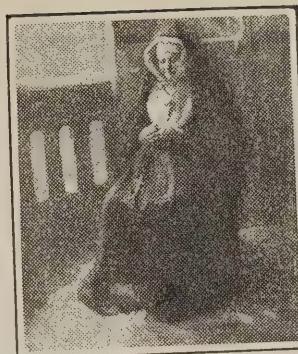
Paris realized all that she sought, and she stayed there studying for the next eight years with the exception of excursions into Italy and Spain and Holland for sketching, and the year which she spent in Canada. Always she worked in the Latin Quarter, her first studio being on the Rue de la Grand Chaumier, her last being on the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. Among the teachers under whom she worked in the Academy, were Merson, Gerbais, Le Roy and Blanche, all great portrait painters, and Simon, Menard and Gastalucet.

The first spring after taking up her residence in Paris, she returned to Holland, sketching for four months in and about Laren (near Amsterdam), a place made famous by Mauve, one of the most distinguished of the modern Dutch painters. One of the pictures which she painted at this time was hung in the Salon, indicating the rapid progress which the artist made, once the opportunities for study were placed in her way.

The second spring after going to Paris, she returned once again to Venice, where she found the scenery and artistic atmosphere stimulating to art. During the two or three months that she was there she did a number of canvases, three of which, eventually, were hung in the Paris Salon. One of these, a canal scene, was purchased by the Princess Patricia just a few years ago when Mrs. Hamilton returned to Canada and exhibited her work for the first time on this side of the Atlantic. The two other Salon pictures painted at this time were also sold in Canada, one of them being in the collection of Sir Robert Rogers.

One of Mrs. Hamilton's most prolific sketching tours was that she made to the Spanish side of the Pyrenees on her return to Europe after a year spent with her mother in Canada. The artistic atmosphere of this part of Europe proved very pleasing to her, and, although she is always a harsh judge of her own work, she ranks some of these Spanish things among her best. One of the pictures done at this time became the property of the Duchess of Connaught; another, a scene of an old castle, was purchased by Sir Robert Borden.

Always a serious artist, her work appealed to the French, who are serious in all things pertaining to art. So it was not to be wondered at that "Les Sacrifices," which she did more in the experimental spirit than with any idea of winning against the great number of competitors who would be ranged against her, was accepted for the frontispiece of the Christmas number of "Pour Tous," in 1905. This was enviable recognition, and was a great surprise



THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

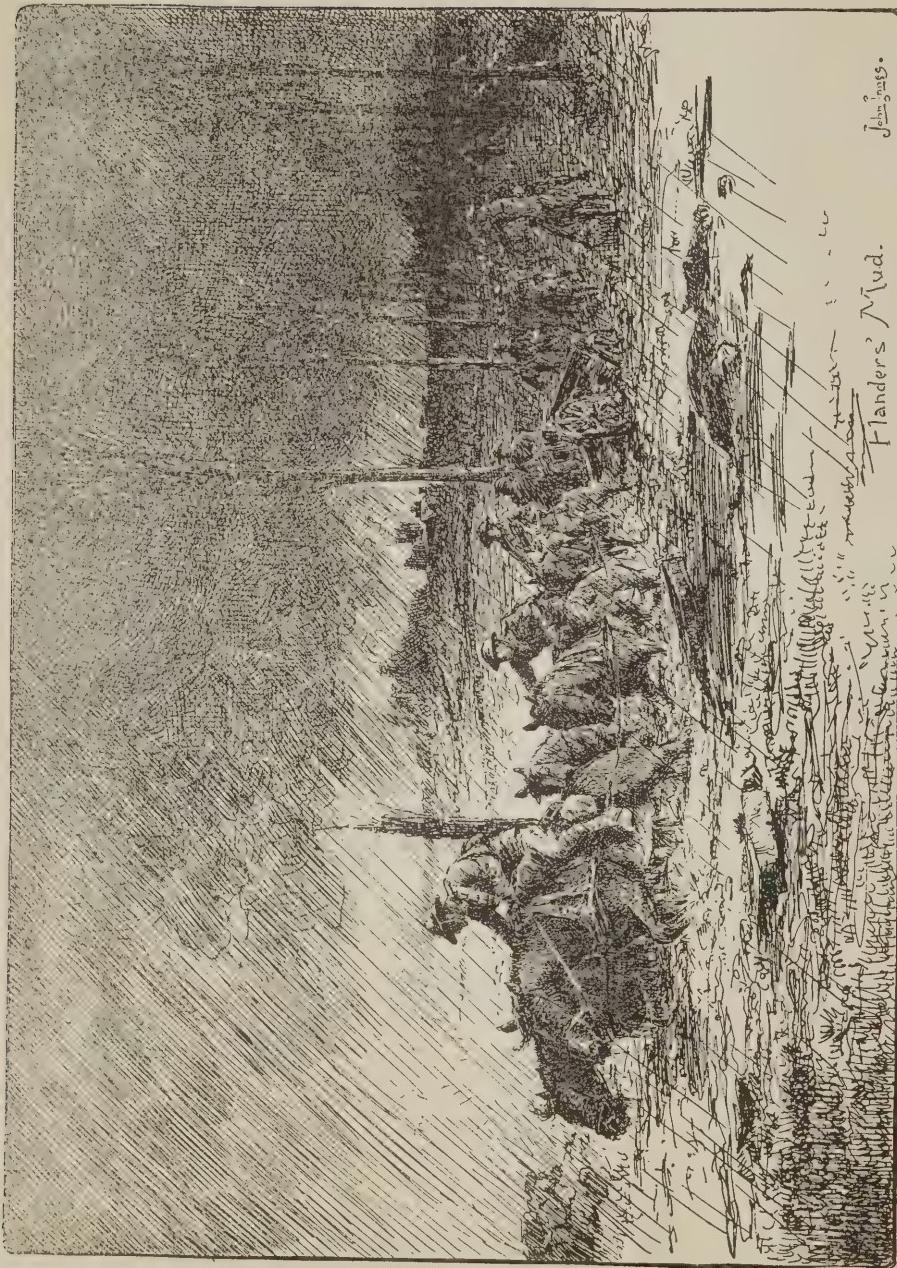
—Painted by Mary Riter Hamilton.

to Mrs. Hamilton herself. In 1909 she exhibited once more in the Salon, this time "Les Pauvres," which, if one recalls aright, was shown in Canada.

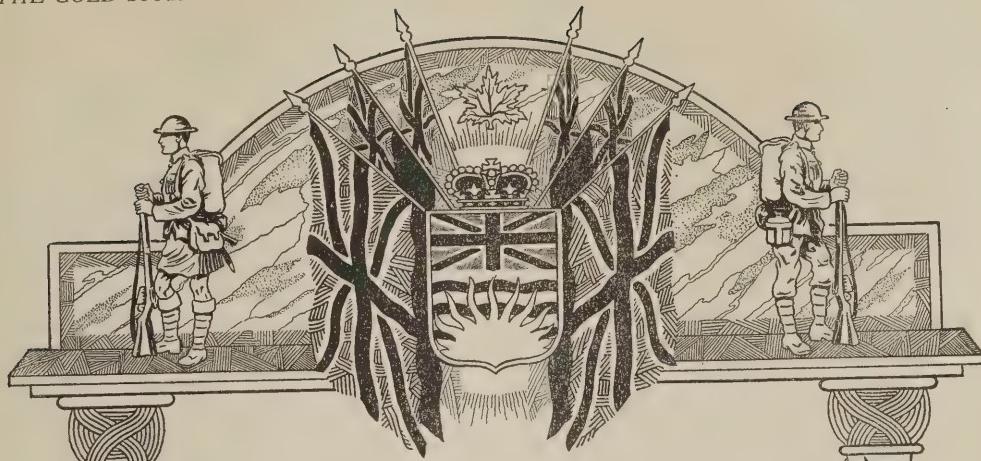
Having visited Venice on two or three occasions she decided in 1910 to go to Florence, and spent some very happy and busy weeks sketching there with an American lady. Some of this work, too, won great admiration from art critics both in Europe and on this continent.

In 1911 Mrs. Hamilton returned to Canada owing to her mother's illness, and until the present has remained on this side of the Atlantic, most of the time in British Columbia. In Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg, and other places she held exhibitions of her work before she came to Victoria some two years before the war to make her home. It was while in the British Columbia capital that she was given orders to paint the portraits of the Lieutenant-Governors of British Columbia from the earliest time down to the present, a task which she just a few months ago completed, and the results of which are now hanging in Government House. Eighteen months ago she decided to go to Vancouver, where she has only awaited the opportunity that the end of the fighting in Europe would make for her to return to Paris. With the knowledge of her abiding love of her native land, of her admiration for the splendid men who went under arms across the sea to preserve the ideals of the Empire, Canada may confidently look for her return at some future time with records which will be fitting additions to the archives founded to preserve the history of the Dominion's part in the Great War.

Fortunately for Victoria Mrs. Hamilton has left about fifty of her paintings at the home of Colonel E. C. Hart, Courtney street, and others are in Vancouver.



IN FLANDERS MUD.—DRAWN BY JOHN INNES.



North Vancouver Honor Roll

(From G. W. V. A., North Vancouver)

COMPANIONS OF THE LAST POST

"They gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever, on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind.

For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers there lives an unwritten record in every heart—felt, though never embodied."

—“Funeral Oration”—Pericles.

Pte. S. L. Aspell	Lce.-Corpl. Ernest Leyde
Pte. Cecil Beasley	Pte. Gregor McDonald
Pte. A. D. Berrows	Pte. D. McQueen
Lce.-Corpl. E. G. Boult	Pte. D. Martinson
Pte. Chas. Bradshaw	Pte. Kennedy Maginnis
Pte. John Bird, R.N.R.	Pte. James McNeilage
Pte. James Brown	Pte. Edgar McPhail
Pte. Robert Burton	Cpl. E. H. Miller
Pte. J. Bushell	Pte. A. Newman
Sgt. S. D. Cameron	Pte. George Parker
Pte. Eryan Cassidy	Pte. John Purdie
Spr. F. A. Christopher	Pte. J. Riley
Cpl. R. Dickinson, M.M.	Pte. John E. Roberts
Pte. J. Dowling	Sergt. Vincent Ramsay
2nd Lt. E. F. Dorrell	Pte. Geo. E. Roe
Sgt. Walter D'Aeth	Pte. Charles W. Sarel
Spr. Harry F. Duplisse	Pte. Ian W. Sarel
Sergt. Wm. Fraser	Pte. J. Sime
Dr. T. Ferguson	Drv. Wm. Spence
Pte. Robert Falconer	Lieut. E. G. Spear
Pte. Fred H. Garling	Sergt. E. T. Spink
Sgt. Thomas Garrick	Spr. C. D. P. Stein
Pte. Edgar Arthur Hugh	Pte. Roy Stoney
Pte. A. Hodgson	Pte. Leonard Smith
Pte. B. Howell	Pte. A. E. Tait
Pte. Reginald Hudson	Pte. Charles Taylor
Pte. John Huggan	Major F. G. Toff
Pte. H. E. Hungerford	Pte. James Turner
Lieut. Wm. Houston	Spr. John A. Wood
Pte. Oswald Kay	Pte. Gildart J. Walker
Pte. Jack Jobling	Sergt. A. Walker
Lieut. Hugh O. Kayll	Lce.-Corpl. G. F. Webber
Pte. Duncan M. Lawson	Pte. Harry Whipple
Lce.-Corpl. D. McDonald	Pte. Harry Whiting
Lawson	Pte. Harry Winsor
	Pte. Mervin L. Woods.

A. Uden

"The Zeppelinoscope"

By Capt. H. C. L. Lindsay, C.A.M.C. Reserves

GRISWOLD JONES was one of those medical freaks whose thirst for knowledge of the unusual resulted in an insatiable thirst for strong, liquid diet, and a pocket book chronically devoid of cash. He reminded one of the book worm usually described as meandering around half alive to external impulses and always sloppily dressed. This was not altogether true because very little ever escaped the eye of Jones who was adept at putting his finger on the weak spot of anything as well as noting its strong points. He was clever beyond the imagination of even his intimate friends.

Personal appearance was so unimportant in his world that he seldom more than raked his fast disappearing locks of curling, black, fine, hair, and not infrequently the colonel had to remind him to shave and to "smarten up" a bit. Jones was a worker and his giant, stooped form could be seen silhouetted against the canvas wall of his tent working far into the night when many another man was content to roll up in his blankets to dream of home.

In direct proportion to the amount of brain work the captain was doing you could estimate the number of bottles of Scotch whisky that were necessary to keep the furnace of his mental machinery going. Griswold Jones was never known to be drunk and some stated that he was never known to be sober. Be that as it may, liquor seemed to make him more human than he would otherwise have been and when he had imbibed sufficiently he was even sociable. My curiosity was often aroused by unearthly sounds that emanated from his tent at times, but my valour never got the better of my discretion and I kept a discreet distance from the chamber of horrors unless the owner condescended to invite me in.

This occurred more frequently than most of the officers knew. The doctor had taken a liking to me, although I was but a recent comer. When he had discovered something out of the usual in physical phenomena he was wont to discuss the subject and enthuse over its possibilities in the world of science. While possessing the power of discovering the most weird facts and pointing out their usefulness, he failed utterly to reap any pecuniary benefit from them and most often promptly forgot the things.

I had finished my dinner with my friend MacPherson, a canny Scot, who had travelled

this world well over and lost his natural closeness, acquiring the knack of dispensing hospitality and spinning a yarn like a thoroughbred. We were navigating the cobble-stone road of Rue Camille with considerable success when we stopped to count to see if both of us were still there. We were, and there was another with us. Closer inspection of the stranger revealed the face of Captain Griswold Jones. It was lit up with animation, denoting the condition of that worthy officer's pulse and he breathed genially toward us as he locked his arms in ours and we once more headed for Blanchard's Cabaret, the centre of the town's gaieties.

Time did not dampen his ardour and during the whole of the walk we were forced to listen to the harrowing details of one of his new ideas. This discourse was largely on the subject of the length of sound waves and their motor power when propelled through ether by the proper instrument. We contented ourselves with assenting to everything he promulgated. The trams had stopped running and there was nothing left for us but to trudge the whole three miles back to camp. This was easy enough until we had to pass the French native troops from Morocco who knew neither French nor English and always challenged "Qui vive," and fired at any moving object simultaneously.

Up to the point of reaching the French outpost we had been marching as a rank, but after the first shot we considered it safer to crawl, single file, down a garbage ditch until we were in close proximity to our own camp. Stumbling past our own sentry we were soon in the camp proper. Griswold burst forth like a pent up volcano. During all our passage through the filthy muck his mental faculties had been storing up data to spring upon us the minute that he dared to talk above a whisper.

The two of us were literally dragged to his "hell hole" as some called it, in order that he might demonstrate to us this wonderful revolutionizer of war methods. We had just assumed the erect posture when he grabbed our arms and hoarsely whispered, "There it is, there it is, again." "What is?" asked MacPherson, more like an Irishman anticipating the sight of his father's ghost. I peered around but could see nothing. The captain beamed upon us with triumph in his eyes. "Did you notice

in all our trip up here that there was not a single telephone wire humming until you reached this identical one?" Now, if you walk back five or six poles you will find that this is the only one making a noise." There must be something causing that vibration other than wind: there is not a breath stirring and it is hotter than hades." The items had entirely been unnoticed by us and came to us as a revelation to our lack of perspicuity. "Now, crawl right in, I want to show you this instrument I have." We crawled in and awaited the owner who switched on his electric torch until he managed to get his kerosene lamp lit.

In the uncertain light many unusual paraphernalia were visible. One of these the owner gingerly placed upon a box and exhibited to us with a certain amount of pride. It was shaped much like an Irish harp, having various strings of varying thicknesses and materials. "Can you hear anything?" he asked. "We could not. "Are you sure?" We were. Now, are you sure you heard nothing?" Simultaneous with the last remark he placed a long felt strip tightly across the cords of the instrument and we were sensible of a quietness more profound than had hitherto existed, thus demonstrating that some of the notes on the harp had been making a perceptible noise. Taking another smaller damper and still using the larger felt strip he gradually worked across the instrument isolating the wires which were vibrating. This being accomplished we listened and were struck with the resemblance of the sound to something which we had heard before, but the dim recesses of our brains were not quick at divulging where.

"What do I interpret from the different sounds on this?" he asked pointing to his contrivance. "I will tell you; we will be raided by a Zeppelin before another two hours." I had unconsciously been likening the sound to the hum of a Zeppelin's propellers and felt certain that there was more than an atom of truth in the wizard's statement. Looking at him you could not doubt his utterance. He was so self-satisfied and assured.

Wriggling out of his tent, which was a well, about three feet deep, roofed over by a bell tent, so that once inside you could walk around conveniently in the erect posture, we stood up outside and listened to see if we could hear any marauding Zeppelins. The sky was ideal for such work, just a few fleeting, fleecy clouds obscuring a moon none too bright for the occasion. Not any of us could detect symptoms of trouble. Nevertheless we talked quietly.

Jones took us down to our only telephone and rang up the French camp telling them to

expect a Zeppelin in about an hour. He did the same with navy headquarters and the hill batteries. To an extent we were convinced. At least I did not go to bed as early as I would have done, and once or twice I came out of my semi-dugout to have a last look around before I finally retired. Even then I kept a goodly quantity of my clothes on to be ready in an emergency. MacPherson talked the least of anyone and whenever I essayed another glance around he merely grunted his disgust and did his best to make himself comfortable with the few clothes I had to spare for him, the unexpected guest.

Dozing off to sleep I must have dreamed of Zeppelins, because, jumping up in the dark with a start I was certain that I heard the vibrations of one. Straining every nerve satisfied me that no such sound existed at the present moment and once more I curled up on my ground cork mattress, pulling my scant covering well over my ears to give me better warmth, thus shutting off the disturbing whine of aeroplanes which were in the habit of hovering over our area at night. The sound recurred and I feel confident that the blanket served to improve my acoustic powers as far as ground sounds were concerned. The noise must have travelled by the ground because the moment my head was clear of the blanket I could hear nothing. Nevertheless I was thoroughly aroused and jumped into the chilliness of the night to renew my vigil.

In the dark shadow of the remnant of a wooden hut not far distant I could see the glow of a cigarette which was being smoked by a nervous person, in short quick puffs. No one spoke for minutes. Something told me it was Jones but I left him to reveal his identity when he felt inclined. "Bout four or five miles away," he volunteered, "we'll see her in a minute." By this time I could make out the unmistakeable hum of the propellers and later I could distinguish the noise of the engines. It was some time, though, before I could distinguish the cigar-shaped object high up in the sky exactly at an altitude which I did not expect. The crew had stopped the engines and were letting her drift. They were also coming very close to earth in an effort to discover our ammunition dumps and hangars, which by this time their spies had given them previous exact knowledge.

Jones had seen to shutting off the lights and insisted on the French doing the same. This resulted in our not being seen. However, we all experienced the most uncanny feeling as the huge destroyer floated over our heads. I know well how the little chickens feel when a hawk swoops over the flock. Per-

sonally, I was calculating exactly where a bomb would light at such and such a position. When exactly vertically over me, I stopped this process and merely held my breath. The wind apparently stronger in the higher strata of atmosphere gradually drifted the object of our gaze to the northward and we breathed freely once more because even were "she" to drop some bombs now, we would not be the victims. The whole camp was noiselessly astir and were the beings on that engine of destruction not mere Germans they would surely have sensed our very presence by telepathic waves alone. Relief of such tension is often followed by dia-phoresis, and I can truly say we all wiped the sweat from our brows. The first spell was over but the interim was full of expectancy.

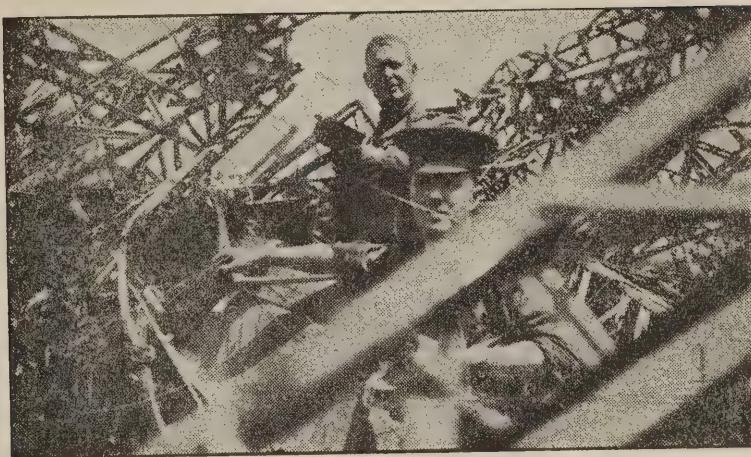
A silent shaft of light shot straight to the tail of the elongated dirigible, lighting it up so as to make an excellent target. Another shaft quickly found its mark and held tenaciously to the fast ascending monster. A resounding crash heralded the artillery's action as a shell screamed through the air and burst far off the field. Three more guns let loose their messengers of death with even less success. Now the whole valley and mountain side were belching forth destruction, but with the most disgusting inaccuracy. How the Germans manipulated and dodged to get out of the dazzling searchlight rays did them credit. We almost lost them for a while, but a lucky beam caught them once more and hell tore loose again. The rush of shells fairly rent the atmosphere. Star shells chased the victims across the sky and cleared the view for our gunners' better aim. The machine guns' "put-put" could be heard in the momentary lulls between the yap of the small guns and the boom of heavier ordinance. One huge gun back on the hills really amused us, phonetically. It would go "Bung, whew, bung-gup!" with a double bump to its detonations, so that we called it "Maggie." The monitors also served some "heavy stuff" to the visitors. The guns here made the inarticulate sound resembling "full up" before it sped its charge toward the enemy. Shells with smoke trails arched the sky searching a vital spot on the marauder, but still it sailed on apparently oblivious to the maniacal carnival raging below; until one meek little shell gracefully and slowly lit on the tail of the Zeppelin and started a little fire of its own. By this time the Huns were headed seaward thoroughly satisfied with the hospitality extended to them and not wishing to accumulate more expensive gifts. Their connections

with earth had been discontinued but they were receiving messages just the same, which assured them that they would connect once more with mother earth rather rapidly.

The dark form was slowly descending now and out of range of most of the guns, having travelled about ten miles during this time. Far out in the harbour, though, a lone monitor lay with her guns trained for the final blow, and far behind, too, an artilleryman had his twelve-inch gun elevated to its maximum, and only waited, hoping that the black object would run into his field of fire. As luck would have it, the huge gun fired a shell that crippled the side of the monster, but nevertheless the monitor poured in a most destructive fire and caused the mass to crash into the marsh at the river mouth. Terrific detonations reached our ears as the crew, fearful of the high explosives on board let loose their own bombs shortly before they came to earth, lest they should explode from the concussion when they bumped. Some of these could not have been thrown out because at the moment of contact an immense flare lit up the heavens as the silk covering became ignited and the terror of the district died a natural death.

Morning broke clear and warm, favoring our trip to see the wreck. The boat was a government steamer with which we crossed the gulf and neared the remnants of the Zeppelin as far as the shallow water would permit us. Taking a smaller boat which we trailed over the side, we were able to come within a mile of our object, but the rest of the distance we had to wade through mire, water and long grass. At last we arrived only to find that the place was already under guard by the French, and our chances of securing a souvenir very much diminished. Government photographers were busy taking pictures and hunters of trophies were hanging around the guards endeavoring to steal a relie. We crawled through every part of the crumpled mass, but the wire was too tough for our implements to cut, and what few specimens we got, were pried off with our pocket knives. For my part, I took a small aluminum plate on which were inscribed the words, "Glocke zur vord gondel." I doubt whether the man in front heard the last bell as his gondolier was headed earthward because shrapnel had pierced the plating exactly in front of his seat and the remains of his burned coat were still in the machine when I entered the boat-like understrutures of which there were three, and this was the main engine boat.

Griswold Jones allowed his natural inquisitiveness full sway. I found him testing the German wire with a small file, and he it



WRECK OF ZEPPELIN AT SALONICA.

was who called my attention to the hardness of the steel filament which could not be scratched with an ordinary file and actually nicked a cold chisel when being cut. Pliers were of no use. The windshields were made of real clear mica with a thin, pliable layer of glass cemented on to the exterior, enabling the piece to bend without breaking, and also to be polished without scratching. The steering wheel was made of double tubular aluminum and all the cables were made of wonderfully thin, tough steel threads. The propellers were made of a very hard wood, either black walnut, teakwood or mahogany. To insure strength seven or eight plies of wood had been adhered together before the blades were cut and in this manner the extra strength due to surface was gained. The structural framework was all of aluminum grooved to give the maximum strength and the minimum weight. The engines were not much injured and were supplied by large petrol drums made of aluminum. Every advantage was taken of carrying angles and structure detail. The instrument represented a wealth of ideas and ingenuity even to the disposition of baggage, the carrying of ballast, bombs and other details. The measuring instruments were the very latest devices and altogether we felt that we were not doing the thing proper justice by the way we casually looked

it over. However, "duty is duty," and our leave was but for the half day, so necessity made us hurry back to camp with many an idea or suggestion half matured. Jones was the last to leave. He was so engrossed with his work of investigation that he became positively oblivious to his duty at camp and perforce had to be coerced away from the Zeppelin.

I believe the success of this preparation which caused the downfall of the Zeppelin was entirely due to the doctor's warnings, but whether he deserved it or not no mention of his part in the scheme of defence was made, and he did not seek any publicity for himself, nevertheless he enjoyed a great deal of self-satisfaction from the result and he fully intended interesting the Invention's Board in his discovery, or rather the application of it; but, having served its purpose, he promptly forgot it, and when he was invalided to England some months later with dysentery and fever, he passed out of our little circle for years to come; nevertheless the memory of him was indelibly impressed on our minds and our association with him had made us study things with profounder minuteness as to detail and the tales told by our men of what he had done upon certain occasions made the disciples of Isaac Walton feel unusually truthful.

Literary Ghosts of the Trenches

(By Lieut. Frank Phillips)
Formerly of the 47th Battalion.

ALTHOUGH it is less than a twelve-month ago, it seems that ages have passed since those incredible days, weeks, months, years, when we reverted to the domestic habits of the troglodytes and took up our abode in noisome burrows driven into the soil of what was once part of sunny France or the spacious plain of Flanders. The distance in time from that dreary existence appears to be so great because with startling abruptness we have been transported from a condition of active warfare, with all this implies of physical and mental abnormality, to a state of peace which necessitates a violent and complete change in our mental processes and our physical mode of life.

Although, however, the days when the desirability of a dwelling was in proportion to its depth seem so remote, the memories of all of us who have lived the life of the trench and the dugout are so stored with reminiscences, sad or gay, that the slightest reminder brings them thronging from that mysterious storehouse where such things appear to lie in wait for the opportunity of emergence.

The sight of the gaily decorated cover of a popular weekly mixture of picture, piffle and propaganda suddenly made me think of the days when the sight of such a magazine, left lying on the rough makeshift table in a dugout or perchance pitched by the previous reader on the floor where the simpering face of some impossible beauty obtained a coating of trench mud, would be welcomed as treasure trove. The stories of the wonderful young men who acquire fame, fortune and the hand of the sagacious heroine all in the course of two full pages and a turnover, the flights of the hero of the diamond who meanders through a maze of slang to a four flush finish, the picturesque verbiage of the war correspondent whose inaccuracies of detail and description amazed one when his statements dealt with things that had come under one's own observation although one did not stop to reason therefrom the probable untruth of the whole article, all these things were devoured avidly.

Then, when the marvellous mixture, prescribed to be taken weekly without shaking, had been handed on to some other cave dweller, generally to the signaller who inhabited the same hole in the ground with oneself, one would wonder who was the man who had secured

through the medium of the army post office this strange miscellany. Canadian he must have been for our British fellow fighters had not yet acquired a taste for this pabulum for the half educated. Thus one fell to thinking of all the varied and assorted literature; reading matter would be a better description; that one picked up on the dugout floor.

Verily the army of those days was omnivorous in its reading as it was varied in its composition. Did one come across "John Bull," that organ of the chronic grouser, it was safe to predicate that some English Tommy had been sitting on this same shelf carved with an entrenching tool in the wall of the dugout, glowing with virtuous indignation at the shortcomings of those in authority at Whitehall, throwing his best when Bottomley's bombast assured him that there was one true Briton to stand up for the rights of the soldier, half incredulous but wholly hopeful when John Bull assured him that the editor knew for a fact and by very strong but unspecified evidence that the war would be over by Christmas.

Was it a copy of the Sketch or the Tatler to which one fell heir? One could image the dapper, slim, perhaps affected but none the less thoroughly effective "one pipper" who had gazed at the presentment of the society beauties engaged in "war work" or the slightly clad but seductive sirens of the revues and who had wondered when he was once more to be handed a cup of tea in a dainty drawing room or sit at ease in his stall at the "Pav" or the "Empire" and see shapely limbs swirling through a foam of chiffon.

A number of "Country Life" with its beautiful photographs of stately English mansions or "The Field" with its chatter of horse and hounds and one could picture some stalwart home loving Englishmen turning the pages and thinking of the paddock where his favorite mare used to come trotting gaily to the gate when he appeared. The paddock, alas, now turned into an unbeautiful but productive potato field while the mare is perhaps dragging wearily on the traces of a gun limber or, her once sleek sides mangled by shell and clotted with mud and blood, lying unburied at some fatal cross-roads.

An occasional copy of the "Saturday" or the "Fortnightly" or perchance one of the

heavier quarterlies and it was easy to imagine one of that type of studious, book-loving Englishman whose effective emergence from his secluded college rooms to the leadership of fighting men has been one of the great surprises of the surprising war. One could see him with his scholar's stoop not quite cured by his strenuous training, losing himself in the discussion of some matter of no practical importance whatever but with senses poised ready to catch the faintest indication from the passing traffic of the trench that ceaselessly moiled past the dugout entrance or from any change in the character or intensity of the noise of flying shells and machine gun chatter that had become as familiar as the singing of his saws to the millman, that his trained observation was needed up above.

Many and varied were the contents of that circulating library of the trenches where the readers did the circulating while the printed magazines, papers and books were stationary, only disappearing in due season when too much mud had rendered them illegible or when they had been used too often as plates whereon to carve the contents of a bully tin or when they were disintegrated by the fingers of the fastidious looking for a clean page wherewith to wipe the reminders of the succulent mulligan of the day before yesterday from their mess tin.

There were, however, a few contributions to the ephemeral art and letters of the day that found a home in practically every dugout. The graceful girls from *La Vie Parisienne* with their scanty clothing and their faultless figures, the mincing madame who is patriotically embracing a poilu in the absence of monsieur le mari, these with the effectively posed ladies of Kirchner found a place in every one of those underground caravanserais. They were as indispensable as the pad of signal forms on which one informed headquarters every so often—and oh so very often—that the wind was north east by east and the situation normal or that "C" Company would require one hundred and thirteen rations, would like even more than that number of tots of rum, and that the men's feet had all been examined with meticulous care by the officer commanding the company and that the proper amount of whale oil had been personally applied by the same exalted person who assumed this Maundy Thursday role in accordance with Corps Order Number Umpty-Ump of the eenth inst.

What ghosts lingered around these discarded books. What of the trim English subaltern who had gazed soulfully on the beauties of the monde and the demi-monde. Was he even now

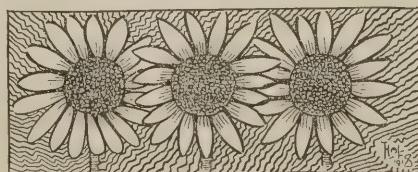
with gleaming brass and polished monocle lol ling in a cushioned stall gazing on the frankly displayed beauties of Mademoiselle Fifi or was he, perhaps, one of those unnameable, huddled heaps that one could see through a periscope lying out in no man's land, or curled in a shell hole, perhaps he had found the more suitable shelter of one of those nicely rounded, white cross decked graves that spread row upon military row back of the line.

Did the big man with his sunny smile and his cold bath and outdoors look greet once more his tall golf playing, horse loving wife and bonny babes or has he reclaimed his favorite mare and mounted on her back is he rushing his fences in the happy hunting grounds?

What of Tommy who threw aside his John Bull when called to form one of a raiding party or to go on patrol? Is he, decked in a hospital suit of blue, seeking his old familiar haunts where he misses Bill or Dick or Harry, but where the smell from the fried fish shop comes strong on the air, where the girls welcome a man even though he is maimed and ginger is still hot in the mouth?

What of the student? Has he returned to his studies to find that the old familiar love of learning has departed and has he discovered that a discussion on the authorship of the casket letters or the deciphering of a palimpsest might be all right for some people but is not for his life's occupation?

Once in a dugout on Vimy Ridge I came across a cheaply printed, paper bound volume which contained the Ballad of Reading Gaol and the De Profundis of Wilde. Did the author pouring out his soul in agony when at the bottom of the abyss into which he had been plunged from a height of admiration that no other celebrity of his age had attained, ever experience the depths of longing, of regret for misused opportunities, the hatred of self and one's own small aims that came to many a reader who strove with the aid of the printed word to spread abroad the wings of his imagination and forget for a while the incredible beastliness of war in the midst of which he was living.



West Vancouver

Roll of Honor

H. Ainsworth	*T. Lance	*R. J. Spinks
T. Alvenson	J. Lang	*G. Stephenson
C. G. Barrow	*J. Lawson	H. Smith
L. F. Beasley	D. Lawson	T. Scott
H. Bulman	J. Lindsey	W. H. Todd
J. Bruce	W. Lyle	J. D. Thompson
H. Brundrett	H. VanLuven	W. M. Thompson
J. Burkhardt	W. S. Martin	J. Thomson
P. E. Bellamy	*J. Mahood	R. Turner
W. S. Beams	F. W. Melson	C. E. Turner
H. J. Coles	A. MacKay	J. Turner
P. J. Cox	*G. W. Mitchell	J. Turner
W. F. Clapham	C. B. Barlow	H. J. Charkery
G. E. Chaffey	W. A. Thompson	J. A. Ure
C. A. Carter	W. B. Carter	W. Ure
*C. R. Chaffey	G. H. D. Metcalfe	G. C. Watts
*W. J. Chaffey	C. Cassidy	J. W. Wardens
J. L. Cripps	H. G. Mason	B. M. Ward
F. H. Dodman	J. McCallum	D. E. Weston
T. Dick	R. G. Miller	H. B. Williamson
G. A. Dickson	W. S. McIntyre	R. Wilkinson
T. E. Davies	R. McDonald	*T. Williams
J. E. Durbin	A. McDonald	G. A. White
O. Davis	T. B. McLeod	J. Wilson
R. Davidson	A. Mitchell	C. W. Rigby
*J. F. Dougal	M. McGoggan	D. W. Keills
*C. R. Dolling	J. McMurtrie	C. B. Watson
*J. Dowling	H. J. MacPherson	*T. H. L. Yates
R. C. Farow	*G. Marshall	*W. B. Pollard
J. Fielding	M. Mills	*G. A. Spencer
A. Fleming	E. R. McPherson	F. B. Taylor
*F. T. Grafton	G. Nelson	J. W. Ross
C. Gourlay	C. Nash	F. Starkey
W. B. B. Gladwin	H. Peers	W. Chiffing
F. E. Groffman	H. Prestley	R. M. Davidson
C. R. Hodson	A. W. Putlick	F. J. Browning
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W. Holmwood	T. Peterson	R. R. Morrison
H. E. Hungerford	R. W. Roberts	G. Hudson
J. Hunt	J. T. Rousseau	H. Howe
R. E. James	J. D. Ross	G. J. Teare
G. S. Jones	M. Ross	J. Wemyss
J. Jeffries	J. Reid	E. K. Waller
A. H. Johnson	P. Reid	W. Hay
A. Johnson	H. Simmons	M. Emblin
T. Killin	R. W. Salter	H. Crabtree
J. F. Lance	N. Stalker	

J. Allan

D. Grady

*Killed

†Died

†*Believed killed.

A. Uden

THE GOLD STRIPE



3RD FIELD AMBULANCE, NEAR INCHY, TAKEN THE DAY THE CANADIANS CROSSED THE
CANAL DU NORD.

Canadian Official.



THE MACHINE GUNNERS

Canadian Official.

THE GOLD STRIPE



SHRINE AT ESQUIMALT, B.C.

The Poetry of the War

By John Ridington



ROBERT SERVICE

In the previous issue of THE GOLD STRIPE was included a portion of an address, given by Mr. John Ridington, librarian in the University of British Columbia, on "The Poetry of the War." The sections already printed deal with the fondness—to a large extent unexpected—of soldiers for poetry, the means employed to supply them with readings and short references to some of the soldier poets, with specimens of the work, and an estimate of its value of Rupert Brooke. In this issue other portions of Mr. Ridington's address are printed. Written a year before the close of the war, some references and statements made therein are no longer as applicable to current conditions as when they were originally set forth, but in the main, it is still a fairly accurate, as well as an interesting sketch of a fascinating topic.

—F. P.

IT is a popular, but mistaken, expectation that great events necessarily produce great poetry. But it is not the biggest battles that have inspired the finest military and patriotic poems. Troy was an obscure town in Asia Minor; Balaclava was not one of the world's decisive battles. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" is perhaps the only poem qualified for a place in the world's golden treasury of all that poured from the white hot crucible of the American Civil War. And the present war, though it has produced an enormous bulk of poetry, much of it good, some of it excellent, has produced little that promises to be immortal. There are several reasons for this. Fore-

most among them has been placed the vastness, the immensity, the complexity of the struggle. It is not merely a life and death conflict of millions upon millions of men, fighting on a dozen fronts, in fertile farmlands, in arid deserts, on snowy steppes. These innumerable hosts are fighting in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth—fighting not only with weapons of hitherto unimagined destructive power, and of unbelievable precision and ingenuity, but also with weapons as primitive as those used by the Philistines and Romans, and with adaption of the plate armour of medieval knights.

A thousand forces—military and naval, social and financial, industrial and economic—are inextricably interwoven in this war. Their ramifications have such interrelations and reactions that they affect, if not personally and directly, at least subconsciously, the most humdrum and prosaic lives. With us in Canada war has become the normal condition, to which we instinctively and automatically adjust our personal and communal lives. In future days these conditions will be studied and set forth by historians, economists and psychologists, but in the mass they cannot be set forth by poetry. Poetry seeks and insists upon the personal, the dramatic elements of life. This vast machine made war dwarfs the merely personal.

No cycle of human experience can comprehend or include its immensities. At best a poem can but reflect a single and minute facet from the blood red ruby of war. From the gigantic task of depicting it as a whole, in all its horror and heroism, its sacrifice and tragedy, its degradation, exaltation, purification, the Muses shrink back, appalled, shuddering, impotent.

Perhaps, too, the poets, in common with the rest of mankind, are too near to see or sense its titanic perspectives. All feel themselves mere human atoms engulfed in a madly swirling maelstrom, incapable of aught but blind struggle for the preservation of the interests and ideals they hold dear, incapable of striking deeper notes than those of vehemence and outraged sensibility. Wordsworth said of poetry that it was emotion, remembered in tranquillity. Who can—who would—be tranquil now? This may be one reason for the measure of disappointment over the admitted fact that, while

much of the war poetry yet produced seems destined to survive the tumult of its origin, but little yet promises to be immortal. The real singers of the present cataclysm may be yet unborn; that Weltgericht, which it is the peculiar province of the poet to pronounce upon it, may not find expression until its horrors have become

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

To this generally accepted reason for the comparative infrequency with which really excellent poetry has appeared under the stimulus of the War, should be added another, in my opinion equally important. Nationalism is passing away: the era of internationalism has not only dawned, it has brightened almost into day. Patriotism in its old sense—that of love for a geographical locality or historical sequence of events—has been gradually dying as a motive stimulus to men. It was easy, in Napoleon's day, for any Englishman to hate any frog-eating Frenchman. It was easy, perhaps, for an American Revolutionist to hate all Englishmen, though they were of the same race and speech, and it is only lately that Americans have come to realize that it was not England, but England's stupid and stubborn German king, that compelled loyal and self-respecting colonists to proclaim their independence. But these things were before the days of steam and electricity, of cables and airships. Today the world is one big neighborhood—whether men like it or not, they must live in association. Association, kindred interests, common activities, beget, not hate, but tolerance, understanding, appreciation. Men cannot deify themselves, their own nation—cannot put their own traditions, achievements, aspirations, on a pedestal, and proclaim their superiority to all others, if they have intimate knowledge of the men of other races and lands. We should be thankful for the sense of humor that prevents this. The traveled man is always the most tolerant—he whose life centres about the parish pump is ever the most willing to think the worst of nations he has never seen. But patriotic poetry, as we read it in our school-books, stresses—indeed, deals almost wholly with—the history and achievents of a particular people, living in a particular place, and, at least by implication, asserts that that people are great and good and glorious because certain among them were heroic. Hampton, Havelock, Pym, Wellington, Haig in England; Washington, Franklin, Madison, Lincoln, Wilson in the States,—we are all apt to ascribe to ourselves the virtues of these great men of our own coun-

tries, and feel ourselves more important thereby. This is, of course, the merest reflective vanity, but the patriotic poet of former days played upon, if he did not at times even pander to, this feeling.

That day is over, because nationalism is dying, and internationalism is here. The stock in trade of the patriotic poet of our fathers will soon become as obsolete as the stage coach. Our poets will sing of Causes, not of Countries.

But if the war has produced little of the super-excellent in verse, it has produced much that is better than good, and a quite prodigious welter of tolerable mediocrity. The poets have risen as promptly to the appeal to arms, as did the men of England to that of Kitchener. At their head were the recognized masters of modern verse—Bridges and Begbie, Noyes and Newbolt, Kipling, Phillips and Watson. The spirit of almost all this, and of the work by poets less known, has been laudable—sometimes admirable, but as poetry it often leaves something to be desired. None of the bigger men have added to their reputation through their war verse—perhaps some of them have herein been eminent failures.

With thus much of generalization as to its quality, let us look a little more closely at the poetic product. And, as by almost universal consent, the war was willed, planned and started by Germany, a summary of typical Teutonic war poetry has logical precedence.

All the German poets have lined up behind the Kaiser and his warlords. So far as can be judged by translations, many have sustained the role of patriot with great ability. All accept without hint of question the official German view that they were forced into the war. Examples are legion—take this, from Hauptmann's "Reiberlied."

Three robbers came upon us.
"Who goes there. Who goes there?"
"Germany, yield your honor to us."
"Never shall we yield!"
And were you not three, but were you nine,
My honor and country should still be mine,
No one shall take them from us,
God, Emperor, and Germany's army fight for
us,
Never shall we yield!"

All of us must have noted how men of opposing armies beseech victory from Heaven, reverting in time of war to the primitive idea of a tribal God. Sudermann, whose plays most of us have read and enjoyed, is typical of much of the abounding Teutonic poetry of this type.

His "Die Grosse Stunde" (The Great Hour) begins thus:—

Whether, O Father in Heaven, we still put our trust in You

Or whether You are but a dream of the severed past—

See now, we swear to You, witness of Truth,

We have not deserved it—

This murder, this world-ending murderer—

Which, now, with blood-hot sighs,

Stamps over the shuddering earth.

True to the soil, the bread-giving soil

Happy and cheerful in business and trade,

Peaceful we sat in the oak tree's shade

Peaceful—

Though we were born to the sword.

Little of the German war poetry, however, is as regretful in tone as this. Most of it reflects devotion to the State, joy that the opportunity had come for the German people to show their warrior spirit. The joy of fighting, the expectation of conquest, is its Leitmotif.

Every event of the war has been celebrated by German poets. The capture of Liege, the occupation of Brussels, the sinking of Admiral Craddock's ships off Chili, the 'Emden' raids, even the raising of the first war loan, and the submarine blockade—all have their own literature. Then there is a great body of poetry with "Gott Strafe England!" as its basis. The most famous of these is, of course, Lissauer's "Hassgesang gegen England"—the "Hymn of Hate." Crown Prince Rupprecht, realizing the tremendous stimulating power of the poem as a war-song, pursued the striking course of issuing it as a special army order to his troops. It was set to music, with electrical effect. For a year it was sung by troops going to battle, hummed by business men in their offices, whistled by newsboys and declaimed at the theatres. It is not so popular now—the spirit of the Hun is somewhat chastened. He sees the handwriting on the wall. The Teutonic poets are today pining for, and praising, Peace.

Read aloud in the original, the "Hymn of Hate" has a dreadful, a prophetic, a fateful quality. I give part of it in Barbara Henderson's fine translation.

French and Russian, they matter not!
A blow for a blow, and a shot for a shot!

We love them not,
We hate them not.

We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate.

We have but one and only hate.

We love as one, as one we hate,

We have one foe, and one alone,

England!

He is known to you all, he is known to you all.
He crouches behind the dark grey flood,
Full of envy, or rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come! Let us stand in the Judgment Place,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake.
An oath for our sons, and their sons, to take.
Come! hear the word! repeat the word!
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard:
We will never forgo our hate.
We have all but a single hate.
We hate as one, we love as one.
We have our foe, and one alone,
England!

In England, the scorn, the bitter anger, the venomous malice of "The Hymn of Hate" was received with some amusement and more contempt. By many it was regarded as conclusive proof that Germany was a nation gone mad. But in the trenches Tommy Atkins heard it with howls of delight, and promptly appropriated it as his own. No canteen "sing-song" program is considered complete without it. On route march any day "somewhere in France" you can hear some sturdy cockney regiment singing in stentorian tones:—

'Ite of the 'eart an' 'ite of the 'and,
'Ite by water, an' 'ite by land,
'Ou do we 'ite to beat the band!

(notice how defective memory is compensated by effient invention) and an answering roar from a thousand throats

ENGLAND"!

Despite the splendid feeling the years of comradeship has developed between ourselves and our French allies, is it any wonder that, hearing a British regiment shouting the "Hymn of Hate" in apparently vociferous wrath, the French should still regard us an extraordinary, an incomprehensible, an amazing, people?

The war poetry of France cannot even be touched in an address of limited length. It demands a whole evening. It reflects the spirit of the land all love next their own—"every man has two countries, his own and France." It is the poetry of a nation reborn, spiritualized through suffering, proud and heroic, dignified and patient, awaiting with courage and faith ultimate but inevitable victory. Even in translation much of this poetry cannot be read but with a choke in the throat. We will, therefore, salute it—salute it with deepest respect and admiration, and love for the splendid nation whose high qualities it gloriously voices and interprets.

In peace we held thy worth in scant esteem;
 Thy sons were dissolute, thy daughters frail;
 How light and fair and fickle didst thou seem,
 In time of need, alas, how sure to fail!
 But when war came, a war that was not thine,
 And the flame seared thee, then thy heart
 we knew,
 In that dark tumult how thy soul did shine
 Loyal and steadfast, pure and brave and
 true.
 Nay, thou art honored even by the foe,
 In martyrdom transformed and glorified!
 And we who scorned (how little did we know)
 Stripped of the tattered mantle of our pride,
 Let us in self-abasement bow the knee
 And pray for God's grace to become like thee.

Coming to the war poetry written in our own tongue, by our own race, well may we, confronted with so vast a mass of material, stand appalled at the prospect of selection and appraisal. Sound judgment is as yet difficult, and final judgment obviously impossible until the war is over. We will, however, pluck, or at least inhale the fragrance of a few of the flowers that promise to bloom for a long season in the garden of the Muses, set amid the red ruin made by Mars.

Most patriotic poetry is poetry with a local, a geographical, an historical appeal. It is more or less traditional in treatment, as it is tribal in origin. It is poetry that always ascribes to the country from which it springs valor and virtue in superexcellent degree. It has no naivete, no nuances, no halftones—the drawing is in strong black and white, and vigorous and convincing as a Raemaeker's cartoon. It is powerful in proportion as it is partisan. In Shakespeare this intensely localized love of country—the actual island, the speck of earth in the waste of waters—is represented by many magnificent passages, some of which one instinctively calls to mind. But even in those days the English idea of patriotism connoted something beyond mere locality; it was not pride of place only, but pride of race. England was praised as the home of a great breed of men, and the growth and extension of this idea began, as a necessary consequence, to include the ideals these men cherished, the free institutions they created. This is to-day, and has for long been the underlying basis of the conception of patriotism, not alone in England, but in Canada and Australia, in France, in the United States—in all free democracies. Kipling voiced it for the British Empire in his "Seven Seas"; some poet will yet voice it with authority for the American Republic and the Canadian Dominion.

All the recognized British poets have produced poetry of this sort under the stimulus of the war, though none of it is quite as good as the best of their own work.

Dr. Bridges, the Poet Laureate, has necessarily produced a good deal of war poetry, but much of it is merely "official" verse. His "Wake up, England!" is one of the best known. It had little to recommend it but the promptness of its appearance, and its sincerity. Its title is the best thing about it—and that was borrowed from the address King George gave, when, as Prince of Wales, he returned to London from his great imperial tour. His sonnet on Kitchener's tragic end is far better work, showing fine craftsmanship, if little inspiration.

Among the English poets, none have done finer war work than Noyes. Hating war, he yet fights: pity wrenches his heart for foe as for friend: none see more clearly than he that this is a conflict of ideals even more than of armies—that in both camps are thousands daily daring death for irreconcilable but strongly held faiths and creeds. The tragedy of this finds fine expression in Noyes' poetry.

They are blind, as we are blind,
 Urged by duties past reply.
 Ours is but the task assigned:
 Theirs, to strike us ere they die.
 Who can see, his country fall?
 Who but answers at the call?
 Who has power to pause and think
 When she reels upon the brink?
 Hear, O hear,
 Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Noyes looks forward, not merely to peace, but to brotherhood. No poem has a deeper insight into the spiritual conflict that underlies all other causes of this war, and few are so suffused with such a deep conviction of ultimate gain to humanity, than his "Forward!" "The Searchlights" has the same theme, differently treated. A few stanzas from "Forward!" will illustrate his outlook and method.

A thousand creeds and battle-cries,
 A thousand warring social schemes,
 A thousand new moralities,
 And twenty thousand thousand dreams!

Each on his own anarchic way,
 From the old order breaking free,—
 Our ruined world desires, you say,
 License, once more, not Liberty.

But ah, beneath the struggling foam,
When storm and change are on the deep,
How quietly the tides come home,
And how the depths of sea-shine sleep;

And we who march towards a goal,
Destroying only to fulfil
The law, the law of that great soul
Which moves beneath your alien will;

We, that like foemen meet the past
Because we bring the future, know
We only fight to achieve at last
A great reunion with our foe.

Reunion in the truths that stand
When all our wars are rolled away;
Reunion of the heart and hand
And of the prayers wherewith we pray:

Reunion in the common needs,
The common strivings of mankind;
Reunion of our warring creeds
In the one God that dwells behind

Then—in that day—we shall not meet
Wrong with new wrong, but right with
right;
Our faith shall make your faith complete
When our battalions reunite.

Forward!—what use in idle words!
Forward, O warriors of the soul!
There will be breaking up of swords
When that new morning makes us whole.

This quality in Noyes' work is shared in greater or less degree by all the war poets. In fact, one of the most distinctive features of this poetry is that it is not Martial, but Moral. It shows a bewildering spectacle of moral conflict, an enthusiasm that seems to inspire with equal fervor the apostles of reason and the apostles of unreason. There is the Poetry of the Pacifist—some of it artistically striking, some achieving a moral beauty that is undeniable, and with little that is contemptible save their denial of the irresistible logic of their facts. Of the sincerity of these poets, of their passionate love of humanity, there can be no question. The great majority of the war poets have little of the old fashioned fighting note—Julian Grenfell is the only one of this type I call to mind. This rarity of the purely martial ring is one of the most significant generalizations that can be made about our topic. The literary trend of our day has been away from all high heroics, especially has the passion for military swagger grown more and

more and three years of war has not revolutionized our taste. The representative poets have all subdued their undoubted resolution to other than Phrygian moods. Their thought, like that of Noyes, is not so intent on the glory of the smashing blow, the delight in struggle and conquest, as on the sacrificial consecration of the spirit.

In the initial issue of "The Gold Stripe" I have given some specimens of the work of Rupert Brooke, whose superb quintette of sonnets, "The Soldier," is already part of the imperishable heritage of our language and race. There is, therefore, no occasion to discuss him further here.

I feel I must refer to two British war poems, for both touch me very dearly. In the hall of the Arts Building of the University of British Columbia, just outside my office door, is the University Honour Roll—the names of students and staff who counted not their lives dear unto them, but at once answered the call to the defence of free peoples and free institutions. The University has been teaching but three years; it numbers to-day but 500 students, yet there are 435 names entitled to be shown on its Roll of Honour. Thirty-eight of these men we know will never come back—how many more will yet lie under little wooden crosses "In Flanders Fields" who can say? As I look up at the Roll, and catch the familiar names of lads I knew—some of whom I taught—I think of Lord Crewe's "On a Harrow Grave in Flanders", written on the death of his own son.

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn,
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benevolent age; then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through his holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero-will?
—We ask; and wait.

I think, too, of Miss Letts "The Spires of Oxford," and feel a link between my own—the youngest university in the British Empire,—and that on the Isis, the oldest, and experience a thrill that the challenge to duty, to patriotism, to humanity, of these dark and fateful days, met a response as gallant, as immediate, as noble, in the men of the New as in those of the Old World.

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by.
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay.
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you happy, gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

The War Poetry of Women would in itself make a fine subject for the whole evening's discussion. Their poetry runs the whole gamut of the war,—protest against war itself, its barbarity, its horror, its ruin of their personal happiness; it voices their courageous steadfastness, the terror they will not permit to conquer their souls; it inspires men to heroism, and sometimes flames with a white heat of patriotism; it sets forth women's many sided missions of mercy, and looks across the vale of tears and terror to calm, bright plains of peace. Many of the best American war poems were written by women. In our own Canada, the poetesses often equal the poets in the quality of their work. Marjorie Pickthall's poems are fine in conception and strong in treatment, and Katherine Hale's "Grey Knitting" is included in most of the war anthologies.

The best poem on the tragic death of Kitchener was written by a Canadian—it is one of

the few poems ever included in its entirety in a telegraphic news article.

Weep, waves of England! Nobler clay
Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild waves weep with us today
Who mourn a nation's master-mind.
We hoped an honored age for him,
And ashes laid with England's great;
And rapturous music, and the dim
Deep hush that veils our Tomb of State.

But this is better. Let him sleep
Where sleep the men who made us free,
For England's heart is in the deep,
And England's glory is the sea.

One only vow above his bier,
One only oath beside his bed,
We swear our flag shall shield him here
Until the sea gives up its dead!

Leap, waves of England! boastful be,
And fling defiance in the blast,
For Earth is envious of the Sea
Which shelters England's dead at last.

Another poem loved by Canadians is "Langemarck" by Wilfrid Campbell, by whose death a few weeks ago we lost one of America's truest singing voices. "Langemarck" is too long to quote at length: it tells the story of the gas attack by the Germans at the second battle of Ypres,—the Canadian Thermopylae—when 5000 sons of the Dominion for three days kept back 80,000 of the foe, and held what otherwise would have been an irreparable breach in the British line. In a few years this poem will be as well known in Canada as is the "Battle Hymn" in the Republic—spouted by school children as they now recite Portia's "Mercy Speech" or Macaulay's "Horatius." I quote typical verses to give an idea of the poem.

Then red in the reek of that evil cloud,
The Hun swept over the plain;
And the murder's dirk did its monster work,
Mid the seythe-like shrapnel rain.

Ill it seemed that at last the brute Hun hordes
Had broken that wall of steel;
And that soon, through this breach in the free-
man's dyke,
His trampling hosts would wheel;

And sweep to the south in ravaging might,
And Europe's peoples again
Be trodden under the tyrant's heel,
Like herds, in the Prussian pen.

But in that line on the British right,
There massed a corps amain,
Of men who hailed from a far west land
Of mountain and forest and plain;

Men new to war and its dreadest deeds,
But noble and staunch and true;
Men of the open, East and West,
Brew of old Britain's brew.

For the word was "Canada," their to fight,
And keep on fighting still;—
Britain said, "Fight," and fight they would,
Though the Devil himself in sulphurous
mood,
Came over that hideous hill.

No discussion, however sketchy and incomplete, of the poetry of the war should close without reference to the verse of the men in khaki or in blue—the living bulwark that guarded us all. We shall never know how much this war has cost us. Miltos, Turners, Hampdens, and Gladstones, Lowells, Lincolns and Lees, lie in Flanders Fields, under Gallipoli's cliffs, on Mesopotamian plains. Who can say what literature has lost through the deaths of Rupert Brooke, Horald Chapin, Julian Grenfell, Donald Hankey, Dixon Scott, Alan Seeger, Gilbert Frankau, Leslie Coulson, Francis Ledwidge and a score of others, who died too early for fame, but not for glory? Well might we echo the question asked in the poem found in the pocket of Leslie Coulson, instantly killed by a sniper.

Who made the Law that Death should stalk
the village?
Who spoke the word to kill among the
sheaves?
Who gave it forth that Death should lurk in
hedgerows?
Who flung the dead among the fallen leaves?
Who made the law?

The verse of the soldier poets will be remembered, some of it longer even than their

valiant deeds. Some of them hide their seriousness in laughter, some call like clarions to constancy and courage—all to duty, faith, service. They rebuke our flippancy, our indifference, our selfishness, our materialism. From the heavens above, and the waters under the earth: from the seas they sweep in triumph, the lines they hold, the fields they conquer, they call to us at home to do and to endure. Many of them "poured out the red wine of youth, gave up the years to be of comfort and joy." From little wooden crosses in shell-torn, shot-swept countrysides they point us back to another, that in even greater darkness was once set on

"a green hill, far away,
Without a city wall."

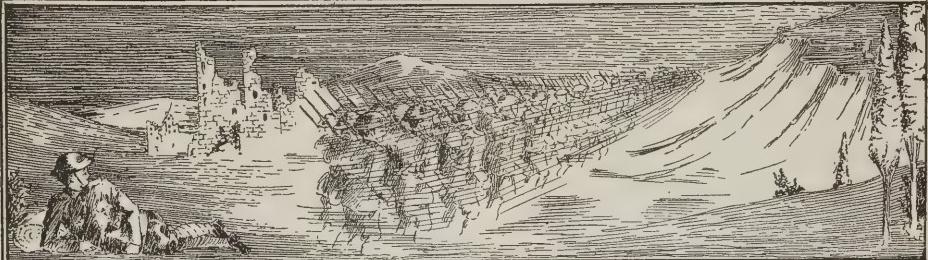
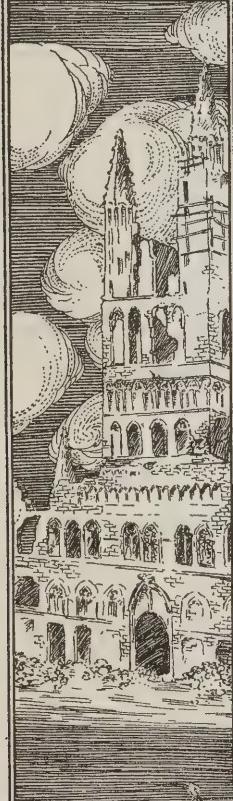
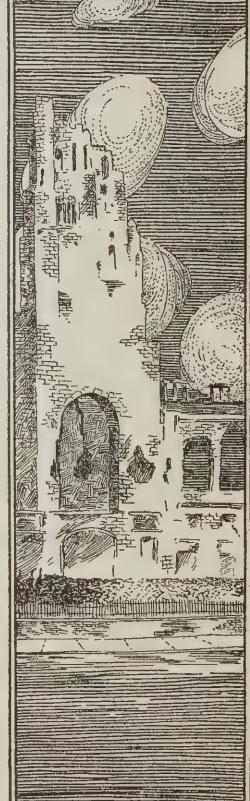
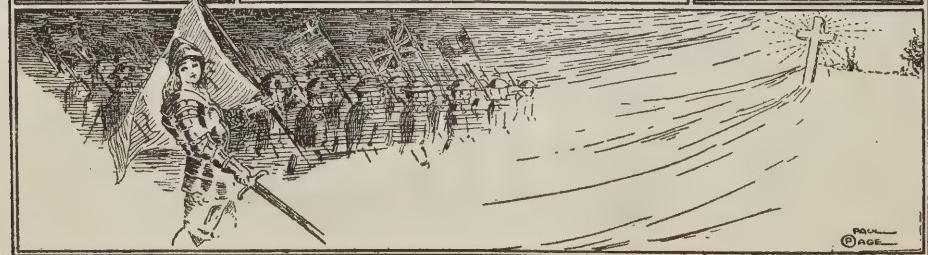
In these days of stress and peril to civilization and humanity the poets, soldier or civilian, are fulfilling their mission. They are still the seers, champions, consolers, inspirers of mankind. They voice our prayer, our hopes. They cry to us of Freedom, Truth, Sacrifice. They have re-born in us a poignant consciousness of the reality, the everlasting spiritual preciousness, of the ideals for which men gladly die. They have shown us anew.

"That Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting Law."

"Watchman, what of the night?", we cry, and from the high towers where humanity's seers look into the future, and whence can be seen the dawn through the darkness, comes the heartening, steadying answer, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand!" Strengthened in courage, in patience, in faith, albeit often in pain, and purified as by fire, let us learn the lesson the poets teach, and, with all who believe and hope, each set to our work of sacrifice and of service, and thus

"redeemed and healed, and whole
Move on to the Eternal Goal".



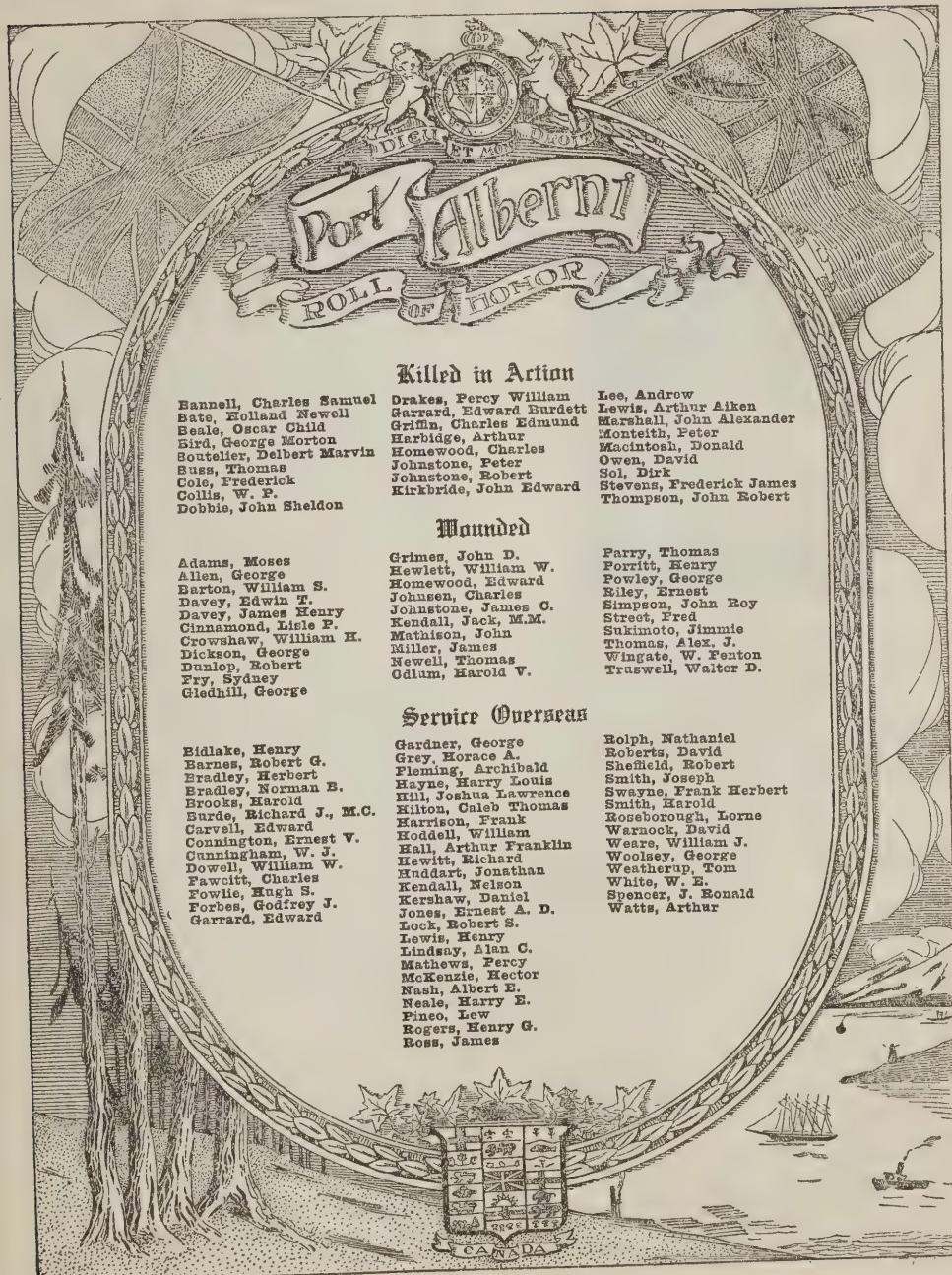





THEY.
(By Eric Ross Goulding)

Perhaps a dream! only a glad, sad dream!
Still, o'er expanses of a once fair land,
Rutted and torn and tramped, about that
stream,
La Somme, outstretching it on either
hand
Arise once more a vast heroic band,
Smiling tho' hurt, saluting these that go,
Stern-faced, far-eyed, grim-purposed thro'
the land
To wrest for them their debt for tears
and woe.
Only a dream, perhaps—a sad, glad dream
—and yet,
THEY seem to me so real there—by
Courcelette!

A fancy this? Mayhap! but there they
are—
Stark stalwarts rising as from troubled
sleep,
Marking the tramp of armed ranks afar,
Perplexed and knowing not to cheer or
weep.
Hosts of the Gallant Dead people the steep
Of Kemmel's northern flank and Pasch-
aendael,
The while crusaders come and convoys
creep,
Tired yet firm, by ruined hill and vale.
Perhaps 'tis idle fancy—sad and glad—
and yet,
To me THEY seem most real there—by
Courcelette!

PAUL PAGE



The Hospital Visitor

By Mrs. George Black, F.R.G.S.



The authoress of the following article has the unique distinction of being the only person who ever succeeded in getting a newspaper interview from the late Hetty Green. Mrs. Black is the wife of Capt. George Black, a former Commissioner of the Yukon and during her stay in England has devoted herself to hospital work for the soldiers. From London, she recently sent this account specially written for the present issue of the GOLD STRIPE. The flora of British Columbia, as many of the readers of her story will remember, has been one of her chief hobbies, and a few years ago she made a magnificent collection, exquisitely mounted after a process of her own devising.

Men of the Amputation Club know well all that being visited while lying helpless in hospital means, but one wonders do they understand, or can they ever understand, the actual feeling of panic that falls upon many a hospital visitor. The lot of a Red Cross visitor to hospitals, or the lot of a friendly visitor unsupported by the magic name of the Red Cross, is not always all "beer and skittles," and even now when I know many hospitals in London so well that I could almost go from ward to ward with my eyes closed, I dread the days when the call comes for me to visit friends or acquaintances in those hospitals. One feels so keenly the utter impossibility of saying, or doing, anything that can really reach down to the heart of the men who have given so freely or their all.

Shortly after arriving in London I received word that a soldier from the Yukon was wounded and in a hospital at Willesden, and would

I go to see him. Not knowing very much about the ways and means of travel in London at that time I got out my trusty guide book and discovered that by taking bus 8 from the corner of Oxford Circus I would reach Willesden High Road. "Ah," thought I in my ignorance, "how easy to do things when one knows the right way." Starting out briskly after an early lunch I realized that a sick man must needs yearn for flowers, so hieing me to a florist who had previously proven himself sympathetic and friendly, I left the shop the proud possessor of a huge plant, a lovely burning bush in full flower. It was heavy, but what of that, wasn't the bus going to take me directly to Willesden High Street, and the hospital was "near." Finally, getting a bus from Victoria Oxford Circus was reached, a number 8 was long in coming, when it did come it was packed and I had to stand for many weary miles. The plant growing heavier, and by that time weighing like an "old man of the sea" not only in my arms, but on my mind, for seated in front of me were two nurses who were spending their time discussing "tactless hospital visitors who bring flowers when they should bring cigarettes or fruit."

Finally a seat was empty and sorrowfully I sat down waiting for Willesden High Road, wondering in the meantime what was the trouble with "my Yukoner." Had he lost a leg, or an arm, or, fearful thought, his eyesight, or was it fever or rheumatism or, perchance, just a comfortable blighty. Would he like the plant or would he want cigarettes or something to eat, until I was almost in a blue funk at the thought of seeing the man at all. Then the bus stopped, I got out, expecting to have the hospital almost facing me. Asking a passer-by where the hospital was, I was met with "I don't know, never heard of it," after several such rebuffs I thought that a chemist should be able to direct me, so finally locating a chemist's shop (in Canada it would be a drug store) I asked the clerk, he politely directed me from his door about as follows, "If you walk down the street seven blocks, then turn to the right for about one block, then to the left for three or four until you come to a lane leading through a field." Right there I interrupted and said, "Are there COWS in the field?" He didn't know, but thought so, I asked if a taxi

could be had. No taxi, so after listening to further directions I resumed my journey. Talk of going to the North Pole! Nothing to it, thought I, as the plant grew heavier and heavier, the rain commenced to fall and the mud grew stickier and stickier while the close approaching fear of what these cows would do when they saw me and the burning bush encroaching on their preserves almost unnerved me. The lane and field were finally reached, by that time the rain had increased from a gentle mist to a steady downpour, the pools in the



field were big enough to fish in, but the eight cows seemed to have their minds fully concentrated on their cuds, which they were disconsolately chewing under the shadow of several large elms. Bravely "knowing" that the cows would let me severely alone, I made my way across the field, and, oh joy, soon saw one wing of the hospital in the distance. Finally I was in the reception room, and looking at the clock saw that my journey had taken me just under FOUR hours. Then came the ordeal of going into the big war. Gladly would I have taken the trip over again if that could have been escaped, but no, it must be faced. The ward was not a large one as I have since learned, only about sixteen beds, some of the patients lying still and helpless in their suffering, others wheeling themselves about in hospital chairs, others sitting at table playing cards or writing or reading, others again in front of an open fire. Soon the Yukoner was located, and in his hearty greeting I forgot the tiresome trip, forgot my dread at seeing the broken and maimed, and even forgot that my hair was out of curl and that in a room filled with men I was looking my very worst. The plant was received with all the delight that my first anticipation had told me it would receive, and I really felt that it had been a welcome gift when a few minutes later "my Yukoner" hesitatingly said,

"Will you care if I give the plant to Sister? It is her birthday, most of the other fellows have given her something, but nothing as fine as this, and she loves flowers." As the money that bought the plant had come from the "Yukon Comfort Fund," placed by Yukon friends in my hands to bring comfort to Yukoners and knowing full well what the subscribers would have done under the circumstances, I readily said, "Give it by all means," for in the eager face I saw that "my Yukoner" had forgotten self completely, and not content with his offer on the fields of Flanders still only remembered that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and that the greatest pleasure to him was still to "give."

A Soldiers' Prayer

(By Pte. John W. Thompson.)

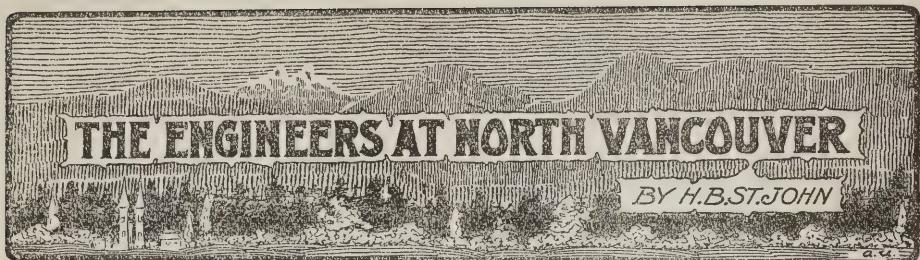
May peace rise upward like an incense great,
In sweet acceptance to the throne above.
And all supplanting to the "Hymn of Hate"
Sing the sweet cadence of a hymn of love
That breathes a plea for patriot dead unshriven,
And smooths the way for warrior souls to Heaven.

May tyrants die innocuous at their birth,
Nor wars' red horrors rack the world again;
And thy grand spirit of "good-will on earth"
Rise all ascendent in the hearts of men.
Who sacrilegious, in thy holy name
Commit such deeds as put the fiends to shame.

But, now, O Lord, since such a thing must be
That we by war thy precepts must defend,
Grant us supremacy on land and sea;
Let virtue, justice, triumph in the end.
In thy great name for victory we trust,
For in our hearts we know our cause is just.

God bless our men who battle on the while,
And all our men who've fought and died and won;
And bless their mothers who with patriot smile
Send forth their best, perhaps their only son.
But damn the man of cowardice or ease
Who will not go and fight for such as these.

His be a blushing heritage of shame,
The soulless shirker to his flag untrue;
Whose very children shall disown his name
When asked by men, "What did your father do?"
Such men as this had best remained unborn
Than will their sons a legacy of scorn.



It seems incredible that what was, some few years ago, a quiet village, the only industry of which was the now destroyed Moodyville lumber mill, should now be the headquarters of perhaps the finest and most efficient body of soldiers in Canada, viz., the Sixth Field Company of Canadian Engineers. His work carries the military engineer, like the navy man, to all parts of the world, and his great aim is to improve the existing condition of things with such materials as he finds ready to hand. He bridges the rivers and ravines for the passage of troops and is the beginning and end of all movements in modern warfare and the infantry have learned to look upon the engineers as their best friend. They are cheered in the course of their long marches by the knowledge that at the end they will find their camp ready and everything for their comfort and health at the end of their weary toil.

Into British Columbia, in 1858, came the first company of Royal Engineers, under Colonel Moody (after whom Port Moody was named). They had been sent out by Lord Lytton, novelist and statesman. They laid out New Westminster as the capital city and built trails and roads with the whole Fraser Valley as a base of operations. One of the first monuments of their work is the historic Cariboo Road, over which thousands of prospectors and miners have passed to and through from the Cariboo.

The Sixth Field Company of Canadian Engineers was formed after various meetings and applications to Victoria in 1911, when Major J. P. Fell took command, later on succeeded for a time by Captain Eades Ward who, at the present time, is in sole command as Major, and to whom is due the credit of the efficiency of the drafts that have been sent out from time to time to the front.

The inauguration of this company was most auspicious. The present establishment of headquarters in North Vancouver brought to it the support of a community which lacked a military unit of any sort, while the fact of its being an engineer company enlisted the active sympathy of technical and scientific men on both sides of the Inlet. From the strength of existing corps it drew skilled officers and men, whilst from the ranks of the Imperial Service Reserve came veterans in the field of military engineering who have done valuable service since.

In the spring of 1910, Mr. Alexander Philip, a pioneer resident of North Vancouver, assisted by Mr. Donald Cameron, Royal Engineer veteran, who subsequently sent six sons to the front, initiated the movement for the organization of an engineer unit on the North Shore. Their efforts resulted in the holding of a public meeting addressed by Lieut.-Col.

Boulbee, then O. C. the Sixth Regiment, D. C. O. R., the pioneer infantry regiment of the Province. Shortly afterwards an application, addressed to the District Officer Commanding, brought Major W. Bethune Lindsay, O. C., the Royal Canadian Engineers, to North Vancouver several times to investigate the strength and character of the movement.

Following upon Major Bethune's organization work the first roll call of the company was held on May 7, 1912, at the City Hall.

Major J. P. Fell, who had had previous military experience in the Border Regiment of Carlisle, and who had attained a more than local reputation as a business man of large interests, was offered and accepted the command, with Capt. J. Eades Ward, a South African veteran and a former officer of the Sixth Regiment D. C. O. R., as second in command. Associated with them on the staff were Lieut. N. R. Robertson, whose first military experience was with the University of Toronto Engineers; Lieut. Percy Ward, another South African veteran, and Lieut. J. R. Cosgrove, a civil engineer who had also had previous experience. The first medical officer was Lieut. J. J. Thomson of the Army Medical Corps, who had been for some sixteen years in Imperial volunteer regiments. Captain (now Major) Ward participated in the pursuit of General De Wet in South Africa, and wears the Queen's medal with four clasps, while his brother Lieut. (now Major) Percy Ward, wears the Queen's and King's medals with two clasps on each.

The first armory of the company was in Larson's Pavilion, which remained its home until the middle of 1915, when the newly erected Drill Hall, constructed by the Government for the Engineers, was accepted by the Department and occupied by the company.

The present location of the Engineers' camp is an ideal one. Backed by the beautiful woods of Mahon Park, and having the recreation grounds adjoining them, there is plenty of scope for healthy exercise for the boys during their leisure time. The camp buildings consist of a large drill hall capable of holding several hundreds of men, with mess-rooms, cook houses, sleeping huts and reading and recreation rooms; also outside is a large canvas camp between the building and the woods.

The Sixth Field Company have set up a reputation amongst the civilians of their city by their help and influence in all kinds of social work. The nationalities composing the drafts were cosmopolitan, consisting of Canadians, Americans, Scotch, Irish, Welsh and English, so that every man joining the ranks was bound to find someone familiar with his own part of the world, leaving the ordinary stay-at-home man completely out of his depth.

The Canadian Division of which the Sixth Engi-

neers formed a part, got its first taste of real fighting at Ypres and afterwards at Festubert. Sergt. Stewart and Sappers Murphy, Shaw, Scott and Wharton were all killed; Sappers Milburn and North and Corp. Rawson were wounded. North has since got his commission in R. E. Mining Company, as also Davis and McFarlane, Sapper Brown has also got a commission in the Welsh Horse, and Sapper O'Grady is now a Captain in the Royal Fusiliers. Sapper Evans has a commission in the Canadian Infantry. Of

course since that time there have occurred many sad vacancies, but they are not recorded at headquarters, in fact, I understand from the keeper of the records there, that they are at great need of names of those that have been killed and they would be very grateful to any one who would supply them with the names of killed and wounded formerly belonging to this company since 1916. Undoubtedly when the history of war is written the Sixth Company of Engineers will take a prominent and well deserved place.

A Canadian Battalion Commander

By Capt. Wilson Herald



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. A. CLARK

The Officer Commanding a Battalion takes upon his shoulders a great responsibility. If he is a conscientious officer he assumes a tremendous responsibility.

The degree of efficiency of the whole battalion depends upon him almost absolutely, no matter how well selected and skilful the officers under him may be. If at any time he relaxes in any respect his discipline, close attention and thoroughness this is at once reflected throughout his command.

Some battalions are poor, some fair, others excellent and still others full of snap and ginner, disciplined to the minute and ready at all times for any thing,—first-class in every re-

spect. I had the honor to serve for twenty-three months with one of this latter type.

Lt-Col. J. A. Clark was our Battalion Commander and when we were mobilized he was twenty-nine years of age, and when ready to sail for England he was thirty years old, but looked forty.

Col. Clark is a typical Scotch Canadian, tall, lean, large boned; deep set blue eyes, well apart; a very strong and prominent lower jaw; large mouth, which closed grimly, and a ruddy and healthy complexion. He is a tireless worker and extremely thorough to the smallest detail, a stern disciplinarian and a bit hot tempered. He is very ambitious and a man with high ideals, never being satisfied with anything that is not the very best in his officers and men and he rooted out incompetence wherever found.

Col. Clark was determined to have a Battalion, in all respects efficient and with this end in view was unremitting and tireless and everyone had to jump and deliver the very best that they had, every day and all day long. Nothing was over-looked, nothing tolerated that was not up to standard and his efforts soon bore fruit. Today Col. Clark is absolutely loved by every officer and man who has served under him in France and in this chapter I will try and tell you why.

When we arrived in England the 4th Canadian Division had its full complement of battalions, but we were given a place and another unit, not so efficient, stepped down and out. While in England we made a record on the rifle ranges, which defeated over 3,000,000 troops and that was where we were efficient again.

It was on the Somme, however, that our Commanding Officer's larger abilities got more scope and where he gained the admiration of everyone under his command.

After the 4th Division had taken Regina Trench, the 72nd Battalion was sent up to hold it. This was not a nice job, for you must know that the Hun had the exact range on this trench, and could shell it with great precision. This he promptly proceeded to do, smashing it pretty well to pieces. The 72nd, however, was not in the trench, but had dug in 20 yds. behind it, and our casualties that night were only 26.

A little later on our division took Desire trench. Again the 72nd was sent to hold, and on this occasion our boys were ordered to dig in 300 yds. ahead of the trench and that much nearer to the Hun. Our men dug 500 yds. of trench that night after dark and before daylight in the morning. The enemy absolutely obliterated Desire Trench with his artillery and our casualties were nil.

It is this sort of headwork that appeals to the men and makes them feel that no matter how dangerous a piece of work they are given to do, if they have a commander who has won their confidence they will do it confidently and fearlessly.

At the battle of Vimy Ridge, Col. Clark had another opportunity to use his discretion and promptly seized it.

At the time of the battle our battalion was only at half strength, but the Col. decided that he could do what he had to do with very few officers and men, and had the courage to act according to his convictions. Instead of sending over 21 officers, 14 only went across and 249 other ranks. Two hundred and fifty officers and men were kept snugly under cover during the action and at least two hundred casualties averted. Our final objectives were taken absolutely by the handful of men who were in the assault.

Col. Clark's tireless energy and extreme thoroughness are great assets to the battalion. When taking over a new front he is absolutely familiar with every detail of that front a few hours after taking possession of it. Every trench, every sap, every point of vantage is completely in his grasp and the situation on the enemy's side is seized with a comprehension that is marvelous.

He is quite fearless and romps about all over the place in a most casual way at all hours. Every day he makes a complete round of the line at least twice and has had some narrow escapes. He worries the men sometimes by the apparent carelessness for his own safety.

In February, 1916, our Imperial Government decided to send a British Mission to Italy and this was composed of 12 members. Its object was of a semi-political, semi-mili-

tary nature. All officers, most of them of high rank, were selected from the Imperial Army, and Sir Julian Byng, our Canadian corps commander at that time, was asked to provide a representative from his command. He named Col. Clark, and I might say that our Col. was the only overseas officer who accompanied this party to Italy.

These officers visited the Italian front, inspected the navy and were shown pretty much everything that was going on in Italy. They were splendidly received by the Italian people, overwhelmed with hospitality and dined by His Majesty the King of Italy.

We all felt that our battalion had been greatly honored by this selection and, if possible, were more proud of our commanding officer than ever.

Col. Clark was awarded the D.S.O. for his brilliant work on the Somme and the honor duplicated for his part in the battle.

Soon after this Lt. Col. Clark was given command of the 7th Brigade, the crack brigade of the Canadian Army Corps, with the rank of Brigadier General. His command consisted of the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry, the Black Watch of Montreal, the Royal Canadian Rifles, and the 49th.

Canada and the War

By Hon. Dr. W. J. Roche

Hon. Dr. W. J. Roche, Minister, speaking at Hotel Vancouver, in July, 1916, said:

Canadians are a peace-loving people. No better evidence of that is required than that we have lived on terms of friendship for over 100 years with our neighbors south of the boundary line. Disputes have been settled in no other manner than through peaceful negotiations.

Although desirous of living on terms of peace and amity with others, when the present conflict broke out it was simply impossible for England to keep out, and to stand aloof, without dishonor and incurring the reproach of the entire civilized world.

At the end of a long drawn out war England, France, Germany, Russia and Austria had guaranteed the independence and integrity of Belgium, and when the representative statesmen who signed the document on behalf of their countries attached their signatures, it either meant something or nothing. If it

meant something then its terms should have been lived up to the letter, just as we would expect a private individual to live up to his word.

France remained faithful to the pledge, but to the country of militarism, civilization and kultur it was merely "a scrap of paper," to be torn up and cast aside before the exigencies of the Fatherland.

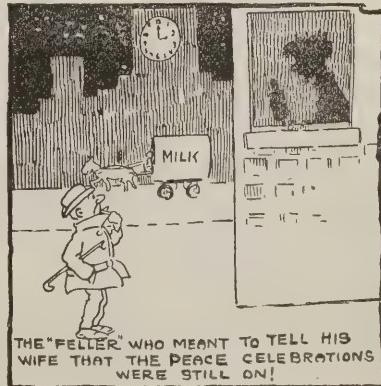
When judging England we generally judge her as the England of years gone by. In 1870, at the time of the Franco-German war, England asked the opponents their intentions with regard to Belgium's neutrality. While Belgium had more to fear at the hands of France than she had at the hands of Germany, nevertheless France unhesitatingly gave the required assurance. Bismarck said it was entirely superfluous to ask that of Germany. He seemed to be indignant that the good faith of the country should even be called into question. At the beginning of the present crisis, the German Imperial Chancellor, in August, 1914, was asked what assurances he would give to guarantee the neutrality of Belgium, and, to the everlasting dishonor of his country, he repudiated what should have been the solemn bond and obligation of the German people. England, in 1871, received the thanks of the Belgian nation, in a letter to Queen Victoria, giving voice to the thanks of the people for the sentiments of the hearts of the people of Great Britain. In the war of 1870 France surrendered when her armies could have saved themselves simply by stepping over into Belgium territory, but she preferred humiliation, ruin, and defeat rather than break her bond. One hundred thousand Frenchmen, including generals and an Emperor, preferred capture rather than bring dishonor on their country. It would have been to the interest of France to have violated the treaty in 1871, but to her everlasting credit she did not do so. It was to the interest of Germany that she should violate the treaty in 1914, and to her everlasting dishonor she did so, calling down upon her the condemnation of almost the entire civilized world. When England asked the intentions of Germany and France in 1870, France said she had not the slightest intention of violating the treaty, and Germany replied that it was absolutely unnecessary to ask. When, in 1914, England asked them their intentions, France said she would observe the treaty but Germany refused to answer, showing that in her mind treaties would be observed just so long as it was in her interests to observe them. Germany set up the adage that "Might is Right," and carried the war into Belgium.

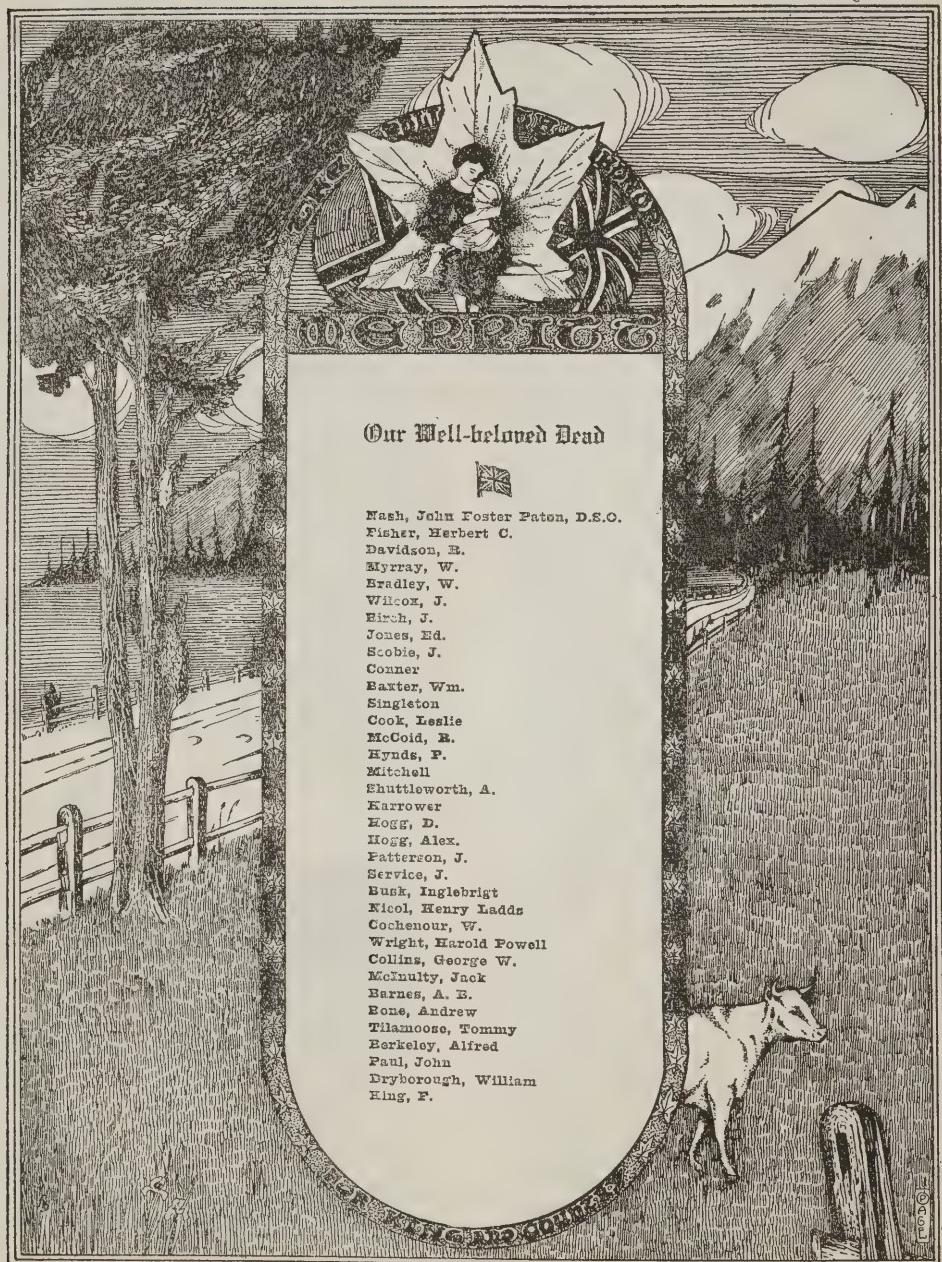
No one in any country knew any better than Germany that Belgium was a law-abiding people. Her adherence to her principles has brought her ruin; her fields have been laid waste, her beautiful cities and towns with their treasures of art, and her industries have been destroyed; her women and children have been mutilated; thousands of her people are homeless in their own country.

Germany invaded Belgium to gain time. Speed was her greatest asset. But to gain time what have they lost?

Canada is an integral portion of the British Empire and Canadians will not be found wanting. We have been justifiably proud of the wonderful progress and prosperity which our country has had for many years. What has rendered the progress and prosperity possible but the enterprise, industry and energy of the Canadian people? But progress and prosperity would not have been possible had it not been for the protection afforded to the country by the power and prestige of the British navy. I am glad to see how loyally the British Empire has rallied to the support of the Motherland. Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, have all come forward to do their utmost.

I wish to pay a tribute to the splendid women of Canada. In season and out of season, day in and week out, they have labored to provide comforts and necessities for the boys in the trenches. Canada is endeavoring to do her duty and she will do it.





THE GOLD STRIPE



CANAL DU NORD, NEAR MARQUION

Canadian Official.



ENGINEERS FOLLOWING A VICTORIOUS ARMY

Canadian Official.

THE GOLD STRIPE



Basanno.

LADY DRUMMOND

The Work of the Canadian Red Cross Overseas

By Iona K. Carr



MRS. IONA K. CARR

For the following account of the Canadian Red Cross, we are indebted to Lady Drummond, Assistant Commissioner, whose kindly solicitude induced Mrs. Carr to pen her interesting survey of the work. "Mrs. Carr," writes Lady Drummond, "has been on our staff as a visitor and volunteer worker for some years."

WHEN people ask me what the Canadian Red Cross, overseas, does for its men, I have a vivid memory of the balcony of a hospital ward, of canvas blinds tapping against the verandah uprights, a row of beds, a grey asphalt floor, the sound (in merciful distance) of a gramophone's metallic grind, and about me that mute, comprehensive sense of pain, beating with soft wings that hurt. In one of the beds in that monotonous row lay a white-faced lad, weak through constant suffering, paralysed, his body shattered by an awful wound. His head turned slowly on the pillow and his eyes met me nearer for he could only speak low, and with gentle deliberation—each word was an effort. "I don't know what I should have done," he said,

"without the extra things you've brought me." The "extra things" I had brought from the Canadian Red Cross, which, to use an Oriental phrase tries ever to be 'the father and the mother' of the men in its charge.

The work of the Society, overseas, has been one of good organization, practical comfort, and tender sympathy. It is no boast to say that its method has been copied by sister organizations, and its benefits vaunted by the men for whom it has worked. Behind the fighting line its activity has been noticeable, its aid with hospital supplies most prompt. Marshall Foch himself, has given the warmest praise to its excellent service, and after the evacuation of previously conquered areas in Belgium and Northern France, Red Cross lorries have arrived close on the heels of retreating Germans, bearing relief and comfort to the starved and terror-ridden inhabitants. Letters from officials of towns such as Valenciennes, Arras, and many others are touching in their gratitude for this.

While a Canadian was a soldier in the trenches he was part of the fighting machine, a sound man and one of the mighty atoms of the Army, but let him be wounded, and the Red Cross, watching jealously behind the lines, swooped and claimed him for her son, no more a machine, but an individual, to be cared for and comforted. "Our Red Cross surely spoils us" is a remark that has been heard more often than once, and the answer has always been, "Well boys, you deserve it—every bit." So from the day he got a 'blighty' and was carried out on a stretcher, or crawled weakly towards the C. S. S. in bandages, the 'spoiling' began. Did he need special food? Or wine? Or fruit? They were all his. Or clothing? It came in a Red Cross bundle. Or a smoke or a sheet of notepaper to send a line home? They were on his locker almost before he asked for them. In hospital at the base in France he had a bag of comforts. Just to handle the bit of gay coloured stuff with the Red Cross on it, just to look inside and to see the old familiar labels on the cigarettes, or to read the kindly personal message that was printed on the bar of chocolate, made the forlorn lad feel less lost, less afraid of what that queer jag in his leg or that awful pain in his head might lead to, less lonely, less an exile. There was something back of him, here was tangible proof of it. From that moment many a man, to whom the Canadian Red Cross before had been but a name, has grown to turn to it in every difficulty, and to count

on it through all his time in hospital. Had he lost touch with his pal? He consulted his hospital visitor. She soon found out for him through the Information Bureau where the friend was, or how severely he might be wounded. Did he feel the cold? The Parcels Department at the Main Office sent him a warm woolen sweater, a shirt, a pair of socks, anything in reason for which he might ask, whether he was a penniless subaltern or an imppecunious private—perhaps neither, but just a soldier whose pay had been delayed. Were his mails long in reaching him, as he moved from trench to base hospital, and over to England? Here was a bundle of home newspapers from the Newspaper Department and nobody need talk to him for the rest of that afternoon! Was he bored and weary with the interminable round of dressings, temperatures, hospital stew, and thick lipped mugs of tea? Here came a 'pass' for a theatre, a deliciously comfortable automobile to take him there if he was disabled, and afterwards—real tea in a china tea cup, and cakes; perhaps, if one was in luck, bread and butter! So has War reversed our sense of luxury this side of the Atlantic that what was a penance in childhood's days has become the one thing most desirable.

And so the work has been carried on from month to month and year to year. Solace has been afforded to the man in hospital, and frequent bulletins of his progress have been written by kindly sympathisers, in the London office, to his anxious folk so far across the sea. For although he had little realized it, from the moment he came under the care of the Red Cross

until the day he left for home or returned to the Front, he had been making history and compiling a record. On his card, in the files of the Information Bureau, week by week, the report of his hospital visitor had been faithfully copied, and from these notes it had been simple work for the letter-writer, to encourage some wife with good news of her husband's steady progress, or to sympathise with some anxious mother in the tedious days of pain and suffering through which her son was passing.

Sadder than the sick and wounded are the files of 'missing' men. These have been searched for again and again, every likely clue followed, and the relatives informed of results. It is about impossible to estimate the difficulty of such work, or the patience and alertness that are necessary in doing it. If death comes, 'to make a crown' about some life, it is often a Red Cross visitor that walks with the Chaplain to offer the Dominion's homage at the grave of her soldier and to lay the sheaf of flowers from the Canadian Red Cross above him as he rests after he has 'striven for Love and Faith, for Truth and priceless Honour.' These are the tragic, yet the proudest pages, in the records of the Information Bureau.

Concurrent with the work for the sick and wounded has been the care of the Prisoners of War, a splendid achievement. After the signing of the Armistice, and since the return of the repatriated, many a man has called to thank the ladies of this branch of the work, for sheer salvation. There is no other word for it. But for the Red Cross parcels they must have died of hunger. Some of these men are still slowly work-



CANADIAN RED CROSS DRIVES AND ENTERTAINMENT SECTION—MOTOR FLEET



COLONEL BLAYLOCK, C.B.E.
Canadian Red Cross Commissioner

ing out their salvation since liberty was regained, German brutality has bitten too deep into their souls for even kindness to salve the wound too quickly, nor easily to erase the memory of bitterness.

For Officers, the Red Cross has a Hospitality Bureau, at which they have only to apply and they are passed on at once to the care of one of the many kind 'hostesses' who offer welcome and hospitality to Canadians. These hostesses are all over the British Isles, and how much their 'homes' are appreciated can be gauged by the never-ceasing demand for a chance to enjoy them.

This is the more intimate side of the work done by the Canadian Red Cross overseas. Of its larger activities in France, its equipment of hospitals there and in the United Kingdom, its additions to and improvements of existing buildings, its Recreation Huts managed by Canadian ladies and thronged from morning until night by men in khaki, its fleet of ambulances, its refugee work in devastated areas, its assistance to ruined Serbia—all these are subjects that deserve a fuller attention than can be given them in this article. Work is never easy at the Office in London, or slack. As one need is satisfied another fresh field of venture opens out and Colonel Blaylock, C.B.E., the Commissioner, and his Assistant Commissioner, Captain Law in France, and Lady Drummond in London, are never without incentive to renewed activity.

The Shadow of War

By Harry C. Douglas

Before the war, in those last peaceful years the people knew ere the Armageddon burst upon the world, a family lived in North Lonsdale within the very shadow of Grouse Mountain. This family was composed of four members—a widow, her two sons—and a dog. He wasn't just a dog; he was, as it stands written, one of the family. They treated him as one of themselves and he—he accepted the situation. He was just plain dog to outsiders; in fact since he became famous in this district I have been able to find no one who could describe him accurately. The nearest description of him I could get ran something like this: "He was—oh—so high ('so high' being about three feet); he had a lovely St. Bernardy looking head and a mastify sort of body." To me that seemed a very gool description, inasmuch as it did put a real, living canine on the canvas. Still, it showed that

outsiders little knew the part the dog played in that home. Afterwards, when the fateful storm cloud that began to gather and brood over the nations in that never-to-be-forgotten midsummer of 1914 had burst in flame, ruin and devastation, then—but that is the story, the story of a widow, her two boys and their dog.

The dog's name was Nero. The two young men were bank employees. The widow was—Mother.

To the boys at their desks came the stern call from overseas. The arm of war plucked them from their desks, their home, and set them down at last where the fate of humanity was being decided in the mud and blood of the Flanders plain.

For Mother was set woman's age-old task—to watch, to wait, to pray. And she had to work out her task alone; save only for Nero,

Perhaps only Nero knew what the ancient sacrifice cost her; perhaps Nero understood. You may have noticed in a dog's eyes, things it needs no spoken word to express.

Came weary, wearing weeks; weeks of vague, almost formless hopes. That was after the boys first went away. Then at last the news that they were in the firing line. There are those who say that a boy is never really away from the mother who bore him, that to her always there is present a presence intangible, not to be sensed by any other. However that may be, night after night, as the shadows crept down from the mountains to the Inlet, Mother stole into the boys' rooms. She made up their beds, as she made them up from the time her soldiers were little fellows in buster browns. And always Nero watched with those wise, quiet eyes.

One night she would sleep in the elder son's bed, the next night in that of the younger.

Came letters from the front, letters penned under shell fire in dugouts, letters written in Y. M. C. A. huts behind the lines. Always the boys' letters began in the same way: "Dear Mother and Old Man." The "Old Man" was for Nero. Nero, as befitted a member of the family, must not be forgotten—even in the supreme hours. With one hand on Nero's "St. Bernardy" head the widow read her letters—aloud.

She lived now for that electrical announcement—"The English mail's in!" She and Nero were familiar figures in the little brown front postoffice on Lonsdale avenue. The dog seemed to know what it was all about.

One day he had gone with her as usual for the mail when it happened. He was run down by an automobile. Half an hour later he was dead. Henceforth she must keep her vigils alone.

Still the letters from the fighting front came for "Mother and Old Man." She had not the heart to write her boys and tell them the truth.

The days drifted by, as all days must, whether they be sad or whether they be happy. There had been fierce fighting in Flanders—with the Canadians in the thick of it. Many times and often the Dominion had held her breath expecting—anything. Mother endured it alone in the house in the shadow of Grouse Mountain. Only the shadows seemed to come down sooner; they stayed longer; they were colder now.

Then the cablegram came. Hardly realizing what she was doing she took it, handling it

mechanically, as one in a dream. She sat down, turning the message from overseas over in her lap, helplessly, undecided. Which of them was it? How had it happened? And, above all, what was it? At last she knew that she dared not open it. She was quite sure that after doing so life would never be the same for her again. Then she grew frightened; no longer was there Nero—anybody—now. The cable terrified her. Fate was speaking to her through it, she knew; but she feared instinctively to read Fate's word to her.

Unsteadily she went to the telephone and called up a North Shore clergyman who knew her and her sons well. She MUST have someone; she had borne all she could alone.

He came to her at once. She was still sitting there with the cable unopened in her lap. In her hand she held now a photograph upon which her eyes were fixed. It was a photograph of her elder boy.

Very gently the minister took the cablegram from her and opened it. She looked up at him with something in her eyes that had been in the eyes of Nero.

"Is it?" and, unable to say any more, she motioned to the photograph in her hand.

He bowed his head. Her mother instinct had led her to the truth. Her elder son, the one whose photograph she grasped so convulsively, had been killed in action.

First Nero; now her boy—both "Gone West." Perhaps somewhere, somehow, "Old Man" and his master both knew.

The clergyman took her away with him to the Rectory; she must be left alone no longer. He was a man of rare understanding, of that truly human and tender sympathy that needs no babbling words to get itself expressed.

In the deserted home beneath Grouse Mountain two beds gleamed in lonely whiteness night after night. No one at all slept in them now. No one made them. All footsteps had passed from the rooms. The house was voiceless; only inaudible, toneless whispers from the past sighed amongst the furniture in the time when the shadows crept down.

Not long afterwards another cablegram was brought to the mother at the Rectory, where she now made her home. Her younger boy had been badly gassed—and wounded. He was in hospital in England.

The sun sank into his fiery, flaming bed behind the mountains night after night, while the shadows crept down towards the Inlet.

A house in North Lonsdale stood waiting.



Captain Art Duncan, M.C.

(By Vincent Webb)

Hero of many thrilling air battles, holder of the Military Cross, and star defence man of the Vancouver Hockey Team during the past season, Captain Art Duncan, M.C., could tell many a thrilling tale of his activities with the Royal Air Force on the Western Front, if he would but choose to do so. But Captain Duncan is not the kind of man who is looking for publicity, and has not—even to his best friends, told of the many thrilling adventures he went through, or of how he "crashed" twelve enemy aeroplanes during the period in which he was engaged on active service in France and Flanders. Talk hockey to Captain Duncan and he is in his glory—mention war and he closes up like the proverbial clam.

Captain Duncan, who broke into professional hockey with Vancouver previous to the opening of hostilities, spent two years on the Western

Front. He heard the "call" while in the East and joined up with the 228th Sportsmen's Battalion of Toronto. While the battalion was in Canada, Duncan played hockey with the Battalion team in the National Hockey Association series, and at that time was reputed to be one of the best defence men in the game. He proceeded overseas with the battalion, transferring to the Royal Air Force in England. During his period of service at the front, Captain Duncan accounted for twelve German aeroplanes, and today wears the ribbon of the Military Cross for his distinguished service.

Tipping the scales at 190 pounds, Duncan is an exceptional airman. He overcame the handicap of weight by displaying such coolness and daring that he was commissioned in the air service soon after applying for a berth in this dangerous but thrilling branch of warfare. Duncan showed the same characteristics in the game above the clouds that he shows in ice hockey. Not only is he a whiz on the defence in the ice sport, but his great speed makes him a valuable asset on the offensive. He carries the puck up the ice and shoots for a goal as well as he stops an invading forward from netting the puck through his territory. And in the flying game as well, Captain Duncan won a reputation for his aggressiveness.

This tall good-looking air hero and hockey star will not tell of his experiences, but friends of his who were in the same squadron at the front have furnished a few details of one day's work accomplished by Duncan when in France.

One bright morning Duncan left the hangar intent on "getting" a Hun who was hovering over the Allied lines looking for trouble. No sooner had he come within shooting distance, than a well directed volley from his machine gun sent the Hun crashing to earth in flames. A few hours later Duncan "crashed" his second Hun, the machine falling inside the Allied lines. He was not satisfied, however, and continued around until he saw a far-off speck in the sky, and immediately went to investigate. Some time later members of his squadron were surprised to see him flying towards the hangar in a German machine. He had brought his "man" down, but the machine sustained only slight damage to the tail, so Duncan decided to bring it in. He later returned for his own plane. Shortly after this, Captain Duncan was awarded the Military Cross for his distinguished service.

Athletics fitted this well-known aviator and hockey star for the greater game overseas, and it is his opinion that the athletes who participated in the war, have reason to be thankful for the training they received previous to the commencement of what has proved to be the greatest war in the history of the world.

IBO

By Victor Hugo:

Translated by Aubrey St. John Mildmay, M.A.

SAY, wherefore in the fathomless
Walled with adamant
In the obscure and dread abyss
Of yon clear firmament,
Oh, wherefore in the silence tense
Of this great house of prayer
Beneath the catafalque immense
Of the everywhere,
Bury deep your laws of things,
And your fires supernal?
Well ye know that I have wings,
O ye truths eternal!

If to flout him ye proposed,
Hid in clouds of night,
Know the man whose eyes were closed
Mocks the eagle's flight.
Perish evil or prevail,
Wreck or build aright,
Doubt not, Justice, I shall scale
I shall scale thy height.
Beauty—Heaven's own child—through pain
Bidding man aspire,
Bringing souls to life again
Setting hearts afire,

Godlike Reason, mistress Love,
Heavenly twins adored,
Like the dawn from Heaven above
Shedding light abroad;
Star-girt Faith, by which we live,
Common Love of right,
Freedom veiled:—I shall arrive,
Reach your mansions bright!
Naught avails it, myriad lamps,
Infinite, divine,
Through the vaulted midnight damps
Haughtily to shine.

The Soul, that from its infant years
O'er the abyss would roam,
Like a bird has banished fears:
Cloudland is my home.
Bird am I of that high strain
Dreaming Amos spied,
Or Saint Mark beheld again
At his pallet-side,
Midst the fierce flames' bickering
Round its aureoled head,
Lion's mane and eagle's wing
Were engarlanded.

Wings have I to scale high heaven
All unfalteringly
Whether through the tempest driven
Or the azure sky.
Numberless the stairs I climb,
I who yearn to know
All that science counts sublime,
Glimmering far below.
Doubt not that this soul can front
The last abysmal climb,
Nor that high as thought can mount
I shall mount sublime.

Doubt not that this soul is stout,
Unafraid to go
When God snuffs the candle out:—
I would have you know,

To the azure-linteled portal
Fearless hung in air
I shall, dauntless and immortal,
Brave the topmost stair.

Man Prometheus-like must be
(Life is unremorseful)
Swift to breast its frowning sea,
Adam-like, resourceful:
Filch from Vulcan's secret shelf
Heaven's eternal fire:
Steal, high-handed, God Himself
As pledge for heart's desire.
Still he needs at ingle-side
Midst the tempest's din,
Law that shall be light and guide,
Holiness within.

Doubt and anguish evermore!
Man would flee in vain:
Fate detains him: bars the door,
Brings the night again:
Only self-emancipate
From the unjust decree
Shall this martyr of his fate
Forge the master-key.
Love, even now, in this dim age
Passing momently,
Outlines on the trembling page
Dimly the to-be:
The statutes of our destiny
God writes in his scroll,
And, though these may riddles be,
I am living soul.

I am he whom nought can stay,
He who still arrives,
He whose spirit every day
With Jehovah's strives;
I am duty and the man,
I the seer uncouth,
I am the clarion of pain
The ebon trumpet's mouth;
Seer that in his book inscribes
The names of all the living,
With the four winds mingles jibes
And stanzas unforgiving;
Dreamer that hath wings, athlete
Keen, with strong arms bare,
Fit to drag from out their seat
Comets by the hair.
Some day then the great conundrum
I shall disengage,
I, the wizened panjandrum,
I, the moonstruck sage!

Fence me from your mysteries
Whom no walls can stay?
Through your floods or furnaces
I shall find the way,
Read the covenant of doom;
Naked and alone
Brave the tabernacle's gloom
Commune with the Unknown,
Brave the threshold blind which bounds
Gulfs of nothingness
Where the sable lightning's hounds
Gleaming guard the abyss,
Storm the heavenly realms of help
Where the dream-gates frown;
And if thunders round me yelp
I shall roar them down!

Rev. E. Bertram Hooper

Late Chaplain of Granville Canadian Hospital,
Buxton, Derbyshire

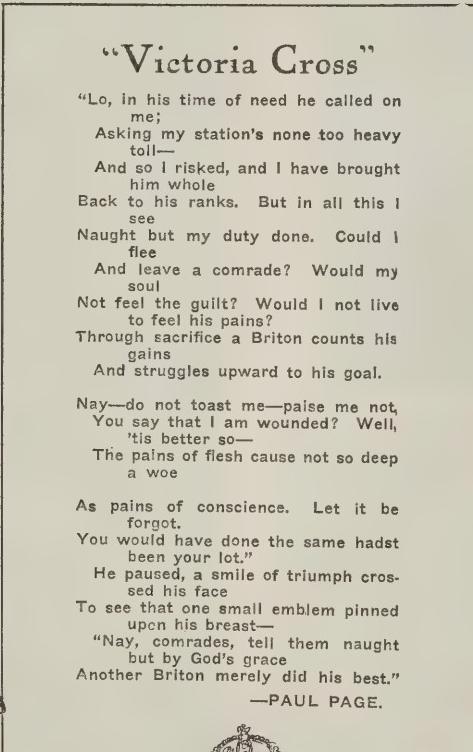
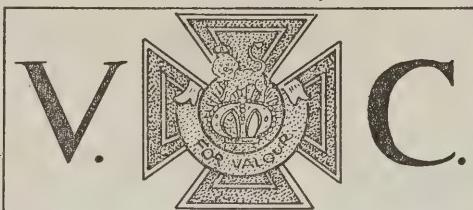


MAJOR the Reverend Edward Bertram Hooper, son of the late Captain Henry Filkes Hooper of the 76th Regiment (now the West Ridings), was born in Belfast, Ireland, educated at Dedham School, Essex, England. He was grandson on his father's side of the late Rev. John Hooper, Rector of Albury, Surrey, and on his mother's side of the late Venerable Archdeacon Cosster, Newberry, England, Archdeacon of New Brunswick, Canada. His family came to Canada on the retirement of his father and lived in Rosedale, Toronto. He continued his education at Upper Canada College, later he went to Kings College University, Fredericton, N. B., where he took his B.A. degree, and later received Holy Orders from the Right Reverend John Medley, Bishop of Fredericton, and served in that Diocese as rector, first of Wellford, then of St. George's Church, Moncton, and later was appointed to St. Paul's Church in the Valley, St. John, N. B.

When the war broke out he at once offered his services as Chaplain and his young son, Douglas S. Ledger, enlisted at the same time. They went overseas with the 26th Battalion which has done such noble services and suffered so many casualties. He was at the front for several months serving in Flanders. When he

left home it used to make him feel faint to see a cut finger, but after service at the front he was able to assist the surgeons in time of need and pressure in the dressing of any kind of wound. In the severity and hardship of winter he took a severe cold which ended in pneumonia, and he was sent on sick leave to Shorncliffe, England, where he was joined by his wife and two daughters, who rendered him great help in his work and kept open house for convalescents. When fit for light duty he worked in several hospitals in that neighbourhood, and then was appointed to the Granville Canadian Hospital, Ramsgate. He was in the hospital at the time it was shelled when many of the wounded and sick were injured or killed, to his great grief—for he is devoted to his "boys." After that, the whole hospital and staff were transferred to Buxton, Derbyshire—still retaining the name of "Granville Canadian." He is greatly attached to his "boys in blue" as they are to him, for he is full of sympathy and most earnest in his efforts for their welfare both of soul and body. Early in his chaplaincy he began raising a fund to provide comforts—such as cigarettes, writing materials, etc., and motor drives for those sufficiently convalescent to enjoy them, enabling them to visit many places (notably Canterbury Cathedral), which otherwise in their maimed condition they could not have seen. These expeditions made a refreshing change in the routine of hospital life. The people of St. John and Fredericton made noble response to the representations of Major Hooper of the good the fund was doing. Vancouver has assisted it through the efforts of the chaplain's brothers, the Reverend H. C. Lewis Hooper, Chaplain to the Missions to Seamen, Seaton Street, Vancouver, and the Rev. J. Hugh Hooper, rector of St. John's Church, North Vancouver. Toronto has also helped through the efforts of Mrs. Edmund Philips.

Major Hooper was transferred to the Bushby Park Hospital, near Hampton Court Palace, Surrey. He had also to visit Canadians in many hospitals in various towns. The work was most strenuous, but he loved it, and is ever anxious to do his utmost to cheer and encourage the boys; sooner than leave them he resigned his parish with its beautiful church and choir. He so faithfully loves his "boys" that he cannot regret anything that keeps him with them.



DELTA

HONOR ROLL

List of Delta Boys who have
made the Supreme Sacrifice

Mead, John
McNiven, Neil
Hilton, Hume
Rich, Sidney N.
French, Basil
Kettles, Robert
McLennan, William
Smartwood, J. C.
Smith, Stanley
Montgomery, William S.
Welsh, Sidney
Weare, Cecil
Lewis, W.
Mills, Arthur
Whitworth, Fred W.
Leonard, Malcolm
Cameron, John P.
McCallan, Geoffrey W.
Cook, Fred A.
Moore, Cyril
Hutcherson, Edwin E.
Falk, John E.
Harrowd, Lester W.
Wright, Douglas A.
Taylor, Guy A.
Scott, Robert
Montgomery, S.



"Buck," a Four-footed Hero



"BUCK."

"Buck" and his driver, Pte. H. D. Perlee, Transport Section, 29th Batt., have been through some very strenuous times together, as will be seen from the following record. Neither mule nor man is the worse for the experiences, which is little short of miraculous.

1915—Dibgate, Lidd, Otterpool—England.
Kemmel—Belgium.
1916—Lafonnel, St. Eloi, Ypres—Belgium.
Somme, Souchez—France.
1917—Vimy, Hill 70, Lens Sector—France.
Passchendaele—Belgium.
1918—Lens Sector, Nouvelle Vitasse, Amiens, Cambrai—France.
Mons—Belgium.
1919—Bonn, Oberkassel—Germany.

The photo of "Buck" re-produced here was taken in Oberkassel. It seems almost an insult to a good mule to have his photograph taken by a German photographer.

RESTING AWHILE.

Perhaps in the over yonder,
Maybe, when the world moves West,
He'll be given a chance—I hope so,
For he was one of the best.

Not good as men class goodness,
But bad, as bad could be,
With vices his parents gave him
To curse their posterity.

He hadn't a chance when he started,
The life which he never could bear,
His soul went in open rebellion
The moment he first breathed air.

He was born a slave to passion,
He bore an unpardonable wrong,
But cursed with a strength to bear it,
And a frame that was hardy and strong.

But I stand to-day to witness
That he never shirked his fate,
And he did the work God gave him
With a burning heart of hate.

He was a mule, and he knew it,
Defiant, stubborn and proud,
He'd work with a will, when he chose to,
He wouldn't budge for a crowd.

He was often nearly human,
Often what some call strong,
But judged as a beast of transport,
His acts were considered wrong.

We went through the war together,
We landed on German soil,
For five years he was my comrade,
He bore the brunt of the toil.

And as I think of his sorrow,
And the chance he never had,
I class him as good as others
The world too often calls bad.

For it isn't the gait that matters,
Nor milestones marking the way,
But the journey safely ended
That counts at the close of day.

There are wounds too deep for healing,
There are scars, which no man shows,
And pain may make them demons,
But the reason for all God knows.

So I hope old "Buck" will be given
A chance like poor human man
Of proving the gold he's made of,
And doing the things he can.

JUSTIN WILSON.



The Poet of Flanders Fields

The Man and the Message

By Rev. R. G. MacBeth, author of "The Romance of Western Canada," etc. (formerly Lieutenant Winnipeg Light Infantry).



JOHN McCRAE

THREE is a tradition that Wolfe, flating down the St. Lawrence the night before the seige of Quebec, slowly repeated to the officers with him in the boat some verses of "Gray's Elegy," a poem which had just come to hand from England. As he concluded the verse,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave," the great General said, "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec tomorrow."

And it is quite within the bounds of good sense and good taste for anyone who really catches the profound meaning of Colonel John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields" to say, "I would rather have written those lines than have the credit of winning any battle of the war." Because this poem won a hundred battles, inspired the Allies to new endeavor in the hours

of crisis and made slacking impossible to men and nations whose souls were sufficiently alive to understand the passionate appeal of the Anxious Dead. And Colonel McCrae also wrote other things worthy to stand beside the immortal lines that were born out of fire and blood at the fierce salient of Ypres.

I first met McCrae when he was a student, home for the holidays to the fine old farmstead near the city of Guelph, Ontario, where his father and mother still reside. The father, an Elder of the Kirk, was, and is, a soldierly man, an expert in artillery, who, despite his seventy years, raised a battery and took it overseas in the present war. The mother, of gentle mould, keen in mental perception and strong in religious convictions, has a gift for literary expression as is evidenced in her fine addresses at missionary gatherings. A well regulated household that, with something of the austerity of the Covenanter about it but with the affectionate side of life strongly developed. There were two sons, Tom and Jack, as they were called in the home circle. Both were in line for the study and practice of medicine in which both became distinguished.

Tom (if we still keep the family designation) the elder of the two, is connected with the great Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and Jack was, when the war broke out, one of the leading men in his profession in Montreal. He was overseas on a trip when the war began and felt it his duty to get into it. But it was no new thing to him as he had served as a combatant officer of artillery through the South African campaign. Yet to the end he was no lover of war, though some wars were, in his opinion, inevitable and had to be fought through before permanent peace could be reached. He had a temperament exceedingly sensitive, so that he could never reconcile himself to see men or even animals suffer if it could be avoided. That crops out all along in his war letters to his mother, and we honor him the more for this humane characteristic.

One item from the conversation at the breakfast table in the farmstead that morning, I put on record here, because it was part of the home-training which evidently told much on the boy's after life. Colonel McCrae, the father, made a specialty of black cattle whose rough raven coats made handsome robes for room-furnishing. And the young student that morn-

ing said, "Father, one of the boys, a friend at college, has taken a great fancy to my black robe and I promised I would give him one like it if there were any to spare round home." And the father said, "All right, Jack, whatever you say in that line goes, because I like to see a boy cultivate the generous side of his nature." And the student got a counterpart of the robe he had fancied. Years afterwards this same Jack McCrae, lecturing to his medical students said one day with great impressiveness: "There is a beautiful legend on a great picture. 'What I spent I had; what I saved I lost; what I gave I have,'" and then he added, "It will be in your power every day to store up for yourselves treasures that will come back to you in the consciousness of duty well done, of kind acts performed, things that having given away freely you yet possess. It has often occurred to me that when in the judgment those surprised faces look up and say, Lord, when saw we Thee anhungered and fed Thee, or thirsty and gave Thee drink; a stranger and took Thee in; naked and clothed Thee; and there meets them that warrant royal of all charity, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me,' there will be amongst those awed ones many a practitioner of medicine." The early training of the lad came out in the self-forgetful man, who, despite illness, kept up his tremendous share of work for the suffering till that day his tired life went out in the hospital at Boulogue.

This phase of the war-poet's life was emphasised in a very beautiful way by an old friend, Prof. John McNaughton, who, at a memorial service in McGill, Montreal, said: "He never lost the simple faith of his childhood. He was so sure about the main things, the vast things, the indispensable things of which all formulated faiths are but a more or less stammering expression, that he was content with the rough embodiment in which his ancestors had labored to bring those great realities to bear as beneficent and propulsive forces upon their own and their children's minds and consciences." This truly is the priceless heritage of faith.

It is not our purpose to deal at length with the poems of this master in the art. We prefer giving the somewhat personal sketch of the man and leaving readers to study the notable book in which his leading lines are issued to the world. It would seem to me, after a somewhat careful reading of them, even those long antedating the Great War, that their dominant note is expressed by the soldier's expressive admonition, "Carry On."

"To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch: be yours to hold it high."

And along with that is the cognate idea that our work is going to tell no matter how imperfect and unfinished it may seem to ourselves. It is in this spirit he wrote the short poem which so fittingly closes the book.

"If night should come and find me at my toil,
When all Life's day I had, though faintly wrought,
And shallow furrows, left in stony soil
Were all my labor: Shall I count it naught?
If only one poor gleaner, weak of hand,
Shall pick a scanty sheaf where I have sown?
Nay, for of thee the Master doth demand
Thy work; the harvest rest with him alone."

We could wish nothing better for all young Canadians than that the spirit and power in which John McCrae lived and died in the great conflict for freedom should be one of their prized possessions. Then shall his grave in France become one of the citadels of our own beloved land.

THE FLAG

(By Lady Roddick)



Canada! where is thy flag,
Welding race and race together?
Union Jack, that wondrous rag,
Dear to those who've trod the heather,
Dear to those who love the rose,
Blending Irish cross and nation
With the crosses of old foes
In a just and fair relation,
Bears no emblem of the men,
First to cross the stormy ocean,
Bringing faith and plough and pen,
First to know with deep emotion,
Canada! thy name as home.
True, provincial arms commingle
On thy flag o'er ships that roam;
In their stead an emblem single,
Maple leaf of golden hue,
Would announce to all more proudly
Whence thy ships their anchors drew:
Would announce to all more loudly,
Canada! thy nation's life;
And on land, when bells are ringing
To acclaim the end of strife,
When with joy each heart is singing;
Canada! is this thy flag?
Welding race and race together,
Waving from each roof and crag,
East and West, one nation ever!



Langley Honor Roll

Allard, E.
Brawn, Harry
Berry, William
Brown, C. H.
Davis, V. L. G.
Carvoith, John B.
Gueho, Marcelle
Howes, D. W.
Henderson, John C.
Howell, Donald
Johnston, Arthur T.
Kendall, Noel W.
Lee, William
McDonald, Gordon
McDonald, James
McIntyre, Alex.
Robertson, David
Roberts, Fred O.
Read, F. H.
Simonds, E. Haazelette
Sellers, George E.
Swain, Leslie
Tyres, Stanley
Trattle, Alf. W.
Wright, Jesse
Warner, George
Wix, Montague C. V.

Paul Orde

Some War Sketches by "Hal"



A Mis-understanding.



You never can tell!!



Better with the Mask!



And the Stores were shut.



JUSTIN WILSON

"Justin Wilson," in ordinary life, Victor Harbord-Harbord, Fraser Valley correspondent of the Vancouver World, wrote a great number of patriotic poems during the war, many of which appeared in the Toronto Mail and Empire, and the Vancouver dailies. He does not lay claim to being a poet, and the greater portion of his work was done with the idea of encouraging and cheering those who had lost relatives at the front. The poem, "Resting Awhile," is fairly typical of the greater part of his work. He founded the Nicola Valley Returned Soldiers' Club at the request of a number of returned men, who loyally gave him their assistance, and edited and wrote their magazine, the "Whizz-Bang," one of the first soldier papers. In return for his services, the soldiers of the Nicola Valley presented him with the silver badge of honor of the club.

The Last Post

Sound the Last Post! yet soon will come the dawning,

After the hushed and deep still calm of night,
And radiant sunshine flood the bright new morning,
When we shall see again our heart's delight.

Sound the Last Post! He gave and He hath taken,

And left us love, a love, which knows not death;
Then cheer your hearts for we are not forsaken,
For God is love, the Old Sweet Story saith.

Sound the Last Post! and clear the Last Trump sounding,

We know no fear for God was with us all,
And with our dead, our hearts with love abounding,
We rise triumphant at that last great call.



The Little Maid of France

She stands so quiet in the door,
This little pretty maid of France;
A flower not trodden down of war,
With no disturbance in her glance.

The laden carts of refugees
Pass by her doorway down the street;
She simply stands there at her ease
And watches where the roadways meet.

And up the street and past her door
The weary files of khaki turn;
And she stands straighter than before:
The smoke of distant towns that burn

Hang heavy on the evening air,
And, screeching long before it breaks,
The futile shell flies over her;
The far horizon flames and shakes.

O, little quiet maid of France,
What may your thoughts be, who can tell?
Last night I watched you in the dance
And wrongly thought I knew them well.

But past the long street slopes the hill
Its verdant fields fringed far with trees,
And there a softer light lies still,
And were your thoughts maybe of these?

Oh, you must love her well, your France!
But greater love than that have these
Who take the battle's deadly chance
From the great love they have of Peace.

Yet greatly must your love have grown
As these last months the nearer war
(Have you been there so long alone?)
Has smoked and thundered at your door.

So, sure it seems that you could speak
With words to make our courage good,
In strength to which our strength is weak,
Oh, fair, high-hearted maidenhood!

—A. R. MUNDAY, (Late 7th Batt.)

PEACHLAND

ROLL OF HONOR

KILLED IN ACTION

- Lieut. J. Jackson
- Sergt. H. W. Birkett
- Corporal Wm. M. Dryden
- Lance-Cpl. Alex. D. Seaton
- Pte. Herbert Vivian
- Pte. Norman A. Pope
- Pte. Robert Laidlaw
- Pte. Charles Sutherland
- Pte. Frank Chapman
- Pte. John H. Morrison
- Pte. Harry Urquhart
- Pte. Arthur Theobald
- Pte. George Needham
- Pte. Chas. O. Needham

DIED

- Pte. Ernest McKay
- Pte. Archie F. Seaton
- Pte. Emmit Shaw

WOUNDED

- Major. K. Tallyour
- Lieut. Leslie Maxwell
- Lieut. Jack Wilson
- Sergt. Gordon McDougald
- Sergt. Thomas McLaughlan
- Sergt. John E. Seaton
- Cpl. Douglas Henderson
- Lance-Cpl. W. C. Aitkens
- Pte. E. G. Aitkens
- Pte. Victor Jones
- Pte. John M. Buchanan
- Pte. Peter Cresswell
- Pte. Gordon Whyte
- Pte. Sam. G. Michael
- Pte. Roy White
- Pte. Ben. Gummow
- Pte. E. Howell
- Pte. Fred. Topham

A. van

THE GOLD STRIPE

PEACHLAND HONOR ROLL



†CORP. W. M. DRYDEN



†PTE. ARCHIE F. SEATON



†SERGT. HAROLD W. BIRKETT



†PTE. CHAS. O. NEEDHAM



L.CPL. ALEX. SEATON



†PTE. JOHN H. MORRISON



†PTE. GEO. NEEDHAM



†PTE. NORMAN A. POPE

THE GOLD STRIPE



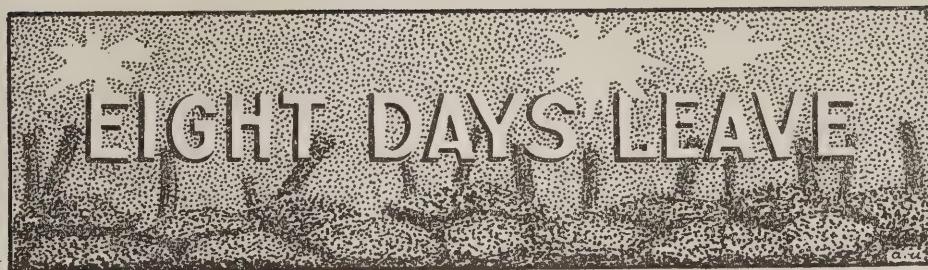
THREE VANCOUVER SEAFORTHS.

Canadian Official.



CANADIAN WOUNDED AND THE "HEAVIES,"

Canadian Official.



By Major F. B. Edwards, 2nd C.M.R.



THREE are certain incidents in every man's life which remain indelibly imprinted upon his memory. Undoubtedly this is the case in the life of a man serving on the Western Front upon receiving his first eight days' leave.

To enable anybody who has not been lucky enough to have this experience perhaps this short article may be of real interest.

The incidents surrounding my first leave all added to the great excitement and pleasure of getting away even for so short a time as eight days from that real hell known as the "Ypres Salient." At the period of which I am speaking my Company was holding that part of the line known as the "Hooge" cellar trench. This trench was at that time right in the toe of the Ypres Salient, and had the distinction of being perhaps, the closest point to the German line anywhere on the

British front. The whole front of that trench is not more than thirty-five or forty yards from the enemy line and at one point known as the Stable, we held one portion of the building and the enemy held the other part, they being underground, consequently, every night some kind of a bombing raid was pulled off. This had been going on for some days when one morning the signallers handed me a message informing me that my leave warrant was through, and if I reported to Battalion Headquarters that night it would be handed to me and I was free to get away to England for a glorious eight days.

All kinds of visions were flashing through my mind for the remainder of the day, mirroring what I would do during this Heaven-sent holiday. I could not leave the trench before ten o'clock that night and the day seemed as if it would never come to an end. I had a last crawl round the broken trenches and then proceeded to get a few things together into my pack, and hand over the company to my Second-in-command. I had just got my pack on, stick in hand, ready to crawl out of the cellar, and with my batman behind me and one runner, we were all ready to leave when a messenger dashed into the dug-out saying that the Brigade Commander wished to inspect the trench. My heart almost stopped beating; I thought immediately that I would be detained in the trench for so long that I would not be able to reach Railhead in time to catch the morning Leave Train. However, my Second-in-Command, the thorough sportsman that he was, shouted to me to keep still in the back of the dug-out and he would carry on with the General. This he did, and as soon as they were away from that portion of the trench, I, together with my two faithful runners, slipped out and away. We entered the famous communication trench known as Graft-

on Street, and after a few yards of this I felt we could make better time up on the road, so we walked boldly straight down the Menin Road towards Ypres. Everybody says on the Western Front that the man going out on leave is hoodoed, but in my case I think that we were followed by the best of good luck. First of all we had avoided the General, and we took big chances walking down the Menin Road, but although there was a great deal of enemy fire from fixed rifles and machine guns, the bullets seemed to strike harmlessly either

there was no thought of walking across the top, as one could have done on a quieter night, but the din the working party were making as they proceeded along the trench had been heard by the enemy and consequently this rain of machine gun bullets. However, we got out of the trench and lay down behind a little bunch of sand bags until this weird procession had passed.

As soon as possible we jumped down into the trench again and proceeded on our way to Battalion Headquarters which at that time



One morning the signallers handed me a message.

ahead or behind us. We finally reached the Culvert and dropped down into a good communication trench known as "Oxford Street." As we went along this, it crossed my mind that on the morrow, with any luck at all, I would be in the real Oxford Street. This thought made me feel as if my pack was a featherweight, although I suppose at the time my equipment weighed 75 to 80 pounds.

But the thought of the leave warrant added wings to my feet, for I know that we sped along at very good pace until we met what seemed to me to be the largest working party coming up the line, that I have ever met. Every man seemed to be carrying the most unwieldy kind of material possible, including eight foot bath mats or duck boards, sheets of corrugated iron, frames of rivetting wire, coils of barb and trench wire, "A" frames, props, picks and shovels and everything imaginable. The machine gun fire across this portion of the trench was so bad that

were in a position known as "Half-way House." I there reported to the then O. C., Major A. J. Mutrie. He smilingly handed me my warrant, gave me a cup of hot coffee and wished me God-speed. Naturally I was itching to get away and our little party started off again along that wonderful breast work in the Ypres Salient known as the China Wall, along which thousands of troops have passed in comparative safety, across a very dangerous piece of country as it is constantly in view of the enemy.

At last we reached the famous Zillebeke Dug-outs, which are built under the road which forms a dam to the west end of the Zillebeke Lake and where our Battalion had often been quartered when in reserve. We did not stop here, however, and continued our journey across the open fields in the direction of Shrapnel Corner where we crossed the Ypres road at right angles, then after crossing

the canal reached the Kruistraat, which runs in a southerly direction out of the city of Ypres. Turning to the left on this road we very soon came to the reserve position known as the Belgian Chateau, where our then Adjutant, Capt. G. C. Johnson, had very thoughtfully ordered that a horse should be brought by a groom to meet me from our Battalion Transport lines.

With my heavy pack on it was somewhat difficult to mount, but I soon clambered up after saying good-bye to my faithful runners, who had to deliver certain messages and then return to the line. These runners travelled without equipment, except a rifle and ammunition, and a gas mask, and so consequently they make very good time, but I think they must have thought that I was possessed at the speed I made down the trenches as far as the Belgian Chateau.

We had marched altogether from Hooge to the Belgian Chateau about eight miles. From there on the groom and I jogged along in the direction of Vlaminghe, turning to the left at this town in the direction of Reninghelst, about two miles from which town lay our wagon lines in the direction of Poperinghe.

Reaching the camp in good time I dismounted and ordered the horse to be brought round again at four o'clock in the morning. It was then about 2-15 a.m. The quartermaster very kindly let me have the use of his hut, and he already had placed there for my use my kit bag, known as a Wolseley Valise, in which I kept a change of clothing. I soon stripped off my muddy trench clothes, had a large tub of cold water brought in, and with lots of soap made myself look more or less presentable. It felt fine to get into clean underwear, tunie and breeches. When the change was completed I wakened up the paymaster who gave me as much money as I wanted until I reached London, also much to my pleasure handed me a cheque received that day which was in settlement of a long-standing travelling claim. This made me feel that I was really starting out on my leave under a lucky star. At four o'clock my horse was again brought round. I then slipped on my pack which I had emptied on arrival at the transport lines and which I had now filled with war souvenirs, shell-fuses, etc. The pay-master and I exchanged goodbyes over a cup of coffee, I then mounted and my groom and myself set out for the Railway station at Poperinghe, from where the Leave-train was to start at 4.45 a.m. As we passed the various hut camps the cooks were beginning to prepare the breakfast and it looked very cheery to see the big fires blazing, with the dixies placed in proper position boiling

water for tea, etc. However, we arrived at Poperinghe about fifteen minutes before the train started. Here the Railway Transport Officer, or R. T. O., as he is generally called, inspected my leave warrant. I then stepped into a first class compartment on the train and divesting myself of all equipment, I prepared to get some sleep before our arrival at Boulogne. I fell asleep almost as soon as I sat down and was only awakened by the rather jerky starting of the train, and to find that five other officers had since entered the compartment, all looking tired out, but very cheery as we were at last on our way to Blighty on leave.

We introduced ourselves to one another and as is generally the case, most of us found that we had mutual friends, and consequently the conversation at times grew animated and bright. I remember one young officer of the Durham Light Infantry, who was going to make use of his short leave by getting married. He told me that his fiancee was to meet him in London that day, and they were to be married upon his arrival. All this actually took place as, at the end of my leave I had the good fortune to return to France in the company of this same officer.

After about an hour in the train we all began to feel the great want of sleep, and one by one we dropped off into a sound slumber, and for myself I did not wake again until we were passing the little towns of Wimille and Wimereux. These are very close to Boulogne so I wakened one or two of the others up and we began to get our belongings together, so that there would be no time wasted if the train should be late, and thus create a rush for the leave boat. Shortly after this the train drew into the harbour station of Boulogne. I sprang out of the carriage to learn that the leave boat was just about to leave. I rushed along the platform, but was stopped at a crossing by a military car with two staff officers in it. They were also hurrying to catch this boat and they shouted to me to jump on the running board of the car, which I did, and this enabled me to get to the boat in time.

We were provided there with a white ticket which allowed us to pass over the gangway. As I handed mine into the officer who was collecting them he read my name out, Capt. F. B. Edwards, 2nd C. M. R. and then said "You are for duty as Adjutant of the boat for this trip; will you please report to State Room No. 14 to General —, who is O.C. troops on the boat." As soon as I got on board I made my way to room 14 to report. I found the General was there and he at once invited me to have a whiskey and soda and then gave

me my instructions which were to the effect that I was to, first of all, see that every military man on board was wearing a life belt; also to look around the ship and see that all boats were swung out over the side. To report to him every 20 minutes during the trip and in case of alarm, aid in the distribution of men to the various lifeboats and then stand by and await orders immediately at the foot of the stairs leading from the Captain's bridge. It was a beautiful day, however, and nothing of an exciting nature occurred on the trip, except

on coursing through one's mind. The first thing that impressed me was the peaceful look of the country, that is, of course, in comparison with what we had all left behind us in Flanders; then the thought, incredible as it might seem, that 10 o'clock the previous night I had been quartered in one of the worst holes on the Western Front, and yet by four o'clock of the following day I would be right in London; also it was a joyous thing to see the various flights of birds. I can well remember a beautiful cock pheasant and two hen pheas-



I soon picked out my own little wife.

that we passed the returning leave boat full of soldiers who cheered vociferously our homeward-bound boat.

In one hour and forty-five minutes we were tying up inside Folkestone Harbour. Previous to this, those who were lucky enough had procured reservations in the Pullman car attached to the first train leaving for London. I was fortunate enough to be one of them, and when my seat was allotted to me in the Pullman I found that the three officers in the section were the same people with whom I had travelled down from the line on the train. So as soon as the train was under way we ordered a very nice little luncheon, which everyone of us enjoyed very thoroughly, and which was helped down by some good tall glasses of English ale. The train made the trip from Folkestone to Victoria Station, London, in about one hour and fifty minutes, and as it sped along all kinds of thoughts kept

ants flying for a distance parallel with the train and I thought what a beautiful sight it was to see them, with the sun showing up to the best possible degree all the many shades in their beautiful plumage. At last the train commenced passing through the southeastern suburbs of London where hundreds of children in this densely populated area cheered the occupants of the train as it passed in close proximity to the rear of their houses.

At last the train pulled into Victoria Station. The platform was empty, but a crowd waited its passengers outside a barrier, and, as we stepped out, it was a magnificent sight to see all these splendid soldiers, many of them covered with the mud of the trenches, but all smiling, rushing forward to meet their dear ones on the other side of the barrier. I soon picked out my own little wife, who was waiting for me with the car, into which we scrambled, and the first thing I did was to

drive up to Jermyn Street to buy a new hat as the one I was wearing was not fit to be seen. My clothes were all pretty shabby, too, but my wife told me a complete new outfit was waiting for me at home, which was about seventeen miles out of London. It was a delightful drive home and it was hard to realize that I was actually on the way there. There were so many hundreds of things to talk over with my wife that the distance seemed nothing at all, and at last, reaching there, my wife sprang out of the car, dashing into the house in order to be the very first to show me the new daughter which I had not seen, although she was nearly five months old. After this exciting meeting I was allowed to get away to my own room to bathe and change. To one whose life habit has been to bathe every day, and then, after an enforced period of imperfect ablutions, to get back to one's own home and to be able to have as much hot water and as much time to bathe as one wanted, seemed to me to be a kind of Heaven, and you may be sure I made the best use of it, eventually arriving down stairs feeling like a new man.

That night my wife and I had a delightfully quiet little dinner together, and that one evening stands out as being one of many evenings in my life which have been brimful of real happiness.

I think it is a well recognized fact that the officer or man who has been some time on active service, develops an extraordinary state of restlessness, and there is the great desire to move about, see as many new people as possible, new sights, new excitements and new places. This desire has to be gratified to a certain extent. The time is short and one always has the thought in the back of one's mind that in a few days you will return to your unit in the field, and that sums up the whole thing, as from then on life is a mere gamble from day to day. Consequently, as I was invited to go to a great many theatres, visit a great many people, dine and lunch at a great many places, the period of eight days passed only too quickly, and on the evening of the seventh day of my leave, whilst arranging for the car to call for me at a quarter to six on the following morning to take me to Victoria Station, I thought I had not wasted a moment of my leave. A good many people came and went that evening to wish me God-speed, and at last I went to bed feeling a very, very tired man. But previous to going to bed I was wise enough to have all my kit packed and ready in the hall, ready for my early departure.

The next morning as my wife and I sat over a cup of coffee, I had said good-bye to the

children the night before, we said very little to each other about what the future might have in store, but, brave little girl that she is, she wished me good luck and said that she would not have it otherwise as long as the war was on. The motor came to the door, the chauffeur threw all my kit inside, and, with a last kiss, I dashed out of the house and into the car. Away we sped, and once again I was on my way back to the Front. We reached Victoria in good time. I got my equipment on board the train and sat down in the Pullman car, waiting for any chance friend who might be going back on the same day, with the idea of having breakfast with him, and, much to my pleasure, the young officer who had come home with the special intention of getting married strolled into the car. I could see by the look in his eye that he had had rather a sad parting, and I seemed to know without him telling me that he was now really married and had felt leaving his young wife very much indeed.

We soon reached Folkestone and marched right on board the boat, and without any exciting incidents we steamed into Boulogne Harbour, and upon landing found that our train did not leave for some four or five hours. We thereupon made our way to the Hotel Folkestone where we met some mutual friends and had lunch together, and learned some of the latest news from the Front. We spent the afternoon having a look round the older parts of the city and also drove out to Wimereux, which is on the sea front. Upon our return we got on board the train and made ourselves as comfortable as we could, and as soon as the train started we stretched ourselves out in order to get some sleep, as we were the only two in that compartment. I was awakened by someone shouting "We are here!"

We got out in a dazed kind of a way onto the platform, feeling very heavy and sleepy. My groom found me immediately, took my pack and equipment and carried it outside to where he had two horses waiting. I slipped my pack onto my shoulders and mounted and away we went to the place where the battalion was camped, as they were still out of the line, but were preparing to return the next day.

However, as soon as the excitement of your leave has worn off, one gets down to the routine of the work again, taking everything that may happen as a matter of course, and ready to meet, in the best possible manner, whatever may come along. This is the only way, but, of course, one cannot but help looking forward to the next time when another leave warrant is handed to you, entitling you to another "Eight days' Leave."



THE average public were, no doubt, astounded a short while ago by the need so clearly shown by the Rotary Club for an institution for the treatment of chest diseases in this city, and were also further astounded by the startling figures which were put forth in support of their appeal. This statement has apparently, at a first glance, nothing to do with the subject matter of this contribution, namely, fishing, but nevertheless the two are rather closely connected because fishing and good health are closely allied.

Now in nearly all diseases there is a "bug," and in the case of the chest it is one of the most deadly and pernicious of bugs, and is known as the "bacillus tuberculosis," and this particular little bug has an absolute horror of open air.

These two statements having been made, an endeavor will be made to show how fishing combats this disease and betters a man or woman, both physically and mentally for his or her struggle in the world today.

It is a well known fact that nature is one of the best doctors possible, and when one goes angling, one could not get much closer to nature. Angling also takes one from the confusion, filth and moral degradations of the bigger cities, and places one in close contact, in

nine cases out of ten, with one of the most important divisions of labour—the cultivation of the soil which, after all is said and done, is the true foundation of national wealth and happiness. Everything connected with the land is calculated to bring out our best and noblest feelings, and to give our minds the most high ideals of universal nature. To men of contemplative habits the wandering along brooks, rivers and lake shores gives rise to the most refined intellectual enjoyment. These people move in a world all of their own and experience joys and sorrows with which the world cannot interfere.

Then, too, the man who is shut up in an office or workshop during the week how much better is he physically and mentally after spending the week-end out in the country, and if not actually fishing, communing with nature and observing a hundred and one little things which are of use to him in his workaday life. In this regard it might be mentioned that observation plays a most important part in the success of a fisherman, and also in everyday life, how important it is to take careful notice of little details? In fact, a genius has been described as one having an infinite capacity for taking pains or, in other words, paying strict attention to the most minute details.

Another point which should be mentioned when dealing with the advantages of fishing and hunting and that is that the Westerner's love for the open air so quickly adapted him for the rigorous training he had to undergo when called upon to fight in defence of Empire, and why so large a percentage of men who volunteered for service were passed as fit, whereas nearly fifty per cent. of those who lived in the larger cities were unable to come to the physical standard required by the authorities.

How often in the cities are people told by their medical advisers to get away to the country, to have a complete rest, thereby causing themselves or their employers inconvenience or financial loss. Those who get the habit of getting out into the country, whenever possible, will find that they will not have to go to a doctor for nervous breakdowns, suspected tuberculosis or other such complaints, but they will give themselves automatically rest cures, without having really to undergo them.

This is where angling provides so much towards the preventing of this sort of thing, and it must be admitted that the saying "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is true; because fishing must be done out of doors, and nature must be studied, and a close attention to detail is most necessary to ensure success. And further, it is almost impossible for a man to have evil thoughts when he is wandering along a stream or district that has not been marred by civilization, and after all evil thoughts corrupt good manners, and good manners mean chivalry and being chivalrous hurts nobody.

We live in an age of commercialism which, unfortunately, permeates our natures to such an extent that we carry it into our home lives and we neglect to a very large extent that important adjunct to good health, namely, exercise. Lord Derby was right when he made the statement, "If you do not find time for exercise, you will have to find time for illness."

In an article by John Harrington Keene, the following is found, which sums up in a nutshell the many advantages of fishing:

"The whole *arcana* book of trout fishing consists in rather the mental construction of the angler than in the manner and method of process. The fish is a convenient peg, so to say, on which to hang the 'dolce far niente' and render the day's sport in its pursuit haleyon and superlative. The sport itself may be insufficient, but there is always some recompense in the effort made and in the close communion with dear nature's self. Not always do large bags and great results crown the angler's desire. Too

often it is far otherwise, and yet the true angler never feels like giving up fishing because of poor sport."

Entertaining in Germany

(By Maple Leaf)

IN the cosmopolitanism of war the Canadians have carried new-found phrases into Germany. In the lightheartedness of war and the subsequent armistice they have applied one of them jocularly but not ironically. Bonn, the Rhine centre of Canadian occupation, is described as "tres bonne." It is the soldiers' appreciation of comfortable billets, organized and continuous entertainment, satisfactory "eats," and not overstrenuous drill or fatigues. It has nothing whatever to do with their conception of the German human genus as found at home.

There are billets at Bonn that have introduced the first touch of luxury in four years of military existence—warm rooms, soft beds, hot water for shaving, clean clothing for the asking, every comfort the men were accustomed to in the piping times before the war; and for some, many more. Central heating, *a la Canada*, is in Bonn. There are no wet feet. There is no mud, no night wind, no dreary watches, no gunfire, no shuddering fatalism. And above all there is entertainment for everyone during the leisure hours.

This entertainment is in the hands of the Canadian Y. M. C. A., as usual—with the difference that every facility is at hand with the exception of unrestricted transportation. The peaceful interval before peace has not yet multiplied the resources of transportation to fill all the requirements of a large army of occupation.

All the Canadians were not in Bonn, by any means, but that wealthy university city was the headquarters. What are known as the Corps troops were there—that large body of essential organization distinct from the infantry divisions. For their entertainment the Y. M. C. A. found its peripatetic equipment inadequate. But its powers and energy were competent for the task. It set out to requisition and commandeer buildings, apparatus, equipment, all with official sanction, of course.

The first building commanded was a cabaret of the kind that would be outlawed in more civilized countries. The Gross Bonn was a two story entertainment centre for Germans with no morals to speak of and the money to indulge their excesses. Down stairs

was a beer garden—with the “garden” an obvious misnomer. A huge, lofty, L-shaped room, with a stage, two beer counters, and an elevated section from which the sober might look down on the revels of the more impressionable changed in the hands of the Y. M. C. A., into a recreation room with an orchestra, a canteen, and a counter for free hot drinks.

For the crowding patronage of this canteen it was necessary to requisition four huge boilers and two hundred mugs. And during the eleven hours of free service of hot drinks the boilers were constantly in use, and the mugs had to be eked out by the use of thousands of individual pasteboard cups.

On the same floor was a newspaper and magazine stand where Canadian and American reading material was sold at prices almost on a level with these prevailing in Canada and sometimes lower. Many English weeklies were given away for the asking.

Upstairs was the cabaret, an example of German extravagance and license. Around the borders of the room were tables fixed between cushioned settees. The centre of the room had a glass floor, beneath which were many colored lights, manipulated at pleasure from a switch board so that the dancing was done on a blaze of light from below. The saloon at the end was a fitting accompaniment, a phase of inspiration for the more complete appreciation of the orgy within.

Later, the effect of soldiers crowding the settees, silently reading or writing, with the blaze of colored light through the glass floor and the subdued radiance of indirect lighting from baskets of glass flowers overhead was almost bizarre. But so long as the boys enjoyed it, what mattered?

Next to fall to the needs of the Canadians was a high class and beautiful cinema situated, like the Gross Bonn, in the market square. The Germans were permitted to utilize this for their own patrons in the afternoon, but the ‘Y’ put on two performances of British films free to the soldiers every night—in the German theatre, with the German projector and German attendants and German orchestra. Even Germany is capable of direction into useful service.

But still the wants of the soldiers were unsatisfied. The Stadt Theatre, the leading theatre, was commanded three nights a week for concerts and plays put on by the different units, either organized and equipped or paid, by the Y. M. C. A.

The same care was taken of the units attached to Corps Headquarters but situated outside the borders of Bonn. At Melham, Godesburg, and Friesdorf, where artillery

brigades, ammunition columns, light horse, signallers, and machine gun brigades were located, there were cinemas, canteens, writing and reading and recreation rooms. Small units were widely scattered, but to each was given every facility for filling leisure moments, as many as seven recreation rooms being opened for the units about Friesdorf.

There were no Canadians in Germany un-served, none who need have been lonesome for lack of entertainment or sitting rooms. The Canadian Y. M. C. A. never had the facilities it has had in Germany; it never utilized to better advantage its opportunities. Probably it was never more appreciated, not because its programme was less intricate and exacting but because the extent of its service was necessarily less complete.

The Blind Man and His Son

By Emile Cammaerts, Belgian Poet.

“The distant boom of angry guns
No longer fills my ear.

Oh! whither have we fled, my son?
Tell me, that I may hear.”

“Father, we are in England!”

“No more I hear the stormy wind
Amid the rigging roar,

I feel beneath my tottering feet
The firm ground of the shore.
Is this the end of all our woes?

Shall we not suffer more?”

“Father, we are in England!”

“I hear the sound of kindly speech,
But do not understand;

I feel I’ve wandered very far,
Far from the fatherland;

How comes it that these tones are not
Those of an unknown land?”

“Father, we are in England!”

“I feel in all the air around
Freedom’s sweet breath respire,

I feel celestial fingers creep
Along my quivering lyre;

The birds, the trees, the babbling streams
Speak to me of my home;

Why does my grief less bitter grow
And rest so dear become?”

“Father, we are in England!”

“Bend down upon thy knees, my son,
And take into thy hand,

Thy wounded hand, and mine, somewhat
Of the earth of this good land,

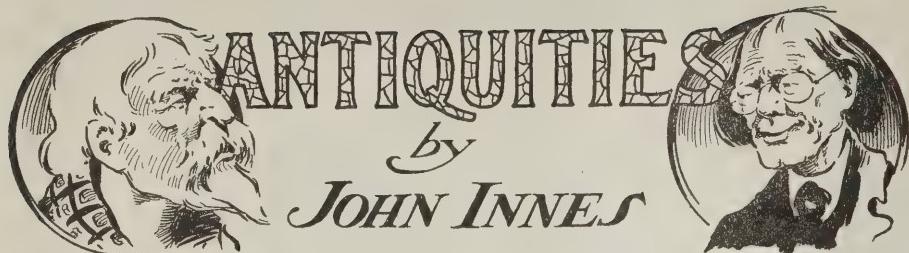
That, dreaming of our home, we two
May kiss the soil of England!”

Burnaby

Roll of Honor

Anderson, G. F.	Glen, R. B.	Philpot, Edgar
Ashworth, Harry	Gordon, Walland	Peacock, Allen
Anderson, A.	Greenhalgh, S.	Peterson, Frank
Blackman, W. J.	Harris, Fred	Ross, W. L.
Bowker, O. H., P.	Hart, Kingsley C.	Ross, Alex.
Blair, G.	Hunter, L.	Reid, Donald
Bearn, Ralph	Holdom, Charles E.	Rumble, Harold J.
Bournes, W. H.	Henry, Lieut.	Ross, J.
Brackenridge, Pte.	Keam, Stanley G.	Smith, Robert
Chaffey, C. R.	Knox, John	Smith, H.
Clark, P. C.	Kitcher, Bertram	Stewart, F.
Collins, Gerald	Leisk, J. G.	Sworder, Malcolm
Cope, Roy	Lowe, T.	Sworder, Norman
Campbell, Finlay	Lydiard, F. H.	Spilling, H.
Campbell, W. W.	Lusier, Howard	Strain, Richard
Campbell, Hugh	MacPherson, A. V. C.	Sutton, A. E.
Cook, John Ernest	Marshall, Alex.	Telford, W.
Drummond, R. A.	McLean, Donald	Townley, M. M.
Dawson, Albert	McIntosh, J. W.	Taylor,
Diss, Frank	McCartney, E. V.	Topping, John
Elliott, G. W.	Murphy, Ernest E.	Walker, John
Elliott, F. F.	Marshall, G.	Walters, E. H.
Fuller, W. H.	Powys, E.	Wright, Walter
Godwin, Arthur	Penny, H. S.	White, John Henry
Greenwood, H. A.	Pettigrew, T. P.	Winning, Andrew
Glover, George A.	Padmore, Arthur	Wilson, W. A.
Grant, F. C.	Plumridge, G.	Wright, Douglas
		Walker, Robert
		Wilcox, Ernest

A. Upton



THE foreman of the 'P. D. Q.' outfit sat playing solitaire by the dismal glimmer of an oil lamp with a broken chimney. Insistent bawling of range cattle, restive under the unaccustomed restraint of corral bars, swelled and failed on the soft night wind which puffed through the bunk-house doorway. Beneath a stable lantern, depending from a peg driven into the log walls, one of the ranch hands sat reading to his fellow 'punchers' accounts of wonderful discoveries of bygone ages, found in the cliff dwellings of Arizona.

The 'slap,' 'slap,' of the foreman's cards upon the bare boards slackened, then ceased, and his drawling voice interrupted the reading: "Arizony ain't the whole thing," he said, "did you ever hear tell of our antiquary?"

Nobody had.

"Mind you, fellers," he went on, "I ain't just rightly sure in my mind what a antiquary may be; but that Arizony stuff sounds like him."

There was a pause, as his audience hitched a bench closer to the region of their boss and settled down to smoke and listen.

"He said he were a antiquary," resumed the foreman in a dubious tone, "though, judgin' by the phony doin's he institooted about these parts, the boys an' I, an' old uncle Zeb Hoover figgered him out to be more of a dod busted fool than most anythin'." Anyways, he allowed he'd been away down to Arizony diggin' for fossilized mugs an' truck, datin' plumb back to the year God made cows. Also he'd got an idee that them Japaneses had come over the Beerin' Straits, along with the megatheriums, an' other such forgotten bugs, an' had fetched along enough crockery from their own country for to do plain cookin'. An' that crockery, says he, was what he was lookin' for. Then he announces that he believes these here Japaneses were mostly responsible for raisin' them Siwashees, 'way over to the Pacific Coast, an' startles us plum to our ears by addin' that

them mummified sports must have met up with a bunch of Aztec ladies pestering about these parts, an' hence the Blackfeet and various other kinds of horse thieves.

Whar did he come from? Well, all we knewed was that he dropped off'n a Pullman ear, with a soft felt hat, an' a big pair of goggles, an' a grin that would surely have stampeded a bunch of dogies. Also, when his truck was unloaded, we seen that he had fetched along enough tools for diggin' an' delvin' into the bowels of this here unfortunate planet, to start a construction camp.

Anyways, he comes lopin' over to the hotel verandy, whar I an' Uncle Zeb, an' some of the boys was settin'—it bein' early spring an' a right hot day for the season.

"Mornin' gentlemen," says he.

"Mornin', sir," says we.

"I," he goes on, "am a antiquary."

"So we observes," says we, not wishin', to appear ignorant.

Uncle Zeb's shoulders begin to shake, an' he backheels me vicious on the shin. Uncle Zeb had a right smart education, if he were an old long-horn.

"Well, well," goes on this freak, "all we men of science has a distinguished appearance.

"Sir," chips in Uncle Zeb., in a sort of choky voice, "thar ain't no danger of any sane man mistakin' you for anybody else, or anything else but what you are." An' he bows low, an' we bows, an' that there antiquary bows, an' grins so hidus that we wishes we had a gunny-sack to drop over his head. Then up pipes Uncle Zeb. again: "Also, sir, this here company is afflicted with a antiquated thirst, which, if you will join us, we will try to quench." Oh, Uncle Zeb. was a shore enough sport.

Well, it warn't long till that there antiquary got so wall-eyed that it was a plumb shame to see good red-eye bein' poured liberal an' abundant into such a face. It was then he



"Uncle Zeb bows; an' we bows; an' that there antiquary bows."

delivers hisself of them phony ideas about the Japaneeses an' things I was tellin' you about. So we leaves him in the beautiful twilight spifflicated, an' emittin' chunks of fossilized knowledge at the barkeep.

Uncle Zeb was mighty thoughtful as we was ridin' home; and that night I hears him chuckle, soft an' comfortable, an' I hears his half-breed woman laugh. So I naturally lays low an' waits for mornin', bein' dead sure he'd tell me of any doin's what was comin' off. Sure enough, come sun-up, Uncle looms up an' says to me. "Willum," he says, "did you ever take notice that this here copper-tinted generation what I raised, don't contemplate work with the eye of affection?" Well, I knowed he was talkin' of his bunch of quarter-breed sons an' I allows I has.

"Willum," he continued, with a sinful gleam in his eye, "I'm old an' some rheumatic, an' I've just fenced that field under the hill for vegetables," says he; "an' furthermore, I done it while them pesky, black-eyed, gioodles of boys of mine were wastin' their substance in riotous livin', an' hoss racin', an' such. Them work," he goes on, gettin' some pesky, "them long-legged, Siwash hoss thieves, takes after the Injun side of this here happy home. An' ", he adds right thoughtful, "they won't dig that

field; an' I won't. Then, Willum, who will?"

"Dunno," says I.

"I know," says he.

"Who?" I asks, bein' interested.

"That thar antiquary," he yells, gettin' up an' smitin' me so violent on the back that I swallere my chaw.

"Well," says I, "go an' ast him."

"Don't have to," says Uncle Zeb—an' gives me a guileful look—"he'll come without."

So that old reprobate leads me to a outhouse an' begins turnin' over a lot of truck in a corner, an' final pulls out a pot; an' such a awful pot I never seen. It was decorated all over with weepin' willies, an' doves, an' bridges, an' funny lookin' things what looked like Chink huts. An' the figgers onto it was some like tadpoles with pie plates onto their heads. Uncle Zeb looks plumb triumphant, an' says he, "What do you think that looks like, Willum?"

"Looks like the D. T's," says I. "What is it, anyway?"

"That," he states, "is the willie pattern, brought up to date."

Bein' ignorant, I stands pat. Then he goes on to reveal that ol' "Seven-up" Dickey what he bought the ranch from, had sent his boy Obediah to school down East, an' when he

comes back, he's always pesterin' around that thar clay bank down to the crick, an' buildin' a stone hole in the ground, what looks like a Injun sweat-house, only more majestic. An' the next phony move he makes is to rastle a lot of wood into a thing that swiggles around like a table top turned flat. An' on this he piles up mud from the crick an' goes to makin' pots—which this wus one of 'em. All the filootes an' jiggers onto it he works plumb amazin', an' states that that's the willie pattern what was invented by some ossified Chinks, back when China was a kid. An' Ole Dickey, while he didn't take no stock in the pots or the willie patterns, still allowed that if Obediah kept on a workin' he might sometime



"Such a awful pot I never seen."

make a pig trough or somethin' that'd be useful. Then this Obediah party gets all his pots an' starts a big fire in his glorified sweat house, with them inside, an' sets up nights keepin' it goin'. Ole Dickey stood it as long as he'd use the wood he'd toted from up the crick; but when he cocks his eye out one mornin' and sees Obey stuffin' part of the hay corral into that thar feiry furnace, he tucks his nose between his forelegs, an' takes to buckin'. He surges out at Obediah an' smites him, an' they has a scrap right thar. An' Obey licks his dad to a pulp, an' hikes off on his cayuse swearin' he'll never come home no more. So, a few days after, old Dickey bein' repentant

gathers up some of the pots an' brings them in here. Also, he uses that furnace for to cremate two cayuses with the glanders that pestered around, an' then, not likin' to be reminded of Obey, he uses the earth out of a cellar he was diggin' to cover the whole business up.

Wall, that was Uncle Zeb's story to me, an' I, not knowin' what he was drivin' at, just looks wise an' waits. Uncle Zeb waits, lookin' at me anxious. I waits some more.

'Well?' says he.

'Well?' says I.

'Willum,' says he, 'You're some slow of understandin'.'

'Mebbe,' I replied, 'but how long are you goin' to stand thar holdin' that pot—are you practisin' to be a fernery?' 'Stead of gettin' mad, Uncle Zeb starts to pile hunks of pottery into a sack, an' grabbin' a spade, hikes out of the door, me followin.' He plugs along till we gets to the new field what he'd fenced out for vegetables, climbs the fence, chuck's down the sack, and sez: 'Willum, in this here humble spot is goin' to be discovered things that'll sure startle all the antiquariootles this side of the loonatic asylum.'

'There ain't nothin' to discover,' says I, bein' still in the dark. With that Uncle Zez picks up a rock an' smites Obediah's darn ole pot a biff that surely busts it all up, an', sez he, 'There, Willum, is the first bunch of antiquities. Then he grabs the spade.

The followin' sinful proceedin's I shore hates to tell you. He scatters ancient works of art all under the earth in that thar field, plumb down to the mound in the hay corral, where Obediah's old crematory was buried. Then we gets on our horses and hikes for the hotel. The antiquary was there, an' had two consumptive lookin' mules hitched to a buckboard, an' there was four slant-eyed sons of Satan, with pigtails a yard long, helpin' load on his hardware. Uncle Zeb rides up.

'Antiquary,' sez he, 'what's this?' An' he hauls out a chunk of Obey's pot all covered with earth and damp.

That there antiquary's eyes stuck out of his head as he looked at it: 'Where did you get it?' he gasps.

'Wall,' answers Uncle Zeb, easy an' smooth. 'I've found a lot of things on my place, Antiquary, an' I fenced off a area where I think there's more,' sez he, 'I didn't want,' he goes on, 'no sacrilegious busters delvin' into the sacred reliques of bygone years what is roostin' under the soil of my humble ranche. But, of course, Antiquary, I would be tickled plumb to my heels to have a shore enuff scientific party like you take what you can find.'

Well, that thar antiquary gets plum affected. He blinks an' looks more hidjus than ever, as he thanks Uncle Zeb for the con-game he's showerin' on him. Then he jumps into his rig with the Chinks, prods them mules most shameful, an', with Uncle Zeb and I in the percession, dusts for the ranch.

When he got that, we gives him a steer, an' before long he finds a hunk that fits the part what he's already got, an' he sets them Chinks to diggin', rapid and complete. He ain't takin' no chances of missin' nothin', for Uncle Zeb, he warns him if he don't do the thing thorough an' proper the cause of science may miss some of Obediah's darn foolishness—only of course he don't say it just that way. Well, it ain't long before that antiquary lets out a yell, an'



"Them doves represent love," says he, "an' love is fundamental!"

announces that he's found a chunk that fits the other two, with the Chink houses an' the pollywogs onto them, an' that it has onto it what he's been longin' for for years, a willie an' two doves.

"Ah! my friends," sez he, "them doves represents love; an' love is fundamental. An' them is the lovers," he says, pointin' at the pollywogs with the pie plates on their heads. "This here," he goes on, "is the dogbustedest discovery of the age." Then he set them Chinks to diggin' that hard their pigtailed wiggled.

"Willum," Uncle Zez whispers, "when this here discovery is completed entire, an' science

has been hoisted about twenty notches, I'll plant the potatoes on this side an' the turnips under the hill. We will now, Willum, go huntin' hosses for a day or two an' let natur' take her course." Uncle Zeb should have been a politician.

Well, Uncle an' I goes cruisin' for stock, an' is gone about a week. When we rides up to the field where that antiquary had found all them fake antiquariosites, we gazes shore amazed at the sight. Uncle's field was dug most beautiful to see, an' the fence about the hay corral was bust all down, an' the cattle had eat Uncle's hay till the stack looked like a bum mushroom. Spades was flyin', an' pig-tails wavin', an' we could see that antiquary had dug up to the old sweat house an' was buzzin' about like a bluebottle. Also, the surroundin' country was plumb full of cattle what had been feedin' at Uncle Zeb's expense.

The ole man surveys the sinful scene for a while an' sez, says he, "Willum, this here is retribution. That antiquary must go." An' he sallies around to the wreck. This side of the stack he stops an' says, "Willum, gather some cactuses," says he, "an' when that antiquary gets into that rig," he says, "slap 'em under the tail of that there consumptive nigh mule."

"Mebbe the antiquary won't get in the rig," says I.

"He won't, eh?" answers Zeb, "you just watch your uncle, Willum."

So I gathers a handful of dried cactuses, an' stands pat; an' Uncle Zeb he pesters over to where that antiquary was swearin' most unscientific at the Chinks. When he sees Uncle he pipes up and says:

"Welcome home, my dear friend," says he, "I owe you a debt of gratitude," he says. "My labors is nearly over, an' I'm preparin' to leave as soon as I looks thorough into this here tomb what I've discovered. There are bones here and more pots." Then, seein' Uncle Zeb standin' solemn an' silent glowerin' at him, he stops an' enquires if anything is wrong.

Then Uncle says, in a voice plumb full of sorrow an' rage: "Mister Antiquary I didn't object to your diggin' up my field," he says, "Uncle Zeb's tellin' the truth for once," thinks I. "An', he goes on, "I was glad the cause of science was advancin'." "But," he roars, "I am grieved plumb to my ears when I behold you delvin' into the restin' place of my sacred dead," he says. Well, that thar antiquary was knocked stiff. He stammered somethin'. But Uncle didn't give him no chance. "You," he howls, "is diggin' into the anatomy of my dear ole grandmother, knockin' blazes out of the bones of Uncle Pete, an' mixin' up the vitals of seven kids of various ages. 'Antiquary,' he

squeaks, 'how in hell do you think the general resurrection's goin' to be a success if you behaves that-a-way? Furthermore,' says Zeb, 'I fear for you antiquary.' 'You're lookin' pimply already,' he yells, 'the whole kaboodle died of the blackest smallpox.'

That antiquary doesn't wait, but emits a doleful howl an' surges out of Obey's old bake oven, an', leavin' the Chinks, jumps into the buckboard. I slaps a poultice of cactuses under the tail of the nigh mule, an' before you could

say 'scat' with your mouth open, he was fadin' in a cloud of dust.

'Willum,' says Uncle Zeb, laughin' to bust, 'I'll be gee-swiggled if that weren't worth a hay stack.' "

The foreman rose and took up the lamp. The insistent bellowing of the cattle swelled on the night wind.

'Turn in fellers,' he said, 'we hit the trail with that bunch of critters at six.'

Soldiers' Poems

THE soldier poetry, on the whole, we find less grim than that of the civilian singers. Much of it is even jovial. And, like the army itself, the soldier poets range in social rank through all degrees—from young Asquith, son of England's late prime minister, to Pat McGill, once a navvy, and Francis Ledwidge, who promised to be to Erin all that Burns is to Scotia, and who, before the war, broke stone and scraped roads in Ireland. That much of this soldier verse is real poetry is beyond question. Listen to McGill's "In the Morning." It has the fidelity of a photograph, and it moves to the swing of victorious marching men.

The firefly haunts were lighted yet,
As we scaled the top of the parapet;
But the East grew pale to another fire,
As our bayonets gleamed by the foeman's
wire;
And the sky was tinged with gold and grey,
And under our feet the dead men lay,
Still by the loop-holed barricade;
Food of the bomb and the handgrenade;
Still in the slushy pool and mud—
Ah! the path we came was a path of blood,
When we went to Loos in the morning.

A little grey church at the foot of a hill,
With powdered glass on the window sill.
The shell-scarred stone and the broken tile,
Littered the chancel, nave and aisle
Broken the altar and smashed the pyx,
And the rubble covered the crucifix;
This we saw when the charge was done,
And the gas-clouds paled in the rising sun,
As we entered Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the shell-scarred plain,
Where Death and the Autumn held their
reign—

Like banded ghosts in the heavens grey
The smoke of the powder paled away;
Where riven and rent the spinney trees
Shivered and shook in the sullen breeze,
And there, where the trench through the
graveyard wound,
The dead men's bones stuck out of the ground
By the road to Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the cellar stair,
Toll of the bomb that found them there,
In the street men fell as a bullock drops,
Sniped from the fringe of Hulloch copse,
And the choking fumes of the deadly shell
Curtained the place where our comrades fell,
This we saw when the charge was done
And the East blushed red to the rising sun
In the town of Loos in the morning.

Totally different in character are his "The Cross" and "Matey", but each in its own way beautiful, the one in its rough pathos, the other in its restrained and tender grief. Then there are the verses of Private Godfrey of the Australian Anzacs, (written in Gallipoli,) the rough and ringing "Red Cross Rhymes" of Robert Service, (a British Columbian,) Arnold Graves, "The Long Retreat", Howard Steele's "Cleared for Action", St John Adcock's "Hymns of Battle", and many another volume of poem or verse, all interpretations of the varied and awful aspects of the war by men actually participating in its heroisms and its horrors. There are also many little volumes of interesting verse—sometimes it is little better than doggerel—that still are of interest and value, as showing how the men on the firing line think and feel. Frank Brown's "Contingent Ditties" and Captain Blackall's rhymes enable one to live with the soldiers as they are read.

Lieut. Calderwood



WHEN Wolfe, reciting Gray's "Elegy" as his troops silently floated down to the base of the citadel on the St. Lawrence, quoted the verse, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," and said, "I should rather have written that than take Quebec," he lapsed for a moment into the licence allowed poetic minds. For Gray's line utters a pessimistic half-truth, which the hero's death on the morrow refuted. Glory is deathless, and though it leads to the grave it trails beyond unto the stars.

So, too, with our fallen heroes of the Western shore. Let one of them, Calderwood, speak to show what I mean.

Leaving Vancouver with the 72nd Highlanders, his last words at the station were: "If I do not come back with the Victoria Cross, I shall remain behind with a little wooden cross."

And his presentiment of supreme sacrifice was still plainer in the last will and testament found on his body, when he fell fighting at the Dardanelles on Aug. 21, 1915. It reads:

"To be read when my name appears on the Roll of Honour.

"My dear ones: Do not grieve for me. God has taken me, His Holy Will be done! I have died a glorious death and am pleased to depart from this world fighting for my King and Country."

He concluded his bequests to relatives and friends thus: "Lastly, I leave my most cherished possession, my sword, to my dear brother, and after his death I would like it to be kept in the family. I know you will all carry out my wishes, and my last wish of all: Have a Mass said for me once a year, and please look after my darling mother. (Signed) Ally."

Of such stuff are made the heroes of the great war, and their glory is our heritage, a story that will grow as it echoes down the corridors of time that is to be.

WM. P. O'BOYLE.

Cam-oo-flahze

Ten quite simple little letters make a mighty useful word,

It's camouflage, yes, camouflage,
Which in these days there is no doubt you've very often heard,

Just camouflage, yes, camouflage;
You can make an armour'd motor car look like a bloomin' bird.
And galloping artillery a wild, stampeding herd.
Now this may sound ridiculous but it's really not absurd,

Camouflage, just camouflage.
Camouflage, deceiving camouflage,
A modern part of speech we've learnt to parse,
Making things look what they ain't
With a brush and pot of paint,
That's the verb—the new verb—to camouflage.

'Tisn't only just in warfare that we have found the use

Of camouflage, yes, camouflage,
Like all things in this naughty world it is open to abuse,

Is camouflage, yes, camouflage.
When you see a little girlie, without the least excuse,
Improving (?) her complexion to a ghastly shade of puce,

With eyebrows made of blacking, well it really is the deuce,

Camouflage, yes, camouflage;
Camouflage, deceiving camouflage,
I wonder what's the matter with their ma's,
For their daughters daub on paint
Till they look like—what they ain't,
But you know it's only camouflage.

Don't forget you men folk sometimes wander in the shady groves

Of camouflage, yes camouflage;
And you don't despise to use it—when it pays—you artful coves,

Yes, camouflage, just camouflage.
There are places where you beauties love to congregate in droves

With Titian-tinted damsels playing Hebes to your Joves,

When you come home to your dinner, that prevailing scent of cloves

Is camouflage, just camouflage,
Camouflage, deceiving camouflage.
You hesitate, why all these hums and hahs?
You've been eating apple pie
Flavor'd with them, that is why?
No, no, my dear, I know it's camouflage.

SUMMERLAND HONOR ROLL

KILLED

Hamilton, L. B. C.	Douglas	Gordon, J.
Barkwell, George		Milligan, W. H.
Naper, F. C.		Barkwell, Harry
Pares, T. G.		McIntosh, D. J.
Kerr, Gordon		Andrews, J.
Herron, D.		Gallaugh, Wm.
Steven, John		Harwood, A.
Knox, T. E.		Joyce, M.
Rea, Ross		Dale, George C.
Van Allen, K. M.		Figgis, H. A.
Treffry, Joseph		Callan, Robt.
Fisher, George		Clouston, A.
Holder, Percy		Halt, C. E. R.

DIED IN HOSPITAL

Wilson, George
McLeod, Geo. H.
Deans, R. F.
Agur, H. W.

WOUNDED

Kennedy, J. C.
Craig, John
Villiers, O.
Rivington, H. J.

Atkinson, Wm.	Snider, B.
Smith, E.	Verrier, Reginald
Nelson, A. E.	Corner, John
Haddrell, Wm.	Smith, Harold
Lewis, H. S.	Guyton, Arnold
Monro, R.	Grieves, Wm.
Clark, Joseph	Fiske, H.
Acland, J. F.	Tingley, A. Bedford
Johnston, E.	Landon, R.
Reid, A. H.	Ashton, A. A.
Fox, F.	Eitchie, Jas.
Callan, Geo. L.	Logie, C. Edward M.
Coutts, James	Brent, J. C.
Phinney, H.	Snyder, Hilton
Hockham, G. B.	Phinney, C.
Bentley, C. E.	Adams, Clarence

O. Uden

THE GOLD STRIPE
SUMMERLAND HONOR ROLL



†PTE. GEO. FISHER



†PTE. G. C. DALE



*PTE. GEO. E. M. LOGIE



†PTE. JOHN STEVENS



†PTE. THOS. OTTERWELL



†PTE. HERBERT A. FIGGIS



PTE. WM. H. MILLIGAN



†LT. GORDON KERR



*GNR. HILTON SNYDER



†PTE. PERCY HOLDEN



*PTE. REG. VERRIER



†PTE. W. E. GALLAUGHER

THE GOLD STRIPE



2ND DIVISION CROSSING THE RHINE—GEN. CURRIE TAKING THE SALUTE—BONNE.
Canadian Official.



ARMORED MOTOR CAR—GRANDE PLACE, MONS.

Canadian Official

With the Motor Ambulance

Grace E. McPherson



Miss Grace McPherson was one of the pioneers among the girl ambulance drivers. She went over "on her own" to the Old Country and joined up in 1916. Her first billet was in the chief paymaster's office in London, where she worked hard and got a chance to go to France, which she did in March, 1917. She has lasting memories of Sir Sam Hughes, who stated that he would stop her, or any other girl, from going to France. Miss McPherson is a true Westerner. She was born in Winnipeg, but has lived at the coast for the last 10 years.

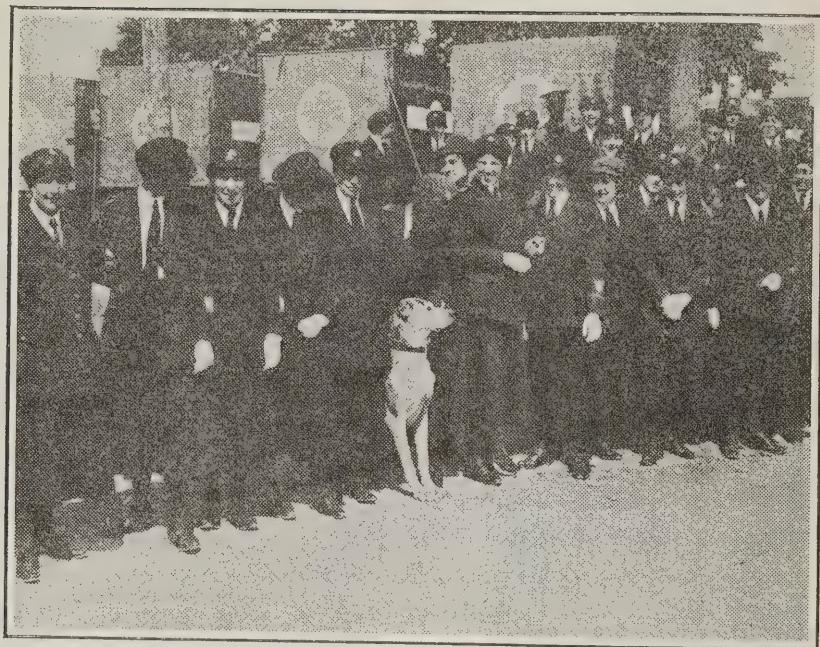
THE Motor Ambulance Convoy at Etaples, about twenty miles from Boulogne, was the largest Red Cross Convoy in France. We served an area comprising over forty thousand beds, and Etaples, besides being the largest Military and Hospital Base, was also the Canadian Base. My first two months there were utterly miserable, and had it not been for some of the Canadian girls whom I met at the various hospitals, I am sure I could not possibly have remained. We Canadian drivers were only three in number then, and our popularity amongst the other girls was not particularly noticeable, unless by its absence, nor did we stand in high favor with the Commandant and four section leaders. I knew the English were conservative in their ideas, and went out prepared to meet them half way—I often felt I had gone all the way and back again. After

two or three months, the girls, who really were sporting, relented somewhat, and now these same girls are my dearest, truest friends, and I value their friendship very highly.

The Convoy was in charge of one Commandant, one second in command, and four section leaders. We had about twenty-five girls, all V. A. D.'s, with a quartermaster in charge of them, to do the cooking and general house and pantry work, and we drivers never envied their drudgery. They had an allowance of four shillings for laundry; we were given the same with an additional ten shillings a week mess allowance, and when laundry and cleaning which averaged twelve francs a week were paid, there was not much left to buy extras for the mess, so finances ran low until we would be reimbursed from home. We also bought our uniforms, and other necessities of camp life. We had the rank of honorary lieutenants, but not the salary, nor do we get any gratuity. We were not supposed to talk to N. C. O.'s or men, and could not go out with an officer without another V. A. D. as chaperon, and then we must have permission from our O. C. With special permission, from the A.D. M.S. (Asst. Director of Medical Services) or A.P.M., we might dine with brother, father or husband, if we were fortunate enough to have any such relative visiting or passing through Etaples. We were not allowed to dance, and any girl suspected of dancing would be sent home within twenty-four hours.

I remember one case, an officer asking me who we were, what we belonged to, and what wages we got—all in one breath—so I told him—all in one breath, "Why anybody should know who we are. We are V. A. D. ambulance drivers with the British Red Cross Society, and we don't get wages, we are just doing this work for honor and glory, and incidentally, pleasant smiles."

The Convoy was divided into four sections, two for night, and two for day duty, and we changed over every two weeks. If there was a "show" on, or if we were extra busy, we had to take turns being lent to the opposite section, which meant thirty-six hours, and often forty-eight on duty at a time, with ten or twelve hours off. Then, too, we had our tyre repair shop, and truly a great deal of energy was used up in putting on old tyres, retreaded to the "nth" degree. At first, many of the girls, not



Etaples Convoy—Deer Park Corner, England.

accustomed to this work, would pinch the inner tubes—and what invectives would follow. I had learned (to change tyres I mean) by experience at home, so refused any help they might offer me, but we all helped each other at pumping, for there was such a lot of it to do. We though nothing of pumping up eight or ten tyres at a time while on duty at the repair shop.

The O. C. inspected our cars every day at twelve o'clock, and there was not much that she ever missed. Each girl was responsible for two, and often three cars a day, so we had not much spare time from 8 a.m., with our rooms to clean as well. Of course, there was a lot of driving to do, and should we be out during the morning, it simply meant more work for the afternoons. One convoy and one evacuation, which usually took about three hours each, was the day's average, though if we were busy, we would be driving continually day and night. Most of the driving was done at night, while for odd calls from the various camps, the night girls took turns, and two would be on "emergency" duty only. They must be dressed and ready to "emerge" at a second's notice. The

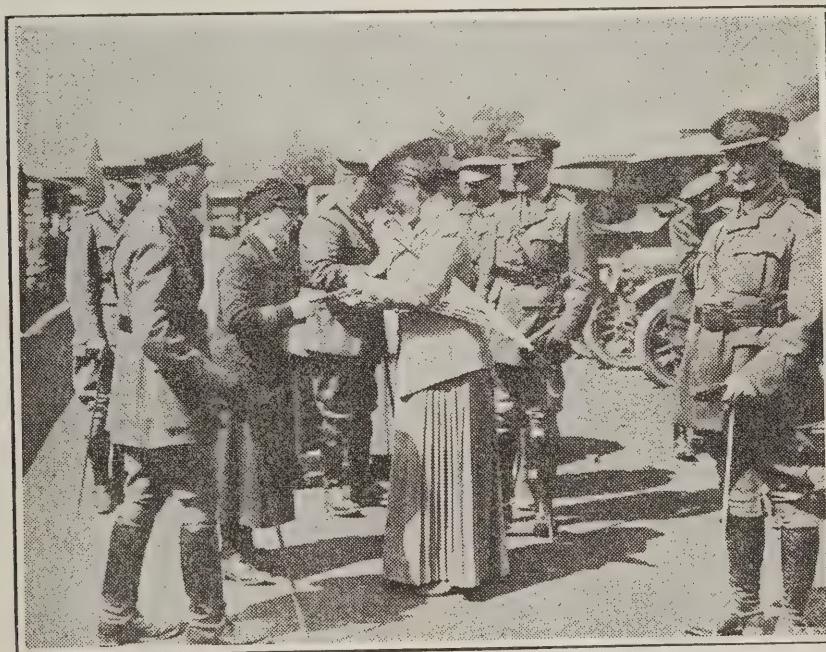
"day" girls were on duty from 7.30 a.m. to 8 p.m., and very rarely were we allowed out for an hour, even if we were not busy, but we could entertain our friends at tea in our recreation hut about three times a week. One day, two Canadian officers came down, and while we were having tea, girls were seen dashing from all sides, throwing on their coats as they went. I told the boys it must be a convoy, and that I should have to go, that they might come again, and tore off without further ceremony. They did come again, and one of them referred to it quite indignantly, seemed to consider it an affront to his dignity that I should have run away, and I, rather indignant myself, retorted, "Man, oh! Man, don't you know there's a war on???" And suddenly, when our wrath had subsided, we heard "Train at Camiers—at once." We dashed madly forth once more—what could he do? Oh, he SMILED.

Let it not be repeated erroneously that my "worst" experiences were the air raids; they were most fascinating and thrilling to all of us, chiefly through ignorance we presumed, and our only thoughts were expressed in sympathy for the men lying wounded in hospitals, and

for the nurses who had to stand by. I think my really and truly worst experiences were being "on the carpet" for various misdeeds—but then we never seemed capable of doing the correct thing in the eyes of the "powers that be." On the second occasion when I had lost an engine bonnet-cover (protector) the "strafing" I got exceeded all expectations, and I tremble even now when I look back upon it. Still, all the girls were terrified of our O. C., and at mess, if

and were ordered to remain in our huts. With each bomb or "Archie" (anti-aircraft guns), shelves and dishes came tumbling down. No bombs struck our convoy, and none of us was hit by the shrapnel which was falling like hail all about us.

The men's quarters of the staff of No. 1 Canadian General Hospital were the first to be hit, suffering about one hundred and fifteen casualties, seventy or more killed, among whom was



Queen Mary signing the Visitors' Book, Etaples Convoy.

she got up to speak, it was invariably about the grievance of some culprit, and out of the hundred or one hundred and thirty girls, I was picked on very generously in deed.

After the raids began last summer, we were not allowed to drive with lights, no matter how cloudy or windy it might be. On May 19th, about 10.15 p.m., the worst raid began, in fact it is said to have been the biggest raid of the whole war. It was the usual beautiful moonlight night, no warning was given, and the lights in the entire district were on fully ten minutes while the bombs were dropping on every side. We had no protection whatever,

Sergt. Brown, a well-known Vancouver boy. The Huns dropped aerial torpedoes, man-killing and incendiary bombs, and while the huts were in flames they swept down and peppered the dead and wounded with machine gun bullets. The nurses' quarters of this hospital suffered to a large extent as well, three nurses being killed instantly and many severely wounded. Many of the other camps had hundreds of casualties too numerous to be given separate mention here, but the total list reached approximately seven hundred and fifty.

There were sixty machines in the raid, coming over in relays of twenty each, and when

there was a lull of a few minutes thirty of the drivers were ordered out, and then the last squadron came over, and we drove and faced the music. There were ghastly, gruesome sights indeed, but it was much nicer to be driving than sitting idle in our huts. None of us had the "wind up" in the least degree, but the men seemed terrified—they realized, no doubt, and we did not. One of the machines made a forced landing as its observer was fatally wounded and some say, strangely enough, that he was hit by an "Archie"! The pilot, when questioned by our driver, who was sent out for them, replied that he was very sorry to have hit hospitals in his last raid on British territory, that they had tried to get the railways and ammunition and supply trains which were standing about fifty yards from our convoy at the time. Instead, they had hit two ambulance trains on another siding. All telephone and telegraph wires were down and destruction was everywhere. Subsequent raids proved that the Huns knew the hospital positions as well as we did, for on the night of May 30th, after the whole hospital area had been decorated promiscuously with enormous red crosses which could be seen about eight miles away, the enemy planes passed over us and bombed the village, burying scores of people in their homes. The peasants evacuated within the next two or three days and it was a pitiful sight to see them leaving their homes and trundling along the roads, some of the more fortunate having a donkey and cart to convey their few belongings to a more peaceful spot. This was the night on which we had promised the Germans that we would not raid their towns in order that they might celebrate their religious rites of Corpus Cristi unmolested. The next night, however, they were not so fortunate—nor were we—for our men went up in the enemy plane which had had its forced landing a week previously, followed the wretched squadron back to its aerodrome, got its location, and on the night of June 1st our planes carried on a most successful raid, bombing the aerodrome and town for eleven hours.

The amount of damage done by the Huns for which we claimed retribution, was appalling, sickening; they simply bombed hospitals and ambulance trains, regardless of all Red Cross signs. The trains were not loaded, but three or four coaches of each were wrecked, and many orderlies killed and wounded.

After the first raid we had a great deal of extra work in carrying sisters to the woods every night, cloudy or clear, to sleep, returning for them at five a.m. or earlier. The day drivers had to go out to the woods as well, and for a few nights we slept under the trees in the

famous Hardelot woods. Then we managed to get a chateau, but the majority preferred sleeping out on stretchers or on the ground itself. Leaving our camps seemed absolutely futile for, surrounding these woods and protected very little by sand dunes, was the largest ammunition dump in France. The woods, chosen by the sisters, adjoined a school for aerial gunnery with an active fighting squadron attached, and a tank and machine gun school on another side. We would leave the convoy about 9 p.m. and return at 6 a.m. to be ready for baths and breakfast at seven.

Our sleep was always disturbed by bombs and "Archies" in some direction, Boulogne, ten miles northwest; Montreuil, which was G. H. Q., eighteen miles from Etaples, and our base being the spots the enemy loved to prey upon. Occasionally day girls would be left at the convoy to help on night duty, and much of that time was spent in dugouts, while all kinds of surprise packets were coming from overhead and then some of the dugout would fall in on us, just as if we were not crowded enough. We were not down very deep, and the dugouts were only shrapnel proof. A few "duds" fell in our convoy, inflicting no damage.

The "show" in March, 1918, when things were looking more than a trifle serious for the Allies was our most strenuous time. We did not distinguish between day or night, and our work was heavier on account of three of our few men on duty at heavy repairing being ordered up the line, and our tyres gave more trouble than ever. In three weeks we carried over forty-eight thousand patients.

These ambulances, about ninety Buicks and McLaughlins in all, were donated by various organizations in Canada, and stood the most disgraceful usage in some instances. It was a marvel that they ever ran at all with the treatment they got (or did not get) from the men from whom we took over.

I returned to England in the autumn of 1918, and for a time was secretary to Lady Perley, who is the most delightful and charming person I have met in my travels. Lady Perley is a mother to all Canadian girls overseas, and we could not fail to appreciate all she has done for us. Leaving Canadian Red Cross Headquarters I became attached to an American Military Hospital in London as head driver.

Returning home I find the people cold and undemonstrative, and on all sides I find the same opinion voiced by the men. Wake up, good people, and give these men a hearty welcome home. Take them to your hearts and homes and help them to re-establish themselves in civilian life.

A Yukon Story

By Pte. G. S. Fitzmaurice, 72nd Seaforth Highlanders.



Pte. Geo. S. Fitzmaurice was born in London, England, and came out to Canada over twenty years ago. After spending two years in the North-West, he came to British Columbia and engaged in fruit ranching in the Okanagan Valley about six years. Leaving the Okanagan he came to the Coast, going afterward to Atlin from where he moved into the Yukon. After spending several years in the North he returned to Vancouver, and from there went to Prince Rupert, where he was in business when the war broke out. He enlisted for overseas in 1915 and joined the 72nd in Vancouver. He was invalided home in the late fall of 1918 and is at present a patient in the Military Hospital at Qualicum, Vancouver Island.

ALL Westerners, and, in fact, the world generally know by this time the type of man that comes back from "up North," as Alaska and the Yukon are familiarly called. One has to use the term "come back," because they had to go there first from somewhere, as before the big gold rush of '97 and '98, the

number of men who had penetrated into the great unknown Northland, was, comparatively speaking, but a handful, and one could almost count on one's fingers, the native born white men, who could claim the distinction of being cradled "North of '53." However, nowadays, Alaskans and Yukoners of the '98 brew rank as pioneers and frontiersmen of the first water alright. Well there were two of them in Bill Banham and Hughie McLeod. They were both typical Canadians, born in Eastern Canada, of the good old English and Scots stock, that started hewing out homes for themselves in the vast virgin forests of Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime provinces, long, long years ago. It is hard to find men nowadays who have the stuff in them to tackle the jobs our forefathers did. But there are some; and it was in the Klondike in the early days, that they were to be found.

Well then, the Great War came.

It took some time for the news that Great Britain had, as was to be expected, stood by her pledge to little Belgium, and declared war on Germany on that momentous summer evening at the beginning of August, '14, to reach many of the furthermost outposts of the Empire.

Bill and Hughie were away off on a lonely creek a hundred and fifty or sixty miles or so west of Whitehorse. They had then put in sixteen years in the Yukon; they had been partners for close on thirty, and but little they knew or cared about European politics. Bill was by far the most go-ahead of the two. Hughie being of a quiet, silent temperament, one of those men that says little, but does things. Their first idea upon hearing the news, was to "mush" in right away and join up at the nearest recruiting place, which was of course Whitehorse. Both men, by the way, were verging on fifty years of age. However, as the story was at first very vague and meagre, Bill got hold of their old pack cayuse, and with a couple of days grub, proceeded to beat it into "town" to size up the situation, leaving Hughie to look after the claim, and kind of straighten things up, so that they would be ready to leave on the jump if things were as serious as rumor had it. It never for a minute seemed to occur to them that there was any question about their going, or being accepted as recruits. Upon arrival in "town," which, of course, was in a seething state of excitement, as all the little



Bill and Hughie were away off on a lonely creek.

places, far away from anywhere, were in those tragic days, Bill at once saw the local doctor, who was acting as recruiting officer. 'The Doc' laughed, "Why Bill," he said, "You're a pretty husky tough sort of a chap alright, but away over age for this army stuff, see, here are the rules and regulations."

Bill's expression was a study. One of the points the Doc' mentioned, was imperfect teeth. "Say Doc'," Bill replied, "I might get kind of mad of course when I got out there, but I didn't figure on having to eat the goldarned Dutchmen." Well, this was a bit of an unexpected turn of events, and the tall, lithe, sinewy Northerner was not satisfied at letting it go at that. He bought a ticket for Victoria right away, determined to see the higher authorities, who would, of course, accept him, and he would soon be on the way to Germany with the bunch. He sent word of his doings to his partner, tell-

ing him to come right along, as they would sure be able to connect up in a short while. At Victoria things were decidedly confusing, nothing but clerks rushing around all day, hundreds of men, all ages and sizes standing around, impatiently awaiting information as to what was going to happen to them next, as regards getting them overseas. The old motherland was in trouble and it was there that they must be, right away quick. Over age, was again the answer that Bill got to his application for enlistment. The recruiting officer, who in the nature of things was up to his eyes in work, of course could not spend much time in explanations, in refusing Bill's humble demand to be allowed to go off to a foreign land, and probably give up his life for his country. Bill took a ticket for Ottawa. A man who could drop a mountain sheep at three hundred yards, pack eighty pounds on his back all day in a sweltering sun, or "mush" behind a dog-team over the Arctic trails in the dead of winter with the thermometer at fifty below, was not going to be kept back, when there was "a general rush," a big stampede on; only this time it was not gold that was the lure. Arriving at Ottawa, his first time East for thirty years, Bill was kind of lost in the big city. A cocky and dapper little French Canadian doctor turned him down cold, without as much as word of regret that he was unable to pass him for overseas. The old Klondiker set his lips. "H—l," he muttered to himself, "We'll have to go to the head bosses of this show, and I guess London will be my next stopping place." It wasn't a very exciting trip for poor Bill. His travelling companions were not of the class that held much interest for him, but he did not mind, he was on the way. Of Bill's experiences upon arrival at Liverpool, and later in London much might be written. The poor old motherland was sure in a turmoil, and, of course, he was lost in the general scramble. He located the War Office though, and made his application to enlist, which was getting a bit stereotyped by this time. Upon the officials realizing what kind of a man was here, credit must be given the much abused department, they expressed sorrow at not being able to grant his wish. It was certainly very fine and patriotic of him, and they would be glad to enlist him for home service.

"Home service be d—," said Bill. "Do you think I have 'mushed' eight thousand miles, to stay here in this Noah's Ark country, and be a toy soldier? Nothing doing. I want to have a crack at them Dutchmen." He left the War Office and wandered for a week around the streets of the world's greatest city. Surely



"Home Service be d—d," said Bill.

never was a man more lonely. In that vast homogeneous mass of humanity he did not seem to be able to find a single soul to foregather with. Many were there of course, but where? At the expiration of a week, Bill saw nothing for it but to hit back for God's country. He was powerless to further his ambition. So he set sail for the West again. After arriving at New York, and spending a short while visiting the old folks at his boyhood home in the East, he hied him back to the good old Pacific coast, and the early spring found him in his old beloved Yukon again. He and his partner spent the summer working on their claim, and before the fall set in, they had a good stock of grub out on the creek ready for the winter's work. Now many men, after going through what Bill had, to try and serve his King and country, would have been through with the business, and said, "To h—l with the war, they can fight it out their own way now." But not so Bill. Shortly before he and his partner Hughie were to pull out with their last load of grub, to settle down for the winter, he approached his friend the Doc' again. "Isn't there any chance of getting in on this scrap at all Doc'?" he asked. The latter replied, "Well, see here Bill, a bunch of men went down yesterday, and if they are accepted, why there is a chance for you. I don't want though, you to

go to Victoria and be turned down again you know, I'll let you know in a day or two anyhow. Bill stuck around, restless as the devil, taking a hand at solo with the boys, to kind of keep his mind occupied. In a few days word came back to the Doc', "Send along any more men you have of the stamp of the last lot, that are knocking around, they are just the sort we are after."

When Bill heard this he was away in the seventh heaven of delight, and walked around with his chest out, and the smile that won't wear off. He hurried up to his partner with the good news. "Well, Hughie, old sox, I'm going alright this trip, what do you think about it?" "I guess I'm with you," was all that Hughie replied. A few minutes later the latter said, "What about our thousand dollars' worth of grub on the creek?" "Oh to h—l with that," said Bill, "the other boys can use it. If we come back they can fix us up then; if not, why what will it matter?" So the two tough, hardy Yukoners joined as fine a battalion as ever left Canada, the 67th, the Western Scots, and a year or so afterwards were "carrying on" up to their waists in the mud of the Somme in those terrible days in November, '16.

This is a true story. Those two stalwarts as far as the writer knows, got through and may be back in their old haunts.

GHOSTS OF OLD WARS

by
Isabel Ecclesone Mackay

Ghosts of old wars! draw near in dim review
 With all your glories, miseries and scars,
 We would have counsel and concern of you,
 Ghosts of old wars!

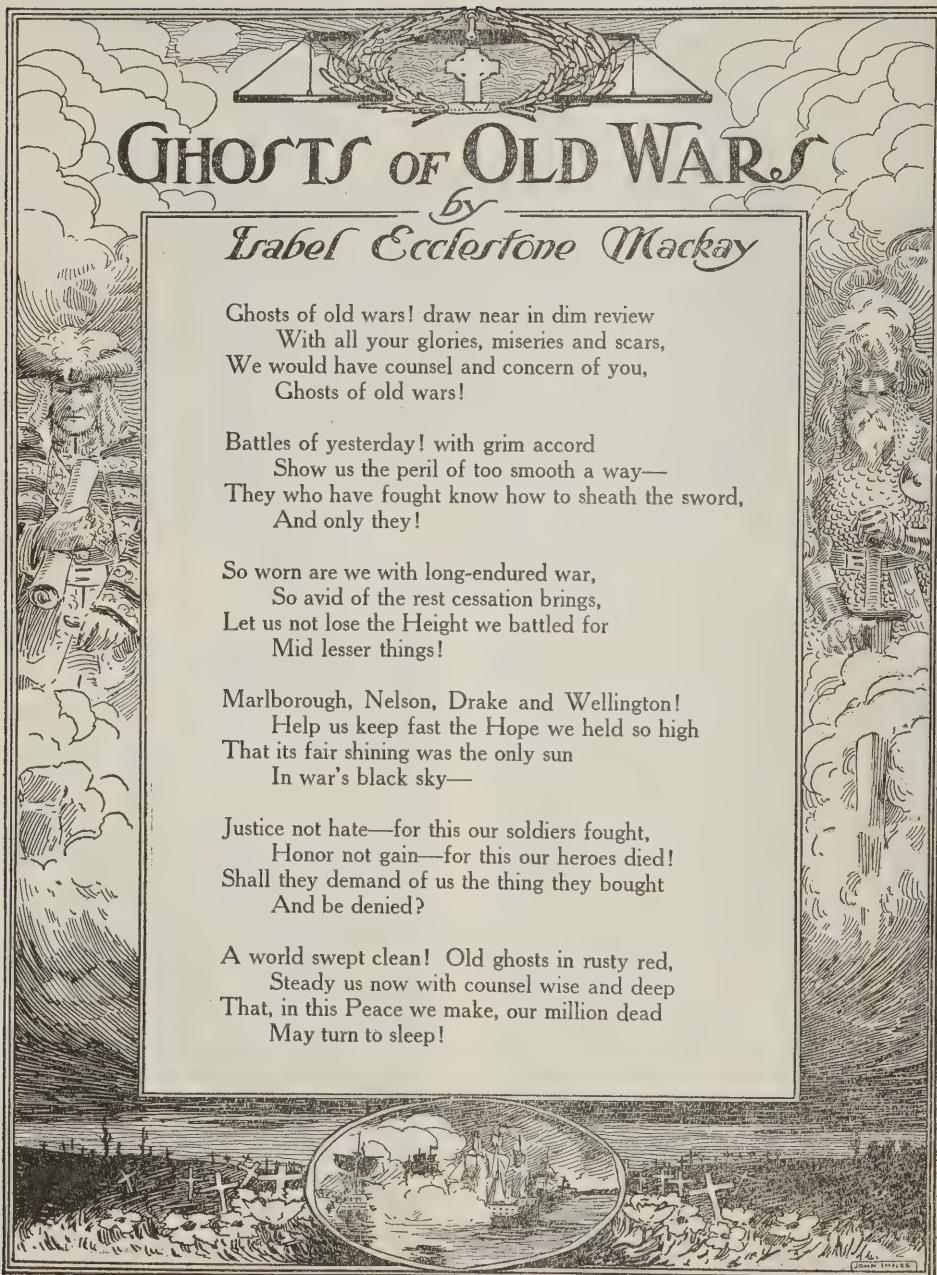
Battles of yesterday! with grim accord
 Show us the peril of too smooth a way—
 They who have fought know how to sheath the sword,
 And only they!

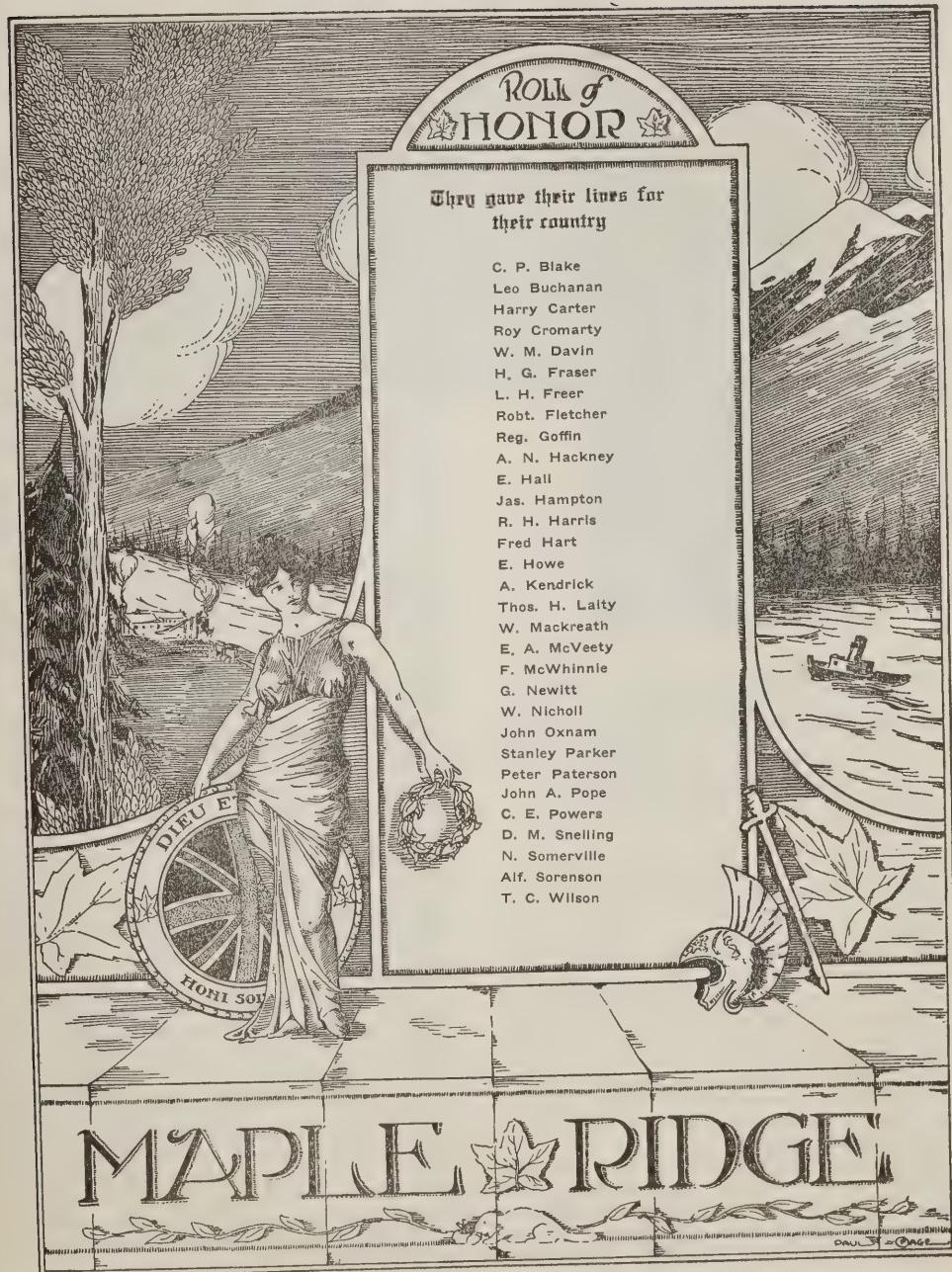
So worn are we with long-endured war,
 So avid of the rest cessation brings,
 Let us not lose the Height we battled for
 Mid lesser things!

Marlborough, Nelson, Drake and Wellington!
 Help us keep fast the Hope we held so high
 That its fair shining was the only sun
 In war's black sky—

Justice not hate—for this our soldiers fought,
 Honor not gain—for this our heroes died!
 Shall they demand of us the thing they bought
 And be denied?

A world swept clean! Old ghosts in rusty red,
 Steady us now with counsel wise and deep
 That, in this Peace we make, our million dead
 May turn to sleep!





Story of the Regina Trench

By Major J. S. Matthews



While Major J. S. Matthews needs no introduction as a company commander of the gallant 102nd Battalion, it will not be generally recollected, unless by older residents of the city—for Major Matthews has lived for twenty years in Vancouver—that he was an ardent militiaman years before the war. The Sixth Regiment claimed him first as private, later as officer, and it was in these earlier days that he became known as an enthusiast on machine gunnery. Major Matthews has the honour, in fact, of being the first person to set up a school of machine gunnery in British Columbia.

IF I remember rightly it was on December 10th, 1915, that authority to commence recruiting was granted. A little over thirteen months afterwards our battalion laid claim to six months' strenuous service in the field. December tenth we were given authority to reenlist. The first of April saw us up to full strength and on the tenth of June we were a sorry looking 102nd. Of about forty-three officers who left England, ten lay dead, sixteen wounded, thirteen had been appointed to brigade or other duties and only four of the originals remained. But we had captured Regina Trench.

We experienced our first casualties at Ypres. Major Johnson, of Kamloops, was shot through the head. My own company left several of its members to lie in graves on Belgian soil. After a month we left Ypres

and went to the other extreme end of the British line, a hundred and ten miles away on the Somme.

We marched most of that distance, taking our kitchens with us and cooking as we went. Bands are not permitted to be taken to France, but we smuggled ours over, and oh, how they were appreciated. I cannot say that their repertoire was large, it seemed to consist of three tunes only: "Our Director," "The Men of Harlech," and "The Marseillaise," but those bandsmen worked. Packs are heavy, nearly sixty pounds, and sometimes the mud is deep and music lightens the load. As we passed through the French villages we always played "The Marseillaise," and the old men—the old graybeards—and the priests, with the women and children who lined the roadside, raised their hats to us as we went by. In the fields might be seen women digging, and occasionally, a couple of boys struggling with a plough. Sometimes their plough would burrow deep down in the earth, and sometimes it would skim along the surface. But they made a gallant effort.

In time we reached the town of Albert on the Somme. Just before arriving we received a welcome consignment of comforts from the ladies bountiful in British Columbia. As we approached we were astonished at the gigantic array of military preparation. As far as the eye could reach, for miles, nothing but one conglomeration of soldiers, horses, wagons, tents, shelters, motor cars, balloons, Y.M.C.A.'s, Red Cross hospitals and ammunition for gun and rifles, piled in huge square heaps covered with green sods to hide them from hostile aircraft. Two great streams of military life flowed constantly to and fro, one coming and one going. Scores of motor lorries and wagons piled high with hay, rations and so on followed large and small bodies of men on foot or horseback, and behind them again a mixture of ambulances and motorbicycles. There was little noise and no confusion. Darkness made little difference. Indeed, within the salient much of the work was done at night under cover of darkness. Those battalions for the time being engaged in active operations were usually camped within the salient. Here and there a tent might be seen, but generally their only covering was a low tarpaulin shelter stretched over wires



On the Western Front—the ever-moving Artillery.

suspended between stakes and under which the men crawled for shelter and sleep. On the horizon, the bursting shells made puffs of black or white smoke, and away in the distance, not far behind the front line, were the sausage-looking balloons, sometimes two or three, at others, thirty or forty, observing the effect of fire, while an occasional fight between aeroplanes went on over us.

We marched up the Bapaume road in battle order to take our place in the line. Around for miles in all directions was a sea of shell holes. There lay a couple of disabled tanks, the first of their kind, great huge things about the size of a street car, with two-inch guns sticking out of their sides and their steering wheels behind, here a fallen aeroplane too near the firing line for salvage. Artillery was everywhere, but all hidden, frequently in pits below the ground level. Waiting motor ambulances had been left a mile behind us, but here were the horse ambulances patiently waiting for a load. The holes are deep with mud, and it is all the horses can do to get their loads back to the motors. The front line is two miles on.

To the left are a few stumps of trees, and the gable end of what appears to have been a church—that is Courcelette. The shallow dip is Death Valley, well named. The crest of that rise is our front line facing Regina Trench. Regina Trench, a German trench with a Canadian name, had been attacked three times unsuccessfully before its final capture. On October 8th, the famous 16th left many of its kilts hanging on the wire, which had not been properly cut. They

held it for a day but the battalions on the right and left did not come up and they were ordered to retire. Cutting wire is done by shell fire, not by men, and before an attack is launched, it is necessary to see that it has been sufficiently well destroyed to let our men pass it. To give you an idea of the power of a shell in cutting wire, I would tell you of a rifle barrel, a solid piece of metal, twisted into the shape of a horse shoe by the mere force of a shell explosion.

Just as we reached the line a small attack took place, but was driven off. We had a few casualties. All morning it rained. The attack was for seven minutes past two in the afternoon, but at that hour the situation was desperate. The mud was knee deep everywhere. The liquid mud had got through the covers on the machine guns and rifles, making it useless to attempt to operate them. The mud was in one's pockets and up one's sleeve and we were floundering around. It was madness to attack. About noon the cancellation order came. That evening we marched back to Albert, which we reached about one in the morning, and the men lay down, wet as they were, in their clothes for a good sleep—no blankets, just a rubber sheet on the ground.

The next afternoon we were all on our way back to the front line, but this time it was busses, London street busses, which took us up as far as Poziers. Darkness came on and we picked up a fresh supply of bombs at the sugar refinery, each man carried two in his pocket, and a little farther on, our picks and shovels, each man a shovel and every third one a pick. We finally took up our position



Major H. E. Homer-Dixon, of Vernon, B.C., commanding No. 2 (Prince Rupert) Company, 102nd Battalion in attack on Regina Trench October 21st, 1916. Seriously wounded early in action, and still under medical care.

in the front line. My own company's casualties in getting in were twelve killed and wounded.

The contour of the land was rolling, but bare as a board. The attack orders which I received from Col. Warden told me that the 102nd was attacking on a two-company front of three hundred and fifty yards, divided equally between Major Homer-Dixon and myself. My company formed the extreme left of the Canadians and, on my left, were the English, the Essex regiment. Major Homer-Dixon, of Vernon, and his company were on my right and our two companies were to go over in two waves. We were to be followed by Major Rothnie, of Kamloops, and his company, which when sufficiently well shaken out, was to cover the entire rear of the two leading companies and form the third and fourth waves or moppers up and carriers.

The first wave was to jump off immediately the barrage commenced, and stooping low to avoid our own shells fired over our heads, was to keep close up to it. The other waves were to follow at thirty yards distance.

The front lines on the Somme could hardly be dignified by being called trenches. They were more like a morass. It was quite possible to get stuck in the mud like a fly on

sticky paper and not be able to move a foot unless someone came to your assistance. In any case, crowding so many men into one trench was liable to result in heavy casualties, consequently I was instructed that on arrival that evening I should set to work and dig saps out from the front line into No Man's Land for a distance of thirty or forty yards, and put heads in them. The saps and the heads were for the occupancy of Major Rothnie's company which was to lie low in them until after the first and second waves had passed over, when they were to follow on. We completed the work about three o'clock when word came up that the saps wouldn't do at all and that in their place a long trench parallel to the front line, but thirty yards in the rear was to be dug with all speed before dawn. It was now about three a.m. and it was with a heavy heart that I had to order those tired men to do it. Well, to show you what men will do, that trench was down four feet for three hundred and fifty yards before dawn. It was then Saturday and these men had slept less than eight hours since reveille on Wednesday, yet they were to attack about noon. The nights were bitterly cold. The men were wet; their food was ice cold water, bully beef and biscuits. Some were minus great coats either lost or so soaked by mud and water that the weight made it no longer possible to carry them. I shared a thin macintosh with one of my runners. We sat back to back he with an arm down one sleeve and myself with an arm down the other and we wrapped it around us and tried to keep warm from the heat of each other's bodies. Now attack orders always state a zero hour at which the barrage will open up and for two minutes will rest in front of the trench to be attacked then for two minutes on the trench, then for one minute one hundred yards beyond, then for two minutes two hundred yards beyond, and so on. No one is told the exact time of zero until shortly before—a wise military precaution.

Just before noon the runner came around with the watch so that we could all set our watches correctly. Then at six minutes past twelve the barrage opened up with a clap like a thousand thunders. The grandest sight I ever saw was to see the 102nd crossing to attack. On both sides of me the waves were advancing in long straight lines. I gave no orders. There was no shouting. The instant the barrage opened the men just went, I followed. As I got out of the trench with the second wave I involuntarily exclaimed to my sergeant-major, "Oh, look, look," and I



Major Geo. Rothnie, commanding No. 4 Company, 102nd Battalion, in attack on Regina Trench October 21st, 1916. Reported missing after attack, presumed killed.

pointed to that perfect body moving over in magnificent order. It was a noble sight. A few men were falling, one here and one there, and the line began to get ragged. The soft, shell-ploughed ground made hard walking, and one or two men seemed to be slowing down, but not very much. We were talking, and I told one to come along, not to be afraid. We were getting too close to the barrage, so we lay down for a moment in a shell hole, my batman on my right and my sergeant-major on my left with the S.O.S. rockets. We were not going to be out of signals if we wanted the artillery to help us in the night. My runners were near me, too.

It is impossible for a human being to describe a barrage. The earth was splashing up in great black fountains and the roar was terrific. One could hardly hear oneself speak and the machine guns were rattling. Presently, I exclaimed, "Oh, there she goes," and off we went again. It was a perfect barrage, clear cut and straight and it lifted all along the line in one well-defined sheet of nasty grey smoke and bursting shells. Major Rothnie was sitting on his heels, revolver in hand, getting Germans out of a dug out. They were scuttling back ever so fast. You know how mongrel dogs run when you heave a brick at them. We worked up into the first wave.

Out in front of us was a group of machine gunners, slipping along with their gun to establish an outpost for protection against counter attack. It was about five hundred yards across. Then something hit me a blow on the head, and I went down.

You will perhaps pardon me if the narrative now becomes somewhat personal, for I know little of what went on after being hit, beyond that relating to myself personally. My faithful old batman, Taylor, was with me in an instant. I thought that I had but a minute or two to live and I gave him a message. Then he said a funny thing: "I don't think it has gone through, sir." He took the bandages out of my pocket and bandaged my head like a nurse. There, out in the bald open, exposed to all that fierce fire, he was coolly dressing me. Then he called some men, and those four grand fellows, two of them I grieve to say, are no longer, dragged me back a hundred yards to a deep shell hole. My binoculars and revolver were dragging behind me on their lanyards, and their treading on them pulled my body out of their hands, so they slipped my whole kit loose and let it go. They wanted to carry me right back to where we had started at the risk of their lives, and I had to beg them to leave me where I was. Taylor went off and came back with a dead German's steel helmet, which he slipped onto my head for protection. Then he found a German coat which he laid over me to keep me warm. As I lay there I could see the trench was full of German dead. Then I saw the contact aeroplane flying over me up the trench, and calling to us, "Honk, Honk, Honk," on his horn, and our men were signalling to him with smoke flares. A message, as it were, which he could see and photograph and take back the glad news that Regina Trench was ours. Presently Capt. Nichols came along—he was my second, poor fellow, he never saw Albert again—and gave me a drink of water. I asked him to take over my command. Then Joe came, Lieut. Joe Wilson, son of Mr. Blake Wilson, and he gave me a drink of whiskey. It soon became apparent by the traffic that the shell hole was part of Regina Trench. The barrage we had followed had so completely churned up the earth that Regina Trench had been obliterated, and we had unknowingly overrun our mark. All this time Taylor was digging, digging deep and quick, like the others. Then he, too, was hit, in the hand, and he stopped.

Presently, in about an hour I told Taylor I would try to crawl. It was slow, tedious work. Taylor helped and soon got me on

my feet and almost carried me till we got back to our old front line. He tugged and persuaded, but I wanted to lie down in the dry spots where the mud was but six inches or a foot deep, but Taylor would not let me. Presently, the poor fellow became exhausted and fainted, and I was rather glad, because I wanted peace to sleep. But, bad luck, he came to and I had to go on five or six yards at a time. My sergeant-major passed me, and I spoke: "Are you hurt?" "Yes," he replied, "my arm is broken." Finally we came near the dressing station and a man came out and helped. I am afraid I did not then appreciate as I should the efforts of those noble men. I begged them to drop me and leave me lying, but it was of no use, I had to go. Speaking to Taylor afterwards in his cot in hospital, I said: "Taylor, you did not do what I told you that day," and he smiled and said, "Ah, well, sir for one day I was boss."

The sun was setting when we reached Courcellette dressing station. It had taken us five hours to make twelve hundred yards. The dressing station was the cellar of an old brewery and that night I was carried on a stretcher covered with warm blankets, to the nearest point for transport. It was a cold, clear night and I watched the stars twinkle

with the star shells from the Germans. The first transport was an improvised mud sleigh of two runners, and some cross boards dragged over the shell-holed road by a horse. There were three of us on it—a German, a Canadian, and myself. It soon tore to pieces and dumped us in the mud, that is, the Canadian and me. The German stayed on, and went on with the horse. The horse ambulance on wheels, the motor ambulance, the clearing station, dry warm socks, hot water bottles, hot bovril, the hospital train the hospital at Etaples soon followed, and finally—England.

And now a word about the men. They were grand, and there was little or no crime; no grumbling and no quarrelling, everyone trying his best to meet the difficulties. The evolution from the time the soldier is recruited is remarkable. The recruiting officer is most diplomatic. He must be very careful or he will alarm his prey, and he will take wings and fly. But once in his meshes, the strange discipline may get irksome, and the recruit inclined to be revolutionary. As it grows stricter and stricter, the gulf between officer and man may get even wider and wider; but once in France it all disappears. There you get true comradeship. I would not part with my recollections of the past for a million.



Gommecourt—a pretty little town as the Huns left it.



(By Pte. John W. Thompson.)

We went to other lands beyond our own,
God gave us its vastness for ourselves alone.
Here hills on hills in grand succession rise,
Whose lofty crests comingle with the skies,
Where summits gilded with the sunset's glow
Seem to reflect their wealth of gold below;
And smiling prairies fruitful to the brim
Extend beyond to the horizon's rim.
Where rivers flow that rise beyond our ken
Through forests unexplored by living men,
And lakes unnumbered in the valleys green
Like azure mirrors fill the space between,
Where stately maples rear their heads on high,
Our nation's emblem flaunted to the sky.
We do not seek for other lands afar
To steal by conquest as the spoils of war.
But while from others we are asking more
I say, by Heaven! We must protect our own.
This glorious realm was ne'er designed to feel
The grinding impact of the German heel.
Ours to defend it with our latest breath,
Our only watchword, Victory or Death!

The Soldiers

(By Lady Roddick)

Sternly march the soldier men,
Straight ahead,
Where they're led,
Ready for self-sacrifice,
Braving death in any guise.
Straight ahead,
Where they're led.

Sternly march the splendid hosts,
Never flinching from their posts,
Facing frightful odds at first,
When o'er peaceful lands war burst,
Beating back the hated foe
With a strong united blow.

Thinking of our soldier men
There's no duty we will shirk,
Rain or shine will stop no work,
Thinking of our soldier men.

"Pro Patria"

By Sir Owen Seaman

OF a vivid quality, and varying in range from invective to humor, is the poetry of Sir Owen Seaman, the gifted editor of "Punch." His "Pro Patria" is one of the noble poems of the war.

England, in this great fight to which you go,
Because where Honor calls you, go you
must,
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just.

* * * *

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep
With smiling lips, and in your eyes the
light,
Steadfast and confident, of those who keep
Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait,
High hearted ever, strong in faith and
prayer,
We ask what offering we may consecrate,
What humble service share.
To steel our souls against the lust of ease:
To find our welfare in the general good;
We hold together, merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood;

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence, though our hearts may
bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For other's greater need;

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;
With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat;

This be our part, for thus we serve you best,
So best confirm your prowess and your
pride,
You warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide.

Sir Owen has written one of the finest of the many poems that have the Cross for its motif. It is "The Wayside Calvary," and was written on the first anniversary of the war. It is an indictment the more scathing because of its measured gravity.

Coquitlam

Roll of Honour

Killed in Action

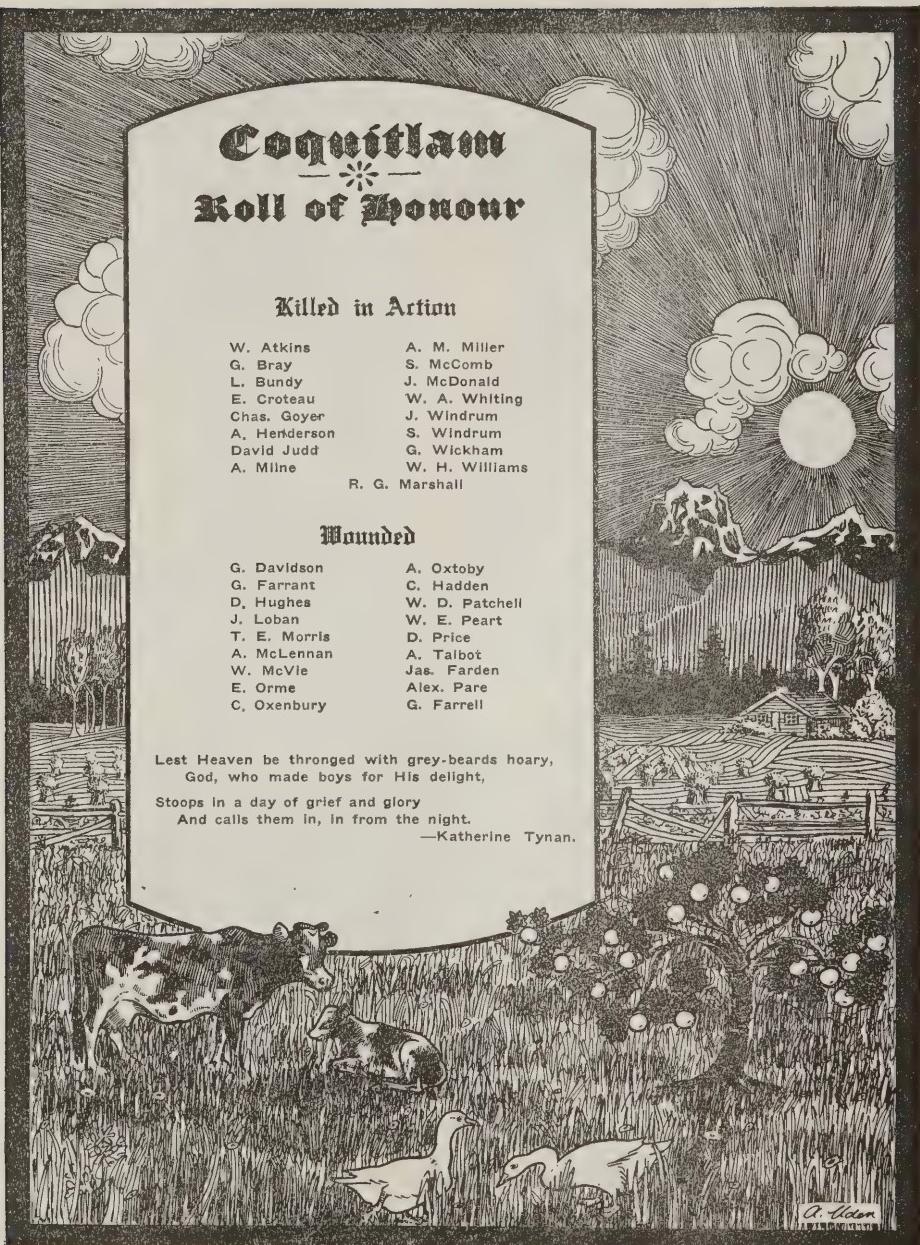
W. Atkins	A. M. Miller
G. Bray	S. McComb
L. Bundy	J. McDonald
E. Croteau	W. A. Whiting
Chas. Goyer	J. Windrum
A. Henderson	S. Windrum
David Judd	G. Wickham
A. Milne	W. H. Williams
R. G. Marshall	

Wounded

G. Davidson	A. Oxtoby
G. Farrant	C. Hadden
D. Hughes	W. D. Patchell
J. Loban	W. E. Peart
T. E. Morris	D. Price
A. McLennan	A. Talbot
W. McVie	Jas. Farden
E. Orme	Alex. Pare
C. Oxenbury	G. Farrell

Lest Heaven be thronged with grey-beards hoary,
 God, who made boys for His delight,
 Stoops in a day of grief and glory
 And calls them in, in from the night.

—Katherine Tynan.



THE GOLD STRIPE



CARRYING WOUNDED COMRADE

Canadian Official.



BRITISH PLANE DOWN BEHIND LINES

Canadian Official.

THE GOLD STRIPE

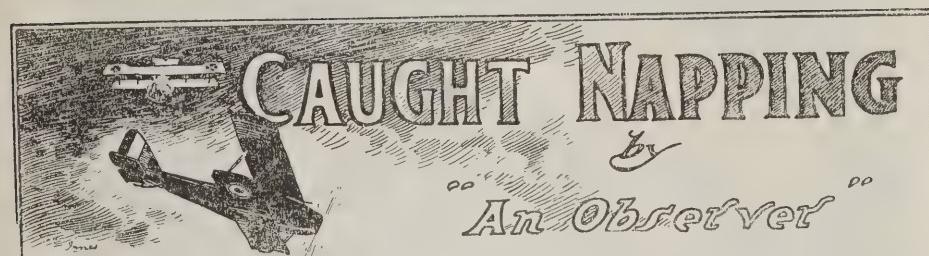
ROLL OF HONOUR

THE DISTRICT OF PENTICTON IN THE OVERSEAS FORCES
for service in the fight for Freedom and Liberty, against the Germanic Powers.



And now to-day has come along
With rifle, haversack, and pack,
We're off, a hundred thousand strong,
And some of us will not come back.

**Not all we ask, if that
Is this Within your he
This single-line memo
HE DID HIS DUTY AND IT**



MY pilot, Curly, strolled in at the door of the Nissen hut, which served as the ante-room to B flight's mess. Seeing me reclining gracefully in a canvas chair, he hailed me with:

"Come on, Old Top; we've got to spring into the air."

"The devil!" said I, "thought we'd done our job of work for this afternoon."

It was a hot August day, and it annoyed me that my afternoon siesta should be thus nipped in the bud, and I cursed the Kaiser and his minions with fervour.

"Hell of a war, isn't it?" said Pip, sympathetically, from the doorway, from which point of vantage he was eyeing Johnny speculatively.

"It wouldn't be a bad old world if there were no war—and no Scotsmen," he added maliciously. Johnny, however, refused to be baited, and remained absorbed in his patience. Johnny and Pip were pilot and observer, and beneath their apparent antagonism concealed a warm regard for each other.

"What time do we flip?" said I, turning to Curly, now that the immediate possibility of a scrimmage between the Heavenly Twins, as we dubbed Johnny and Pip, was past.

"Three o'clock—photos—some Staff Captain at Corps had a brain wave, and wants about a dozen photos urgently," said Curly laconically. "Coming up to the aerodrome now?"

"Not just yet, I'll be on deck when you want me," I answered, stretching myself in my canvas chair again.

As Curly strolled away, a tall fair-haired youth in Flying Corps uniform, but without either pilot's or observer's wing on his tunic, slipped unobtrusively into the hut. He was the latest arrival in the squadron—an "observer on probation" according to orders, and had yet to earn his wing.

For the information of those of my readers who are unfamiliar with Flying Corps procedure, an observer, unlike a pilot, can only 'put up his wing' after he has been flying at the

front for some time, and has satisfied his squadron commander that he is qualified for it.

"Snowball," as the irrepressible Pip had promptly christened him on account of his fair hair, was new to the ways of France, and was ready to absorb advice, good or bad, like a sponge. He dropped into a chair near mine, and murmured by way of opening the conversation; "Awfully hot to-day, isn't it?"

"Damned hot," I mumbled.

"I'm going on a patrol this afternoon," he ventured, with conscious pride.

He had so far only been up on "joy rides," as any trip which does not necessitate crossing the lines is called.

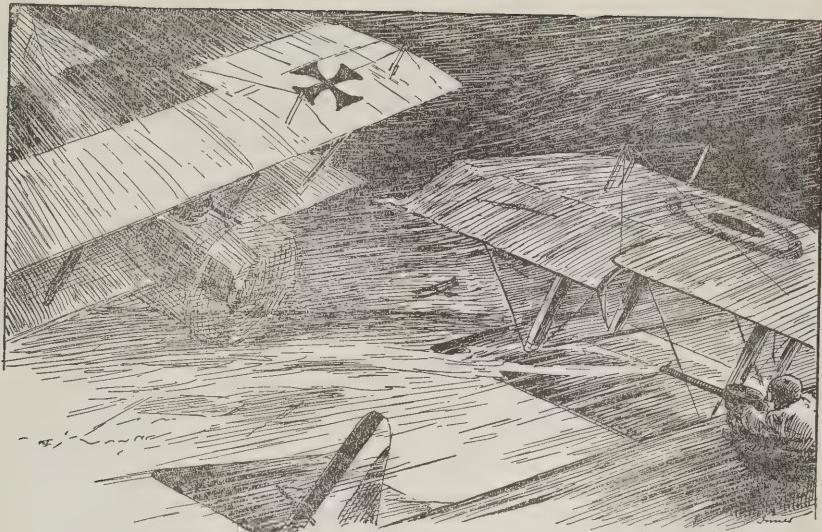
"Oh?" I replied drowsily, "well, take care of yourself, and don't get caught napping. More machines go West through the observer going to sleep on the job than any other way," I added. Little did I think that in another two hours time I should be caught napping! However, of that anon.

Now, dear reader, don't please take my words too literally, and assume that any sane observer would dream of taking a siesta in mid air anywhere near the lines. It is a fact, though, that many good pilots and observers have "gone west" through looking at one spot just a second too long. Continued vigilance whilst flying where there may be Huns about, is the surest guarantee to a long life in the Air Service, where attack may come from any direction, usually the least suspected.

At half past two, I sauntered up to the aerodrome, which was about a quarter of a mile away. I arrived just in time to see our bus being wheeled out of the hangar by six perspiring mechanics.

At the Squadron Office I found Curly pouring over a huge map, or rather series of maps pinned to the wall, which showed some twenty-five miles of the front, and 'back areas' on a large scale. Numerous little blue flags on pins indicated the points to be photographed.

"Healthy looking crop," I remarked, run-



A second Hun was diving on us from the side

ning my eyes over the scattered blue flags. "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-seven—pretty well scattered too: we'll cover quite a bit of Hun territory to get that little lot."

Having got all the information we required, we donned our flying kit, and went out to our machine.

While the engine was being run up, I glanced critically over my Lewis gun, and saw that I had enough ammunition, and then turned my attention to the camera, and stowed away the spare boxes of plates.

My seat was in the rear of the Pilot's, in a circular cock-pit, and well clear of the planes, so that my view and field of fire was as unobstructed as possible.

The camera was behind me, set in the bottom of the fuselage. It was a new automatic type, just come into use, and could be operated from the pilot's seat, but in the event of the automatic device going out of order it could be worked by means of various levers and plungers on the camera itself. This, however, necessitated the observer getting down on the bottom of his cock-pit, a dangerous practice in hostile territory. Thereby hangs this story.

A few minutes later, we taxied out onto the aerodrome with a mechanic at each wing tip, swung round head into the wind and a moment later were roaring across the green expanse with our tail well up; the next instant the

ground seemed to fall from under us.

I clapped a drum of ammunition on my Lewis gun, and then leaned comfortably back in my cock-pit, enjoying the delicious rush of air, after the sultry heat of the ground.

It was one of those days about which the official communiques say that "there was little aerial activity owing to poor visibility." A thick brown haze, unknown to the man below but familiar enough to airmen, rendered objects on the ground, especially towards the sun, indistinct and hazy. The camera, however, can usually penetrate the haze.

We gradually climbed to about 8,000 feet and then approached the lines, flying up and down on our own side; while Curly picked out through the haze the nearer of the points to be snapped, and I searched the sky for signs of Hun machines.

The reading public are now more or less familiar with the work and exploits of our fighting squadrons, but are surprisingly hazy as to the work done by corps or artillery squadrons; largely I expect, because their work is less picturesque and dashing than that of the former. The work of corps pilots and observers is far more varied, and in many respects just as arduous. To their lot falls co-operation with the artillery, the taking of all forward photographs, co-operation with the infantry in attack, and in some squadrons, day and night bombing. They fly slower and heavier ma-

chines than those used for fighting, slower both in speed and climb. The result is that they only fight when Herr Fritz thinks the odds are strong enough in his favor to warrant an engagement; an obvious disadvantage from our point of view.

Wherever possible they are supposed to avoid an engagement in favor of their more particularized work; but hard experience has taught them that when Huns were met the safest course was to turn and fight it out. This policy has given the gentle Hun a wholesome respect for our two-seaters, so much so that as far as personal experience goes, my pilot and I were never molested by less than formations of four enemy machines, even when we were well behind their own lines and alone.

I had picked out several single Hun machines well behind their lines, and watched a patrol of five come up from the south, turn at the La Basse Canal, and head down again towards Lens, gradually disappearing into the distance.

I was now keyed up to a state of tense expectancy. The last few moments before "going over" I always found most trying—wondering when the pilot was going to "do it." It was almost a relief when the first black Archie bursts suddenly rent the air about us.

Glancing over Curly's shoulder I saw that our altimeter had just passed the 9,000 mark. At that moment he turned towards me, grinned broadly and winked, by which I knew that the fun was to start; he had a sadly perverted sense of humor!

The next instant we were headed eastwards and following the line of the La Basse Canal. The increased roar of the engine and vibration of the machine telling me that Curly had opened her out.

We had barely crossed the lines when Archie opened up on us. Three ominous black puffs accompanied by a throaty "whouff! whouff! whouff!" told us that the game had started. Curly held on his course for a fraction of a minute longer, and then suddenly swerved to the right. A moment later six bursts in rapid succession and at varying heights appeared where we would have been had we held to our course. It is a singular thing, but one that I have often noticed, that Archie's second salvo is usually his best.

We gradually zigzagged eastwards, now diving, now climbing, with the never ceasing Archie bursting about us, sometimes miles wide, sometimes close enough to give the machine a sickly bump, and to hear the hiss of the fragments. Small rents appeared here and there in the fabric: but our old bus forged on, apparently none the worse for her buffeting.

For a moment or two we hovered over roof-



"We'll cover quite a bit of Hun territory to get that lot."

less La Basse where we had several snaps to take. I was not sorry when we headed northward, for La Basse is a hot spot for Archie, and had a reputation in the squadron for being unhealthy; the Hun, in common with all savages, resents having his photo taken.

Zigzagging first this way and then that, we gradually worked northward, providing excellent sport for the Hun Archie gunners, but dubious amusement for ourselves.

Two or three odd Hun machines approached us but respected the warning conveyed by bursts from my Lewis gun: it was also an immense comfort to me to see my tracers-bullets fleeting through the air towards their goal.

The indicator on the camera, at which I cast an occasional hurried glance, ticked off the snap-shots one by one.

La Basse was now some fifteen miles behind us, and Armentiers was just becoming visible to the north-west through the brown haze, when I glanced eastwards and saw that we were just about in position to take the last of our series.

It was a great relief to think that in another five minutes we could laugh at Archie, and following our invariable practice, dive suddenly earthwards and rake roads and trenches with our machine guns as we hared for our own side of the lines with our cargo of tell-tale snapshots.

Even as the alluring prospect of tea and toast, so soon to come, flashed through my mind, instinct prompted me to glance again at the indicator, and to my dismay I realized that it was registering at least seven too few! There was still a possibility that only the indicator was at fault and that the camera was still performing its work—a possibility which I clung to as a drowning man to a straw. The idea of an immediate return from an unfinished job was most distasteful and the idea of returning to the lines with a new camera to complete our task was more so. Only an airman who has indulged in the sport of war flying, knows the feeling of repugnance with which one returns to an unfinished job. Get it done with once and for all, is always the cry.

Still hoping, I watched Curly as he straightened out the machine, looked earthwards and took his aim for a photo, I saw his left elbow move to the rear as he pulled the lever, and then I watched the camera: its mechanism remained eloquently silent.

I quickly told Curly of the trouble, and as he throttled back his engine in order to hear my voice, I could see his lips framing inaudible curses. Leaning far out of my cock-pit and shouting at the top of my voice, I suggested going back and my taking the balance of the snaps by hand, to which he nodded assent.

The next instant we were tearing due south at our top speed.

Archie had long since realized that our general direction of flight was northwards, and this sudden reversal put him off for a minute or two, so that the air far behind us was punctuated by black puffs at which we could laugh. It was then I noticed four black specks towards Lille, far below us, but climbing rapidly. Huns!—but too far off to concern us yet.

I was so busy the next few minutes alternately working the camera and scanning the air, that we were back again to where I had discovered the trouble before I had realized it. That spot seemed fated for us though, for when I went to take the next photo, the camera jammed hopelessly. Baffled and angry, and becoming more obstinate every minute, I hastily explained the trouble to Curly, and told him to look out for Huns as best he could, while I rectified the trouble. A simple operation on the ground, it seemed an immense task in the air, working in a cramped position to the tune of unseen Archie bursts, and wondering how many black-crossed birds of prey might even then be swooping on us.

I had barely rectified the jam, when a staccato ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta . . . suddenly became audible above the roar of our engine. That sound

meant only one thing, a Hun machine gun close at hand.

I sprang to my feet, and, looking instinctively to the rear, I saw a red and white Hun 'sitting on our tail,' less than a hundred yards away, his scarlet nose rendered hazy by the blue smoke wreaths from his machine gun, which was pumping lead into us as he dived.

As I grabbed my Lewis gun and pressed the trigger, I was conscious of a mild wonderment that we were not descending in a sheet of flame. It seemed incredible that he could miss our vitals, with the chips flying from our framework, and our fabric being rent into ribbons.

Almost instantly we swerved to the right on our wing tips, and as the black-crossed scout flashed across our tail I got a short burst into him evidently to his distaste, for he zoomed sharply and banked to his left, showing his yellow belly and foreshortened black-crossed planes. I had no time, however, to study the lines of a machine in various positions of flight, for a second Hun climbing sharply under our tail, had suddenly zoomed above us, and was diving on us from the side. We opened fire on each other almost simultaneously, but here I had the advantage of firing straight at him, whereas he had to make allowance for our speed. He was no novice, however; I felt a bullet cut through my coat and breeches, and heard the 'tss,' 'tss,' 'tss' of others as they whizzed about me.

He was now barely fifty yards away, and rushing on at a terrific speed. His bright red nose glaring like a single evil eye from the centre of his whirring propeller, seemed to expand to huge and fantastic dimension. As he rushed on he was met by a steady stream of fire from my Lewis gun; the tracer bullets rushing to meet him like a procession of fireflies.

Would nothing happen? Was it to end in him suddenly crashing into us? Long as it takes to tell, it was but a matter of seconds. Even in those brief moments a flash of admiration for his courage swept over me.

Suddenly, however, he stalled slightly, swerved parallel to us for a moment, and then his side slipped under us, first this way and then that, like a falling leaf; then gradually his nose went down, and he went into a spin—his last.

Hastily changing my nearly depleted Lewis drum for a full one, I swept a hurried glance about me. The black-crossed vulture who had first received our sting was still manoeuvring for position some little way off and presented no immediate menace.

Suddenly I heard the cheering staccato of Curly's front gun, and realized that we were diving at a terrific speed which rendered me

almost helpless and pinned me to the side of the cock-pit. Looking over Curly's shoulder I saw at a glance two more Hun machines, one climbing sharply under our left wing, and the other climbing straight for us, firing as he came. Curly had seen these two whilst I was busy with the two in the rear, and had promptly dived straight at the nearest. We were now rushing at each other nose on, when Curly's gun spluttered and stopped; still he held our sorely tried old bus in that dizzy swoop, with the wind screaming through our wires and cutting our faces like a whip-lash. Who would swerve at the last moment, and if neither, what then?

Again I held my breath and waited for the impending crash.

But it never came. Not a moment too soon the Hun side-slipped out of our course and then spun down for a thousand feet or so, flattened out and headed eastwards, followed a moment later by his two remaining consorts.

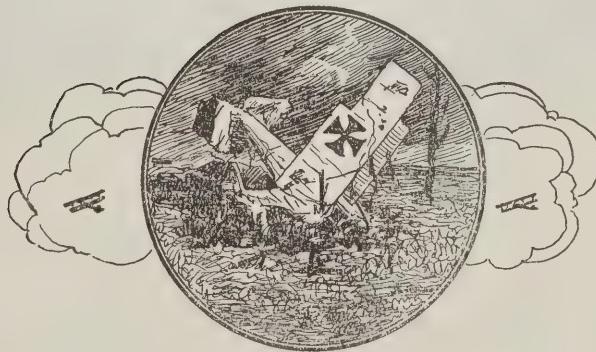
Slowly and carefully Curly pulled us out of the dive, for our poor old bus was badly slashed and riddled, and as I anxiously appraised the dangling wires and ripped fabric, I wondered whether after all the Huns had not done their work well, and only left us to fall to pieces in the air.

Luckily our engine was apparently untouched, for as Curly flattened her out and opened his throttle it picked up with a comforting whirr.

Seeing him glance over the side I followed suit and saw that we were just over the last few points to be photographed.

We had fought round in a complete circle! At a signal from Curly I bent, and still rather dazed from the scrap, took the six remaining snaps.

A few minutes later we were crossing to our own side followed by a parting vengeful burst from Archie; whilst buried, engine deep in the mud behind us, lay the mangled and white remains of our black-crossed friend.





Photograph shows party of about thirty returned men of Vancouver and district, who left on the SS. "Charmer" for Courtenay, in charge of Lieut. A. F. Walker, of the Asia Land Settlement Committee.

Back to the Land

By Hon. E. D. Barrow, Minister of Agriculture.

AGRICULTURAL production is the foundation of national prosperity and the fruits of the soil are the measure of a nation's greatness. Forest, sea and mine contribute their quota to the common exchequer, and at times industries other than agriculture dominate a given section. Still, the basic principle of existence is the provision of food and clothing, and provinces, nations and empires rise and fall through the ebb and flow of agricultural production.

British Columbia, Canada's great Pacific province, is an empire in itself. It is larger

than the crumbled empire of Germany and three and a half times as great, in physical extent, as the entire British Isles; yet its meagre population of one person to the square mile could be comfortably housed in a London borough.

"The Mountain Province," this western homeland has been called. A score of Switzerland could be fashioned from our scenic wealth and tumbled by a giant hand into the great mountain fastnesses, and lost. Still, within her borders British Columbia finds room for stock-ranges which rival those of

Montana; for sunny fruit-lands that annually yield delicate products unsurpassed even in their native southern states; for dairy-farms whose stock wrest premier honors from the banner counties of Middlesex and Oxford; for limitless reaches of open prairie, stretching far as the eye can see and possessing a climate milder than that of the prairie provinces and the northern states; for plateau farms, of countless acres, bearing, owing to a short, quick, growing season, grains and vegetables of a soundness and succulence not attained farther south; for timber-lands whose woods built the aircraft of the empire and promise to replenish the world's depleted lumber resources; and for truck-farms and city gardens where cultivation may continue throughout the year and January finds flowers blooming in the open.

Truly, in British Columbia we have a rich heritage, and in thus dwelling at length upon the promise of the future from an agricultural point of view I wish to emphasize the fact that in these days of national readjustment and soldier rehabilitation too much stress cannot be laid upon the "call of the soil," and the rewards awaiting the practical farmer.

It is with these truths in mind that the provincial government is straining every point to make available for soldiers' farms the undeveloped lands of British Columbia, and the agricultural department, through the land settlement board, endeavoring to develop these lands so that every returned British Columbia soldier who so wishes may become a practical farmer, owning the land he cultivates.

Soldier settlers, to the number of several hundred, are already busily engaged in agricultural work, and before the summer ends hundreds more will be placed. The crop from these farms this season must of necessity be small, the chief work being that of clearing. This is regrettable but unavoidable. The preparation of these farms before the war ended—and November last was well advanced before the world knew the grim struggle was soon to be over—would have meant the employment of aliens at big wages. This not only was inadvisable, but was also impossible. Every worker, alien or otherwise, was needed for war production, and the situation as it existed when the war ceased had to be faced.

The work is progressing rapidly. The new co-operative development undertaking at Courtenay is proving highly satisfactory. This is community settlement with no hint of communism. The men are clearing, and at fair wages and amid agreeable conditions, the

very farms they will eventually own; and their industry largely affects the cost of their homes. Every man retains his individuality, but co-operation decreases initial cost and increases future profits. The Land Settlement Board hopes to have one hundred and fifty soldiers and their families settled on the Courtenay lands this year.

The Sumas reclamation work promises to provide settlers' homes in a district close enough to the large markets to make these farms highly desirable. This is a large undertaking, promising big results.

The two original settlement areas, in the Bulkley and Nechaco valleys, have now been filled up, and new settlement areas are being selected along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, areas which already are provided with railroad transportation and which lend themselves to rapid settlement.

The development of irrigation lands in the southern sections of the province will make available a different class of homes. The holdings will be small, running from ten to forty acres. A fruit-farm of this size will prove all one man can handle. This means close neighbors, splendid opportunities for co-operative farming, and the social life so essential to contentment and progress.

In the mountain districts, where mining and lumbering are the chief industries, development of sufficient agricultural land to supply the bulk of the farm produce needed, is receiving every consideration, and it is expected this will result in lowering the cost of living in these sections, thereby considerably augmenting production and increasing individual earnings.

Reconnaissance work is being arranged for the rich farming districts of the northern sections of British Columbia, but the best results in this part of the province depend largely upon contemplated railway construction.

In conclusion I come to a personal message to the prospective farmers, who are destined to play such an important role in the development of British Columbia; first, to the returned soldier settlers, whose claims take precedence over all others, and second, to that vast civilian army of homeseekers, drawn from many quarters of the globe, which is to come.

Here will be found the fundamentals of success. Here are firmly grounded British love of justice, Anglo-Saxon determination and Canadian initiative. Opportunity awaits. Co-operation alone spells success, and realization will not discount your anticipation.

Villanelle

May Percival Lodge

The mountains are my friends each day;
Snow winter-clad, or summer's blue,
Though oft behind cloud mists lie they.

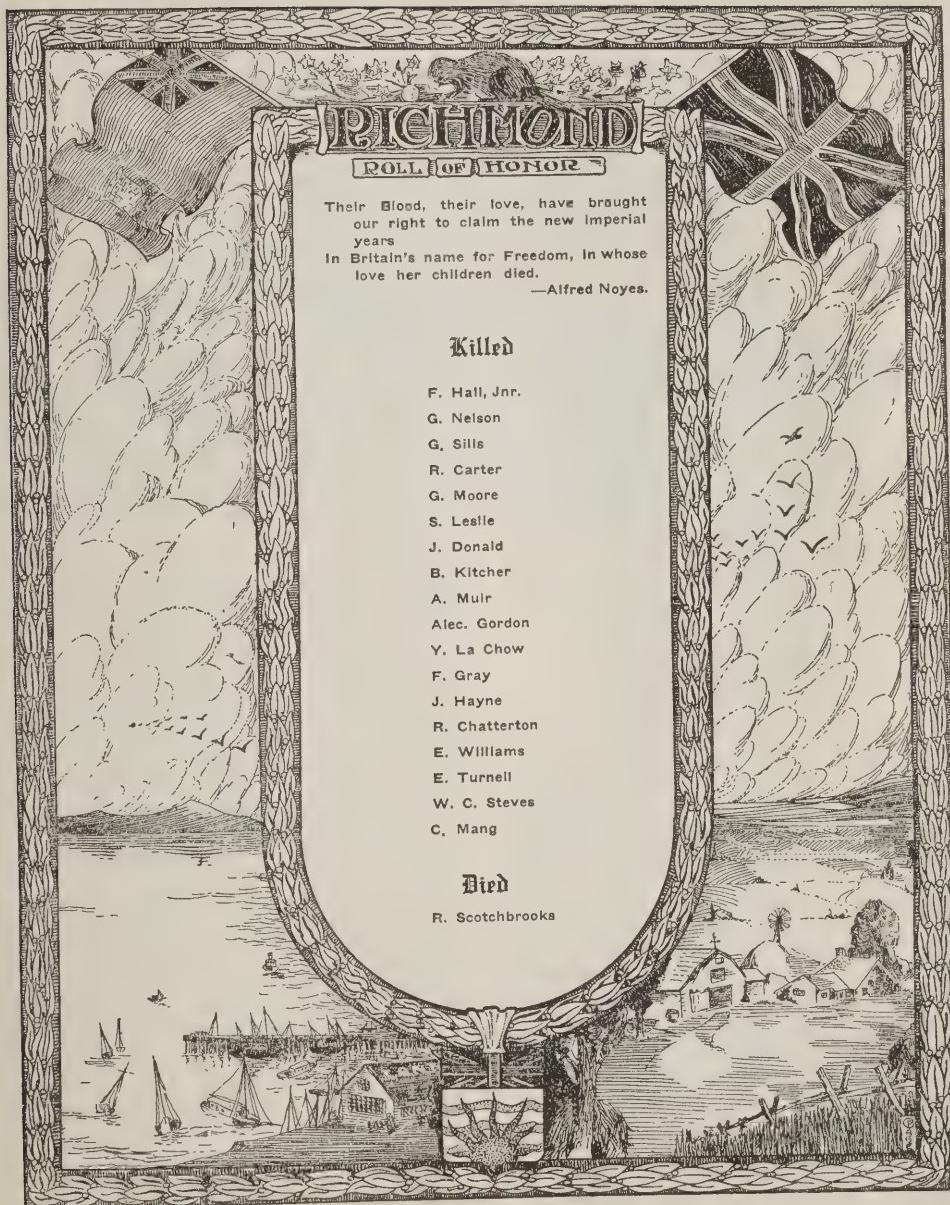
Fair early dawnings, pale and grey,
As gold-red sunrise lights them thro',
The mountains are my friends each day.

It's then I feel most happily,
It almost seems as if they knew,
Though oft behind cloud mists they lie.

And when from them I go away,
I miss them—(can they miss me, too?)
The mountains are my friends each day.

They never fall deep things to say,
Grave, silently, of what they do,
Though oft behind cloud mists lie they.

And if I watch them close I may
Find thoughts in colours, freshly new;
The mountains are my friends each day,
Though oft behind cloud mists lie they.



The "Princess Patricia's" First Entry Into the Trenches in Flanders



After a cramped railway journey from Le Havre, we detrained at a town called Aire, and proceeded in the darkness—for it was midnight—to the village of Blaringhem. Here we billeted some companies in the village and others in the neighborhood. During our stay here our time was much occupied by guard, picquets and working parties. Although the front line was twenty-five miles away, we carried our rifle and ten rounds of ammunition wherever we went. Working parties, which went out to dig reserve trenches each day—and each day the distance grew longer!—carried full marching order with full stock of ammunition. When digging the trenches we placed our equipment on the parapet side of the trench with rifle and fixed bayonet placed with muzzle towards the enemy. Rain or sunshine—and there was very little of the latter—this work went on. Troops coming back soaked to the skin, their packs and greatcoats being no lighter in weight owing to the addition of mud and

water, would welcome the sight of their billet, for there they knew the cooks had a hot meal of stew for them. Also the postman would be calling out the mail. The farmhouse or billet in which we were quartered was unsanitary. It comprised almost a quadrangle of buildings, the house, stables, cowshed, poultry house, barns, pigsties, all followed in sequence around the square, in the centre of which was the refuse pit which contained filth from all the buildings mentioned. The troops were quartered in all these buildings including the bakehouse of the farm from which, later on, we were expelled, and being homeless we commandeered a farm wagon, which we slept in at night, the farmer using it during the day but bringing it back wet and muddy.

On Christmas day we went to visit our friends, the Imperial troops, who were brigaded with us, for, although we only had bully beef we knew the English regiments would be faring better, and it proved to be so. We were warmly welcomed.

Then came the day on which we received the order to move in a few days' time "up the line." Troops were paid a few francs to get necessaries for the trenches. Some of them mistook the word "épicierie" (grocery) for "estaminet" (saloon)! When the troops of my billet arrived back from the village, some one agitated for a "camp fire." The response was great. Anything and everything that would burn was collected. One of the men—he's dead now, poor chap—mounted a box and invited the assembly round the fire—they needed no second bidding. He then opened the meeting with these words: "Gentlemen, I have the honour of calling on our esteemed brother and comrade in arms, Private Underwood, for a song or recitation." Each announcement was loudly applauded. Choruses were sung over and over again. During the height of this revelry, the farmer had sent for the officers who when remonstrating, were cordially invited to join in, the farmer included. The troops were happy and cares had departed from their minds—pro tempore! There is always a morning after a night before! This scene kept up until five the following morning, and as parade fell in at seven, there was no time for rest. Seven o'clock came and



Ruins of Church

Fribol - sur - Somme

*W.H. Gray art
October 1918*

after much hurry and scurry to find their respective equipment, the troops moved off—on a fifteen miles' agonizing march. Agonizing it was, for as there was a lack of shoe repairers, and also a lack of ordinary sized boots, some of us had to walk the distance with the big toes inquisitively protruding through—no joke on a cobble or stone set road. On the journey, we would occasionally ask the distance to a village. Various answers were given and none of them right. For instance, "just up the road," and "not far" meant from three to five miles. They lacked powers of imagination. However, we finally arrived at a "billet." Some hovel! Here we expected to rest at least a day after our fifteen-mile march the day previous; but no! on the march again at 10 a.m. My boots were awful, and on asking for another pair I was told "we have only size eleven," and as my size is eight—well! declined with thanks! Without entering into detail it must be mentioned that the cobble stones were still with us until we entered a field near Dickebusch, there to wait until dusk set in. Here we were given some bully beef and biscuits and some hot tea. Our cook apparently had "lost the

toss" for the milk and sugar. However, it was hot, that's all we cared. We were entertained during our meal by an aeroplane duel, the first we had seen. As dusk was now upon us we were lined up on parade, and after a few enquiries as to ammunition, water and emergency ration supplies, carried by the "man mule," we entered on to the old familiar stone set or paved road. Orders were given: "No smoking," "All pipes and cigarettes to be put out"—we were about three miles from the firing line proper.

We entered the village of Dickebusch in darkness; some villagers were about and greeted us with "Vive l'Angleterre, saviour de Belgique," they not knowing we were representing Canada. Some of the boys asked for water and one generous and human civilian brought us a pail of coffee with "elixir of life" in it—rum. It was a godsend for the night was miserable and a drizzling rain which had been our companion for a fortnight previous was falling. In the middle of the village we came to a road which led off to the right to a hamlet called Groote Vierstraat (Great Crossroads). Here we halted to form up into single file and were told to look

out for large shell holes in the road which were filled with water from the recent rains. We continued solemnly like a funeral procession except that occasionally one of the boys would "find a shell hole" and an unappreciative plunge into its muddy depths. As we were wet through it mattered little and the plunge would only tend to add more mud to our accoutrements. Of rubber sheets we had none, only overcoats which affectionately held the dew of heaven and the ally of Jupiter Pluvius—mud! This added weight was, as the press tells us, "cheerfully borne by the troops!" However, the solemn—for we were not allowed to speak above a whisper—procession halted in the hamlet and an order came round, "We will enter into the trenches by a gate on left of the road a few hundred yards down; there must be no talking, whispering or rattle of accoutrements as the enemy have two machine guns trained on this spot, and when star shells go up, everyone must lie flat upon the ground irrespective of where he is!" We arrived at this gateway—of death! Have you ever essayed to paddle through eighteen to twenty feet of mud with a greasy bottom underneath and carrying a soldier's kit, overcoat (mud inclusive), rifle and many et ceteras? Have you ever been placed in the awkward predicament of bumping your head while in polite society and dare not, for fear of ostracism, give vent to natural ejaculation? Well, such was our predicament. Many of the boys swallowed full length in this deep, slimy entrance called a gateway, on the other side of which was a field much pitted by shell holes and camouflaged with barbed wire and ditches which in those days were termed trenches. Look out! A star shell goes up, and like ninepins, we gravitate to Mother Earth with its repulsive admixture. We rise, painfully—our friends across the way two hundred yards distant, had not discovered our presence. We trudged on till we came to a creek, for we were in a sort of valley with the enemy on top of the ridge; a "cock of the roost" position which he maintained all along the line until July 1st, 1916. As intense darkness prevailed, we had difficulty in locating the creek; some were fortunate in finding a plank crossing which necessitated a Blondin (tight-rope walker) display. As they were not all Blondins, most of them performed aquatic exhibitions which, except for the splashing, passed unrecognized. Our next obstacle was a disused trench well filled with water over which we had to jump, and jumping it meant to fall or slide back into the ditch, for the opposite bank was the parapet of the trench which was about two feet high,

and with a pack and heavy overcoat on, it made jumping clear of the trench impossible. In front of this trench was a barbed wire entanglement, and as we were not equipped with wire cutters it was with difficulty we forced a way through. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to state "an army has passed this way," for there was evidence enough on the barbed wire. This obstacle caused a third of the company to be separated from the main body so a 'council of war' was held and it fell to me to sally forth into the wilderness and darkness to parley with the French and to ascertain the whereabouts of "les soldats anglais." After much reconnoitring my efforts were rewarded by the sight of two Frenchmen who gave me the desired information. With difficulty my party was found and later placed in their respective sections in the firing line. In these days there were no communication trenches, hence the difficulty of locating any particular regiment. The French were elated when told they were being relieved, and no wonder. On approaching the section allotted to us we stumbled over many dead bodies and, lying in a very shallow grave at the back of us—my fighting partner and self, as we were told off in twos in those days—was the corpse of a Frenchman on whose body my feet found terra firma on entering the trench. My desire was to ascertain the depth of the latter, so putting my foot into it, reached down as far as possible without touching bottom, and finally decided to enter with both feet. On doing so my thoughts turned to an experience of mine in the bogs of Ireland! Down, down, down, Larry, down until my feet touched something solid but unnatural for soil. We discovered next day it was the body of a Frenchman. We had been told when in billets that the trenches were dry, had dugouts, also coke braziers, but found them—ditches six feet deep with much water and mud, the enemy perched on a hill or bank above us, who, occasionally, pumped or bailed the water out of his trench which flowed down the hill side into ours. Needless to say it was not clean water either! As to dugouts, there was one and that one occupied by the officer commanding the platoon or company.

However, our first night in the "ditch" gave us much time for reflection, although my time was much occupied, being detailed to look after rations for my section. As soon as we were established at our posts, men were warned off to draw rations which were lying at the Cross Roads in Groote Vierstraat. Think of it! All that ground to travel over again and then back again! We assembled on



VALLEY COTTAGES
FROM ZILLEBEKE

Ward. Day 30th, 1916

the paradeau of the trench and moved off in pairs defying orders governing star shells, being absolutely indifferent, although machine and rifle bullets whizzed all around us. We reached the cross roads with four men out of eight. The rations consisted of eighty pound tins of bully beef and a sack of bread for the platoon. My comrade and I agreed to carry the bully beef in relays of a hundred yards, but owing to his weakness from exposure and lack of good food he could not manage it, and it devolved upon me to carry the whole eighty pounds. Strange as it might seem, these tins were not in a sack but we discovered a sheet and wrapped them in that, but we had not gone far when r-r-r-rip! it gave way and precipitated the contents into the mud at the gateway, ut supra. By groping in the mud we recovered only twenty tins. These we stuffed into our pockets and haversack and a few we carried, but after numerous other adventures we finally arrived at the trenches with about ten tins. What had befallen the bread party? They had had ill luck at the gateway to the field and had abandoned their sack of bread in the mud and water there. It would have been useless anyway for it had been left out in the rain along with the "preserved meat"—as a staff officer termed it.

As dawn broke, we gazed out on our "abode of discontent and misery." What a sight! How these male species of the human fungi could live under these conditions baffles the keenest student of humanitarianism. On my right and left, men were in agonies of rheumatism, trench feet, sickness of all sorts, and not to be wondered at considering what they had undergone in three days and nights—a march of thirty miles in two days and on the night of the second day to be placed in this filthy, water-logged, muddy hole which afforded no possible relief to their agonies! The only communication with the rear headquarters was by runner at night. The wounded had to remain in the trench until night fell no matter if he received his wounds at 6 a.m. in the morning.

And here was our temporary—thank God! only temporary—abode with the living, the sick, the wounded, and the dead. We were weak not wholly from hunger but from exposure and lack of rest after our long, tedious and burdensome march. The rain had soaked us through and through until not a dry stitch remained untouched. The mud was everywhere, almost all the rifles were clogged up with it and rendered useless. My fighting partner had lost his in the mud the previous night when the parapet of mud and filth, for

there were no wall retainers, gave way and pinioned him. He had cried to me for assistance and luckily for me it saved my life for my sleep was the sweet sleep of death. Having fallen into a sort of coma or sleep my dream visions were of kith and kin. All my relations were seated around a large open fireplace in a spacious dining room in the centre of which was a table spread with all that humanity desires. We felt in the acme of comfort, the warmth of the fire could be felt, in fact, all was so realistic. But! In the midst of it all came this yell from my fighting partner—he was killed afterwards at Vimy. I was dazed and my senses came back to me slowly but painfully on realization of my predicament—and his! On making a movement the water around my waist made itself felt by its coldness, as also did a stream down my back. However, realizing my chum's predicament and remembering reading of Capt. Scott, Lieut. Oates and the other heroic members of his party in the fateful South Polar expedition, it gave me courage. There was not a spade to be found for miles so it became necessary for us to use our hands. At first he resented my suggestion on the ground that he had not been accustomed to such misuse of his digits, being a watchmaker by trade. After working for many hours, we succeeded in throwing back most of the clay, but in our eagerness we had covered up the loophole and were now robbed of our only viewpoint, and as it was early dawn the enemy would lie on the watch. However, it had to be cleared and quickly, too, and it meant climbing on the parapet in full view of the enemy. My partner said, "Don't attempt it, one life here is worth a dozen dead ones," but on mounting the parapet and working hard, for excitement lent me the power, the loophole was cleared and made workable, but the enemy had discovered me and two bullets narrowly missed my right leg. After a diligent search in the mud, my fighting partner discovered his missing rifle,

and after giving it a bath in a pool of water it was outwardly presentable but unfortunately not fully workable. Just to show our friends across the way there was still some form of animation in our trench, Pte. Roche (he was killed soon after) and self kept up a steady fire all day, the only rifles working. The sun attempted to smile on us, but a volley from the French 75's sent him back only to supply us later on with the tears of Jupiter Pluvius, our vade mecum. The enemy about 10 a.m. introduced himself by sending over some new fangled heavy twelve-inch bore shells which, as the main shell passed over us, would explode a shrapnel, then pass on to a second line of defence trenches—have no recollection of any though!—and explode one there, while the main or mother shell proceeded onwards and to earth, causing another explosion by percussion. This cannonading kept up all day. Fortunately the first ones burst in the distance, but later got our range and dropped in the trenches—more added misery and agony! By now 'twas awful and the growing dusk made a weird scene. Wounded men patched themselves up as best they could, for little assistance could be given by others, they being helpless themselves. Word was sent back that relief was imperative and that night we were relieved by an Imperial regiment.

The task of relief work was not by any means light as those performing this arduous task had to bring out the sick, wounded, and later, the dead; the last were buried in the first Canadian graveyard in France—Dickebusch, near Ypres. Some bodies were later transferred to Voozmezele where there is the "Princess Pats" Regimental Graveyard.

And so ends a true—ah! very true! narrative of the Princess Pat's first engagement in the great war of 1914-18.

WALTER M. L. DRAYCOT,
ex-Princess Patricia's Canadian
Light Infantry.





FROM MORN' TILL NIGHT



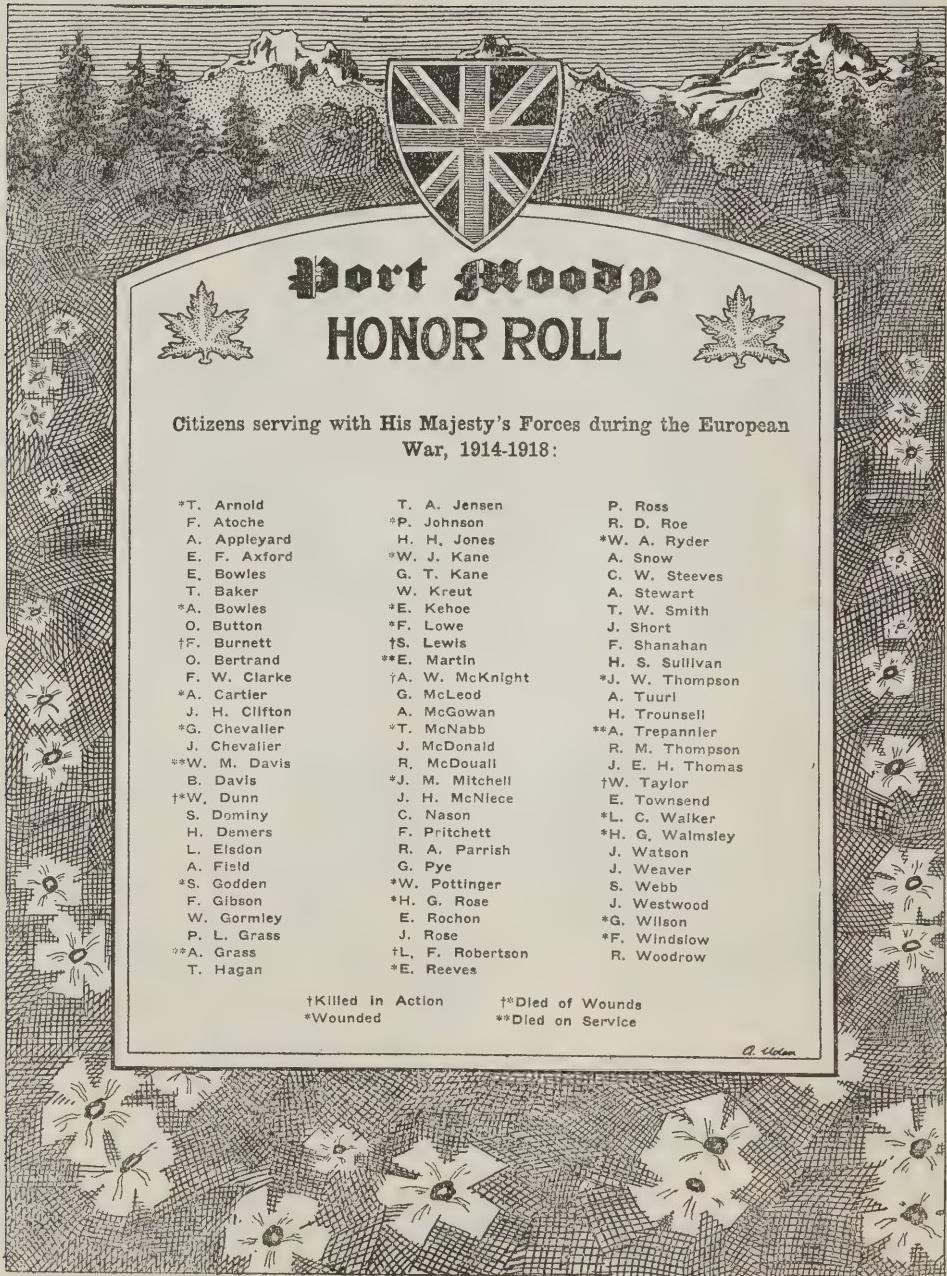
ARE YOU SAVED ?



THE DOCTORS MORNING VISIT



A. Ulan



THE GOLD STRIPE



VICTORIOUS ARMY PASSING THROUGH VALENCIENNES.

Canadian Official.



ENGINEERS AT WORK—MARQUIN, CANAL DU NORD

Canadian Official.

GOLD STRIPE



SHRINE ON VIMY RIDGE

Canadian Official.



As the Shadows Pass

(By A. C. Cummings)

We pass the fields of magic by,
To reach the favored place;
And sadly find our gods have gone
With far-averted face.

—Wilfred Campbell

I DO not like this country," complained the carved-stone vertical Sundial. "It's not suited either to my age or importance as a piece of English history."

"Why?" said the young Maple in the corner of the garden, "What's wrong with it? For my part, I find it a very good country."

"That's because you've never lived elsewhere," retorted the other, who as a piece of English history of 350 years' standing, could be pardoned the spice of scorn in its tone.

The Sundial which stood on a little terrace near the street whereon abutted the two-acre lot which formed the garden of the quarter-million dollar, steam-heated, cement-block residence of a Canadian millionaire, had been brought from England—purchased for as much Canadian money as would have covered it thickly with dollar bills from the top of its time-eroded Cross and Crown to the base of its moss-marked, lion-supported pedestal, with a few bills over to wrap round its wrought-iron gnomon. Its new proprietor was very proud of it and few were the visitors to "The Maples" who were allowed to depart without seeing it and learning some of its history and all of its cost. In fact, the Sundial, ever since it had left the quiet old English deanery, where only a few graceless choir-boys from the cathedral nearby disturbed its age-long meditations, had lived in the full glare of a repugnant publicity. Hence its dissatisfaction.

"The sun is too fierce, the snows are too deep here, and above all the people are too curious, too irreverent, too hustling," it continued testily. "They come and stare at me as if they had never seen a Sundial in their lives before."

The Maple though young, was diplomatic. "Well, you must remember that in all probability, they've never seen any with the remarkable historical associations that you possess" it said, ingratiatingly.

The Sundial promptly softened. "I beg your pardon for what I said just now. I am not used to the ways of this country and we old folks are apt to think that the ways we're accustomed to, are the only ways. All the same, I would have preferred a more retired situation than this—in full view of the street. Now in the Old Country, as you call it—although I think it's as young as it ever was, and I've seen 350 years of it—this lawn would be walled in and privacy properly observed."

"Oh," said the Maple, "that's only one of our national characteristics. It's the opposite of your habit in England of erecting the finest city buildings in the little side streets where no one can see them."

"Oh, that can be explained on historical grounds, you know,—ancient lights and other legal enactments. But here you have no history to explain anything, except, perhaps, the extinction of the buffalo. You have none of that reverence for the past and for well-established precedent that you find in countries with older civilizations—in fact, none of those thousand and one things that have made England, England."

"But you of the Wider Vision," quietly answered the Maple, "must know that Time which has brought all these things to Britain will bring them also to this country, if the people be worthy."

"There," exclaimed the Sundial, with a rapid change of tone, "that's just like me. There's no fool like an old fool. I always forget that Time will cure all our present discontents. And yet who should know that better than I? I well remember that that was the very thing that the Ensign said, standing here by my pedestal, I do not care to think how many scores and scores of years ago—when his father, the old Dean, lamented the decline of England and the wickedness in church and state. I remember also how the younger man pointed to the shadow-edge on my dial and said that if only her people were sound at heart, Time would bring to England all that England needed for greatness."

"That sounds like wisdom," said the Maple.

"Aye, he was wise beyond his years. It's curious what an impression that young man made upon me although he's dead these 150 years—ever since Canada became a British country, in fact. Well, well, how true it is what that Elizabethan workman said when he fashioned me so long ago. You can see it—that Gothic lettering—down there under the Cross and Crown."

The Maple looked and read:

"Shadows we are and like shadows depart."

"Now," said the Sundial, "look farther down and read."

The Maple complied.

"Let others tell of storm and showers,

"I mark only the sunny hours."

"Yes," said the Sundial, "that was his favorite. He did not like that one about the shadows—he was a great person for looking on the sunny side of things. I recollect how I saw him one early morning when, as he was waiting near a clump of foxglove in the garden—his regiment even then preparing for the war, the Seven Years' War, you know—he read that over and over and laughed. Then She came and bade him goodbye, leaning on the old Sundial who overheard their whispered words but kept them to himself as he alone knows how. And after She had gone and the sound of her light footsteps had died away down the stone-flagged garden walk, he remained for a moment reading that couplet again. Then he, too, quietly went out of the garden and I was left alone with their secret. I could only hope that for them I would mark many sunny hours." The Sundial paused for an instant and sighed. Then it resumed as if talking to itself.

"The shadow moved on, and soon I heard the march of feet and I knew the Ensign and his regiment were outside the cathedral. They entered with bands playing and pennons flying. Not since the Civil War had the old cathedral held such a company. Through my window—I call it mine because through it when the sun shone I commanded a view of the interior—I saw the Ensign and his men pass to their places in front of the altar and the service begin.

"I remember only the music. It was by a then living composer—Handel, I think—and it told ever so vividly of the wars of the Chosen People against their invaders more centuries ago than the sundial of Ahaz—the father of all sundials you know—could recall even at that day when the shadow went back upon the dial. The regiment joined in with trumpet and drum and fife and cymbal, and I wish I could tell you how finely it all sounded in that grey, old building. It threw clamorous battle-calls amongst the ancient pillars and fretted arches, and shook the tattered flags above in the clerestory until I almost expected the old Crusader sleeping stonily in the transept—an ancestor of the Ensign, by the way—to awake and answer the imperative summons. The trumpets shrilled above the triumphant march of the music, and there was not a soldier in the company but stiffened in his place and held his head higher over his leathern stock. His blood answered the Call to Battle. The cymbals clashed like the blow of sword on steel; the fifes screamed as horses and men do when they are locked in a death-struggle; and the drums beat a cannonade that reverberated from wall and roof as Oliver Cromwell's artillery did when a handful of Cavaliers held the town against him a hundred years before.

"Then, gradually, the battle-music died down, the fifes and cymbals and drums ceased to weave spells of conflict in the House of Peace and the organ-tones sank into soft whisperings of penitence and prayer. The people knelt to the God of Battles.

"All this time, the sunlight poured through the great rose-window and painted in vivid coloring on the stone flooring just where the Ensign knelt, the victory of the youthful David over the Champion of Gath.

"I wondered whether the Ensign saw it and took it for an omen.

"The service ended and the company formed up outside the cathedral and marched away. And that was the last I saw of him.

The Sundial ceased again and again resumed.

"The seasons swung in and out through the years, bringing sometimes the light English snows that drifted on to my dial-plate so that the shadow fell on soft fleecy whiteness and

not on hard grey stone, and sometimes the thick North Sea fogs that closed the eye of the sun and left me in darkness through the short days. But always when the shadows lengthened on the waving grass of summer, and the crows flew higher over the cathedral, She came, evening after evening, and read my message of hope:

"Let others tell of storms and showers,
"I mark only the happy hours."

"Then she would run lightly down the flagged walk and I could hear her singing to herself as she went.

"About the end of the third summer, I think it was, she came one evening slowly and sadly down the walk, and, leaning on my pedestal, shut out the sun's mark on the dial. No need to tell me what had happened; I knew only too well that I could mark no more sunny hours for her.

"As she waited there, the iron-bound doors of the cathedral opened and a little procession with flag lowered, arms reversed and drums mute, passed in, the old Dean meeting them at the head of the surprised choir-boys. They moved quietly up the nave and then the music broke out. There were no war-calls in this music, but instead the slow beat as of an army moving to bivouac after battle. Throbbing through the measure, the muffled drums brought the clustering shadows down from beneath the carved roof and called the light from the great rose-window though the sun was half-an-hour from its setting and its mark on the dial was still keen-edged.

"In and through these shadows, the music journeyed like a questing spirit. It seemed as if it had lost something and was searching the shadows to find it.....

"Then quite suddenly it changed. I heard a note of subdued triumph sweep in—not loud, you know, but very insistent. It barely held its own for a moment, but then it grew stronger and stronger so that it overcame the sorrowing drums, putting them to silence and drove back the eager shadows again beneath the hammer-beam roof. It called back the light into the great window and I saw the red and gold from the garments of "David Mourning over Jonathan" settle on the grey floor beside the sleeping Crusader. And where the light fell, I saw also that one of the grave-slabs had been raised from its place.

"When I turned to look for Her she had gone. I never saw her again. Ah! yes, it's

very true. Shadows we are and like shadows depart."

The Sundial's voice fell away.

"Now that," it resumed in its old querulous tone, "that was the England of Old Romance. There is nothing like it now-a-days, and in this country you have never glimpsed it."

Before the Maple tree could reply an automobile thudded up the boulevardized street and a clean-shaven young man in a khaki uniform ran up the steps to the garden walk. He hallooed at the windows and a young and pretty girl ran out to meet him.

"It's come at last," he said, in wild excitement. "War's broken out all through Europe and the militia is called out for service. We may have to sail in a fortnight."

"Oh" said the girl coming to a dead stop just beside the Sundial.

"Yes," he said, "isn't it splendid? We probably have to go to the Old Country first and afterwards anywhere we're wanted on the Continent."

The girl did not move. He noticed her strained attitude and stopped his flow of speech. "What's the matter, dear?" he inquired with concern.

"It's given me a little shock, I think," returned the girl, smiling bravely. "I wasn't expecting it, you know."

"I'm very sorry," he said now quite soberly. "I quite forgot. But you must not trouble over it, there's a brave little girl. Come along with me to the armories and see us parade. I'll take you there in the car."

Hand in hand, the girl smiling bravely, they ran down to the entrance, climbed into the automobile and disappeared in dust down the street.

"Seems to me," said the Maple, genially addressing the garden at large, "that while we may not have the what is it? the—the historical perspective, nor the—the reverence for the past, nor the influences of great deeds done through the ages, we have not altogether lost the True Romance."

The Sundial appeared dumbfounded.

"I must apologise again to you and to your country," it said, shortly, after a struggle. "Although the surroundings are different, I find indeed that the people are just the same as those I left behind me in Britain.... And now, I must attend to my work. I mark only the sunny hours, you know."

Land of the Peace

(By Russell Robert Walker)



FOR many years past the Peace River country has been the tramping grounds of nomadic tribes of Indians, probably the most restless and shiftless of all the Northwest Indians, and the least provident. The vastness of the great stretches of forest has fostered this spirit. The Beaver Indians, who inhabit the district from the Albertan boundary west to the Rockies, are a "cultus" outfit, to use the fitting Chinook term of opprobrium. They possess no villages, build no permanent habitations of any kind, and wander about from place to place, sometimes half starved, and poorly clothed—in reality the last diseased remnants of a dying race. The picture is a most pitiful one, but such are the exactions of the onward trend of civilization.

Until of late years the trapper, trader and prospector have alone shared the numerous valleys with the natives, but a better knowledge of the geography of the country, the call of the frontier, and the lure of gold are gradually peopling the new district with pioneers of every kind.

Much has been told and written of this famed Peace River country, and many glowing reports of the fertility of the soil, the richness of the mineral deposits and the scenic splendor of this new land have been circulated. The half has never been told. A description of the varied phases of the riches and development of this section of the province would fill a large volume. It is the wish of the writer in this article to convey an intelligent idea of the more salient features of the Peace River Valley, pointing out the promise of the future—and at the same time the obstacles which are to-day barring progress.

Transportation facilities alone are lacking, and until adequate roads, trails and a railway are provided, this "land of promise" must remain one of promise rather than of reality. This statement applies chiefly to soldier settlement on agricultural lands, and not to the prospector, trader and trapper. These will find the Peace River country a profitable field for operation, and their encouragement would lead directly to the paving of the way for the farmer.

The agricultural, mining and commercial possibilities are boundless. The climate is excellent, even though this section of the province forms part of the Arctic watershed. This is due partly to the benign influence of the warm air currents from the Pacific, which sweep, gently, up the long inlets of the coast, through the passes of the mountain ranges, and find their way into the broad valleys of the north, tempering the cold of the high latitudes, and changing a part of "North of Fifty-six" into a land of smiling, mesa-like plains, the fertility of which will ensure homes for thousands of ambitious settlers.

The Peace River to the homeseeker will prove the "Promised Land." To the tourist it is "The Last West," while to the wanderer in search of adventure it can perhaps be best described as the realization of a dream. The giant stream is the only stream to break through the Rocky Mountains, and from the heads of its many tributaries—tributaries whose combined waters meet at Finlay Forks and form the Peace—to where it empties into the Slave, there is charm in every mile.

The more adventurous of the vanguard of settlers have already taken up their homes along the river highway, and during a recent trip by canoe from the very head waters of the river to the Rocky Mountain Canyon, without a portage, the writer came upon the cabin home of a typical pioneer. It stood at the mouth of a bubbling stream, which came down from the hills and joined the parent river under the shadow of a lordly mountain. A sheer cliff of granite, 1500 feet high, broke the biting winds of winter, and a more delightful setting for a woods home could scarcely be imagined. Flowers bloomed in front of the door, and a sturdy garden extended to the edge of the clearing. A splendid crop of mixed grains and hay showed beyond the strip of forest.

This pioneer's home was just on the western edge of the main range of the Rockies. Travelling eastward, drifting down the mighty Peace, the voyageur plunges through the very heart of the range, sweeping past high mountainous walls, which reach skyward thousands of feet, until after forty miles of indescribable scenery, the Rockies are left behind and the foot-hill is reached. From here to the Rock Mountain Canyon, an impassable barrier to navigation, rolling foot-hills are seen—good grazing coun-

try, with plenty of garden patches and small farms to ensure agricultural production that will keep pace with mining development.

There is a splendid portage road around the canyon, and at the end of the portage road is Hudson's Hope, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here are also a branch store of the D. A. Thomas (Lord Rhondda) company and several settlers' homes. From Hudson's Hope to the international boundary is found a splendid, rolling prairie country. Some idea of its immensity is gained when it is stated that the Peace River Block, which is administered by the Dominion Government, and which comprises but a very small section of the north country, contains 3,500,000 acres, much of which is splendid agricultural land, the entire block being exceptionally rich in farm lands, coal and other minerals, with some fine timber areas.

With a country so rich in promise one naturally wonders at the slowness of development, and it must be pointed out that at present the sole means of transportation, apart from the

But a river steamer cannot accommodate such an empire as this, and until the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, or some other line is

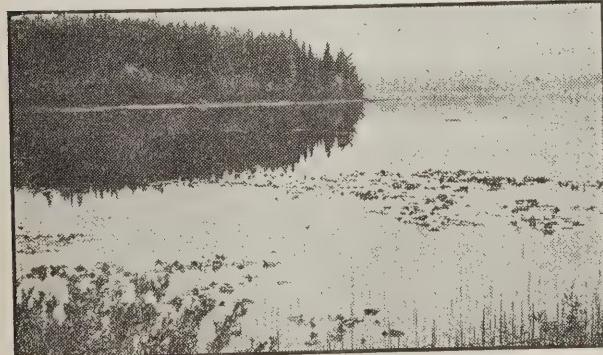


The "D. A. Thomas," built by Lord Rhondda

constructed into that section, the average settler would be well advised to think twice before deciding to make this new land his home. The writer has absolute faith in the Peace River district of British Columbia, considering it the coming granary of the province, and superior to the more favored prairie sections farther east and south. However, when settlers cannot reach a market for their produce, the finest country under the sun loses its charm. During the fall of 1916 I found it impossible to force pay upon the pioneer farmers along the river for any produce but butter and eggs. They would not accept money for what they had in such abundance — crops which must rot and waste for want of a market.

Happily, this condition is rapidly changing, and the hardy pioneer, who is content to spend a year or two

spying out the land and getting suitably located, cannot do better than steer for the valleys of the Peace. But the soldier settler, who wishes to locate in a district where his returns will be surer and quicker, will find other sections of the province better suited to his needs.



A charming Northland lake

canoe, is the steamer "D. A. Thomas," which plies from Fort Vermillion, Alberta, 280 miles downstream from Peace River Crossing, to Hudson's Hope, 240 miles above Peace River Crossing. A photograph of this comfortable and commodious steamer is shown here.

The Somme Battlefield

(By Captain J. A. F. Ozanne)

AT Bapaume the car left the Arras road and turned south in the direction of Albert. A notice board indicated the way with the words "Nachte Albert," for but a few days ago—well, a car full of British staff officers would have attracted more attention than its modest occupants would have wished. A little further on another notice board screamed "Achtung," and about a hundred yards beyond was a railway line. After crossing the line we turned off the main road and steered for Ligny-Thilloy, Flers and Longueval. It was a drive to be remembered.

The Somme battlefield is historic ground. No equally large tract of country can claim to have been fought over four times. Bapaume, Ligny-Thilloy, Flers, Longueval and many other places in the neighbourhood were first taken by the Germans, retaken by the British, taken again by the Germans and, finally, recaptured for the second time by the British. In 1916 and part of 1917 every inch of the ground was hotly contested. The Hun, in his communiques, called his retirement a "withdrawal according to plan." Now no army likes to withdraw, and it says something for the dogged nature of the British offensive that he had to plan a withdrawal. But the tail of his retreating army was like a wasp's tail—it had a sting in it.

The ground bore every trace of having been well fought over. In fact, from the time that we left Arras to the time that we finally emerged from Albert, we did not see as much as a sign of living vegetation—not even a blade of grass. As regards towns and villages, the ruins of Bapaume were visible and the ruins of Albert were standing, but between those two towns there was not a sign to show that any village or house had ever been in existence. Stay, there was a sign, you knew where the village had once stood because there was a notice up to say so, but that was the only evidence. The very ruins had been shelled so repeatedly that not a trace of them remained. For miles and miles around one saw nothing but the same desolate waste of country, brown waste, black ruins, shell craters full of water, and here and there arose a short black stump which had once been a tree. It was as though we were travelling through a world that was still in process of formation, a world such as the one described in the opening chapter of Genesis, a world "without form and void."

As the car made its way along the broken shell-ploughed road we noted every detail. The country was strewn with German shells which

had been hastily abandoned. On every side one saw blue painted shells of every calibre. Many of the great 11-inch shells were in their basket cases, just where they had been dumped by the German ammunition lorries. Here and there one saw a wrecked tank looking like the remains of some decayed prehistoric monster, but quite in keeping with the scene before us. Again and again one came across Mauser rifles which had been suddenly discarded as their owners surrendered with the cry of kamerad. No question here of a "withdrawal according to plan." The very stones cried out: "Routed! Routed!" Troops withdrawing according to plan do not fling their rifles away.

We lunched on the spot where Delville Wood had once stood. The Hun had retreated in such a hurry that he forgot to take his camp furniture with him, and it came in very useful for our picnic. At one time the place must have been a German rest camp for troops in reserve. In a cemetery near by about forty Germans had been buried. One or two of the little wooden crosses had been torn up by shells and lay splintered across the graves as though to give the lie to the German text "Sie aber sind im Frieden" (But they are in Peace) which was inscribed upon the huge Cross which dominated the cemetery.

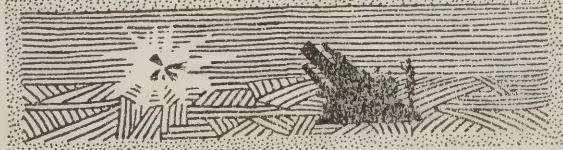
After lunch we made our way, past notice boards which announced the fact that Bazentin and Contalmaison had once stood there, past another board bearing the words "La Boisselle," on toward Albert. A bend in the road brought us to its ruins in the valley. The broken walls of Albert Cathedral were still standing, but the tower had fallen and with it the famous statue of the Virgin. Where she was no one knew, and the military policeman who stood on the road outside the Cathedral could give us no information. She may be buried under that heap of debris, or she may even now be in the melting pot "somewhere in Germany." For three years the Virgin of Albert hung over the belfry, at a right angle to the tower, always going to fall yet never fallen, peering down seemingly at the devastated town below. How or when she fell I do not know, but there used to be a legend among the inhabitants of the district that when the Virgin of Albert fell the destinies of Germany would fall too.

On leaving the town we crossed the bridge over the Ancre and were soon on our way to Bouzincourt; beyond which we could at last see green trees and green grass.

Pitt Meadows HONOR ROLL

B. R. Allen	Peter Sprout
Geo. Barker	David Tindall
Charles Fenton	R. F. C. Thomson
C. Harling	S. Waring
Alex. McRae	K. Gurney
Robert McRae	F. M. Stewart
John McRae	Geo. McMyn
Wm. McRae	Beryl Princep
Geo. Menzies	Fred. Taylor
Wm. McDermott	Simon Stewart
C. McDermott	Henry Sprout
T. Richardson	John J. Lynch
H. Richardson	H. Summerscales
	Charles Cook

A. Uden



The Crippled Soldier

Must Have Permanent and Non-Competitive Employment

(By Major-General A. D. McRae, C.B.)



DURING the period of demobilization, when every effort should be put forth to provide employment for the able-bodied soldiers as they are discharged, it is perhaps to be expected that the future welfare of the soldier who is maimed for life, but who for the present is being temporarily taken care of, should be somewhat overlooked.

The vocational training which these men are receiving is all right so far as it goes, and for those who desire it. However, in this as in other soldier problems, is there not a tendency on the part of those in authority to fit the soldier into "their scheme," instead of adopting the scheme to the wishes and well-being of the soldiers they are endeavoring to assist?

Why should all these crippled soldiers be thrust back into competitive occupations, unable as they are to compete with able bodied men, and left subject to the demands of commercial efficiency, more necessary since the war than ever before? Is it not much better and at the same time in the interest of national economy that, so far as suitable positions are existent, these men, if they so desire, be absorbed

in the civil service of the country? Such employment would be permanent and non-competitive, and of the present incumbents every able bodied man released would add to the productive wealth of the Dominion.

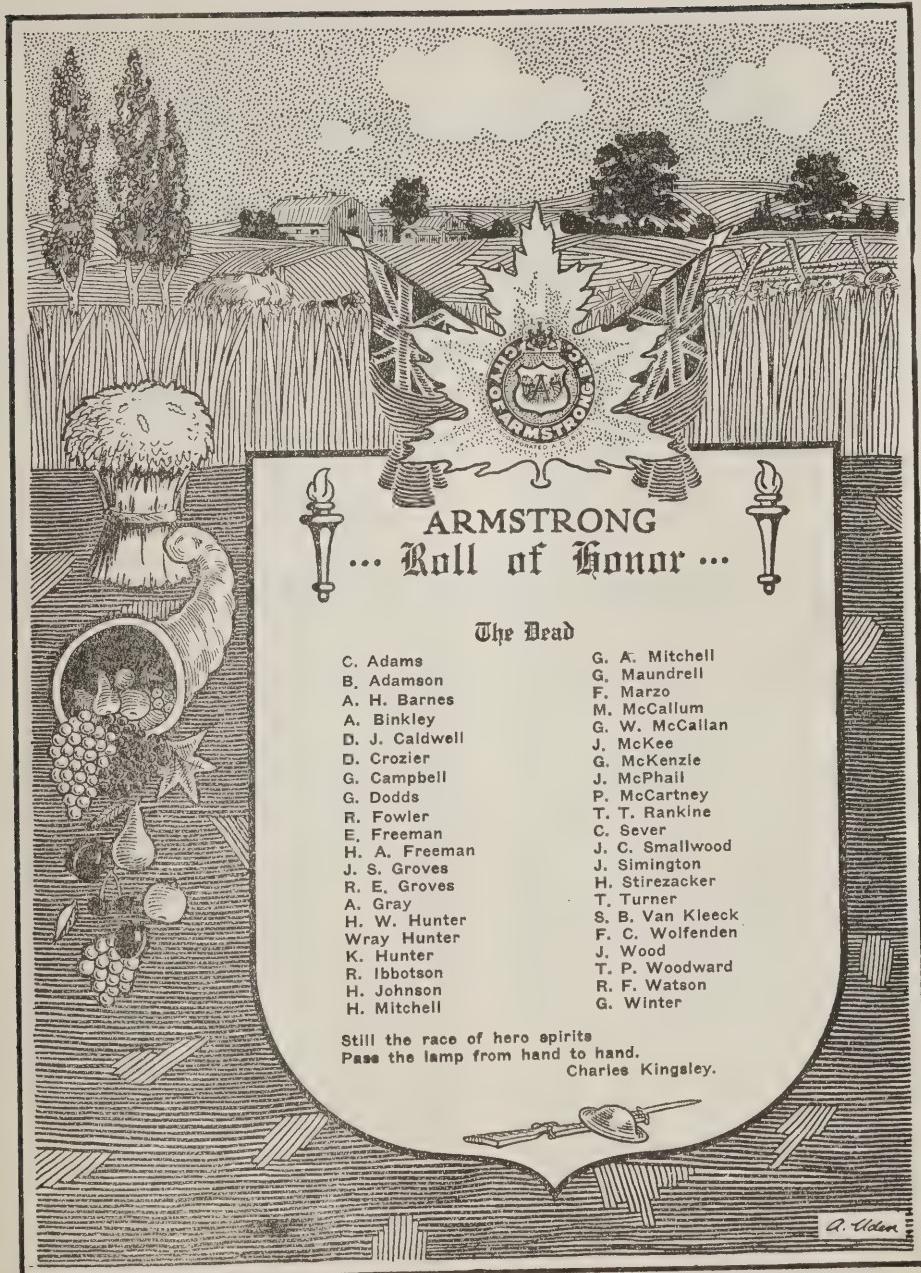
The country, at least, owes the man who has sacrificed his life efficiency in the war, a comfortable and happy employment as long as he is able to work. A pension, even if ample, is not enough to insure contentment. Few men are happy in idleness and it is not in the interest of national efficiency that they should be idle.

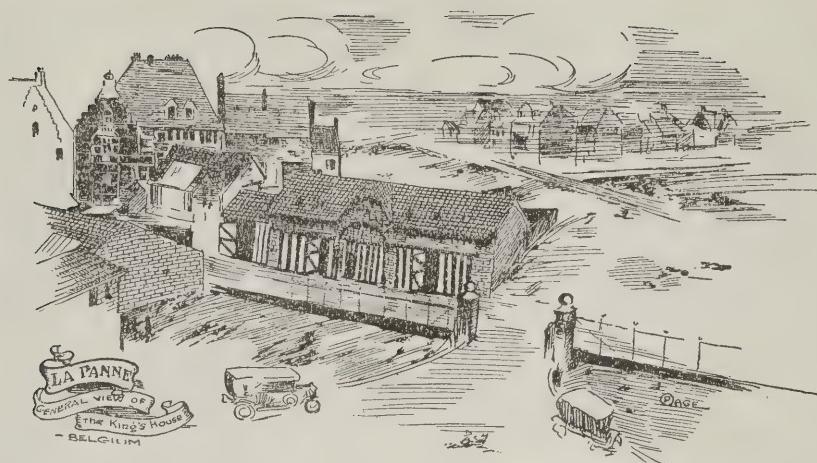
A list of the employees of the Dominion Government in each district, as well as those holding positions under province, city, or municipality as the case may be, will undoubtedly show that a suitable civil job could be made available, in many cases at home, for almost every soldier, who on account of his wounds is debarred from returning to his pre-war occupation; while the present occupant could become a useful member of the commerce and industry of the Dominion. Where training is necessary for these positions, the country can well afford to provide it.

The Canadian people, even though the drums of war have ceased beating, will not fail to discharge "in full" their obligation to their crippled soldiers. Let the soldier associations in the various districts prepare and put before them a careful analysis of the situation, scheduling the suitable positions which could be made vacant and the wounded soldiers competent to fill the same.

The procrastination at present shown over discharging the country's obligations to its soldiers by not taking advantage of the opportunity presented when making government or civil appointments, I realize would, in all probability, manifest itself as active opposition to a policy that would compel the politician to forego his old prerogatives.

But must not he as well as the able bodied civil servant give way to the needs and happiness of the soldier who has made such a sacrifice for the liberty of mankind. His needs will always be first with his comrades. Will the country be less generous?





(Sketch from a War Note Book)



Chapeau Rouge, Dunkirk

(By Major J. S. Matthews)

Some pages from a War Diary, written while acting as Canadian Returning Officer at Dunkirk, Winter of 1917.

I am about twenty miles from the front line, that is, say Dixmude. We got here at 7.30 p.m. and, after "ditching" the valise, had a ten minute walk to the only hotel which is open in this great city. The solitude was most impressive. A great collection of fine buildings, statues, tram tracks, churches, and wide paved streets, in fact, a city which seems to be larger than Vancouver, but not a soul to occupy it. I saw a cat and an automobile with four or five R. N. A. S. officers in it scuttle across the great square. Not a light is showing. The moon rose at 6 p.m. bright and full and in a cloudless sky. The moonlight added to the deserted appearance, but it was very welcome as an aid to strangers trying to find a place to eat and sleep.

I had a tasty dinner, soup, sole, chicken and peas, Bordeaux blanc and fromage. My bedroom has a carpet, two mirrors, a beautiful bed of feathers, hot and cold water, clean white towel, eseritoir, electric light, clock, fireplace and foot bath.

Such is a brief outline of the scene, but what haunts me constantly is that this evening I

have walked two miles through the streets of a great city, and have not met a living thing.

To-day Dunkirk was alive. Street cars running, thousands of soldiers of all ranks, mostly French, but also English, Canadians, negroes, Chinamen and so on, ad infinitum. Had lunch with 3rd Labor Battalion (Canadians) in a hut riddled with holes from aeroplane bombs. At 5.30 p.m. and also at 7.30 p.m. the steam sirens blew the alarm, but nothing happened. We went on with our work. Immense dug-outs (above ground) strongly timbered and covered with sand bags, then an air space and then a heavy coating of three or four feet of rock are near all the huts. Separate ones for officers, N. C. O's. and men. Capt. Pharish of the 3rd C. L. B. tells me that Dunkirk is shelled from land, sea and air. He says the air bombardments are the worst, as one does not get a chance to run for shelter. When the 17-inch land guns bombard from about 26 miles away they can see the flash and then they have 90 seconds in which to "beat it" to shelter; not that the shelter is of any use from a direct hit. They say the Bosches drop bombs or shells almost every day and there are always some

casualties, but nothing worth while mentioning has happened these twenty-four hours. Evidently they speak the truth if the hundreds and hundreds of broken windows now boarded up are any criterion. It's a fine bright moonlight night. The guns near Nieuport or Dixmude are at it again. It was especially heavy firing while I was at lunch to-day. The Chinamen seem to be doing good work. Those I saw yesterday were making new railway sidings near Calais; to-day at St. Pol, they were loading wagons with lumber, but I notice they have got rid of the straw hats, cotton socks and sandals they were wearing at Folkestone last September, while they were leaving England for France. The negroes seem to be all drivers of lumber wagons. The gates of Dunkirk are closed at 5 p.m. to all wheeled traffic and to pedestrians at 9 p.m. After that, a pass to get in or out is necessary and even then it is good for one way only and not for a return. All of the gratings on the side walks and all the cellar windows are barricaded with sandbags and wooden boxes filled with earth, and here and there a sign "Refuge en cas d'alerte." Outside the railway station and in the middle of the square is being built an immense dug-out 100 feet square.

Raining to-night; no fear of raid to-night. Have been all over the city to-day. It is a frightful shame it has been so knocked about by the Hun bombs. Such a dastardly outrage to destroy cathedrals and beautiful carved statues. Everywhere one goes there are the same marks of destruction. What on earth was their object in smashing the St. Eloi Cathedral to smithereens, I can not see. It is not high in the air and could not be used for observation. All over the city it is the same. A beautifully carved statue will have the side knocked off, will have a piece a foot square knocked out. The fronts of hundreds of buildings are splashed with cuts two to ten inches deep and plastered with deep indentations of flying iron. Everywhere, everywhere, it is the same. No wonder the populace is so nervous that they desert the town at night and go off in the country to sleep.

I called at the Salvation Army barracks to-night to look it over and see what they were doing. They occupy an old convent and I wanted to see how they compare with the Y. M. C. A. The Ensign told me they are not so busy now the 1st army has moved away; but for a while they "handled" 5,000 men a week. He says that for a time they were cooking 5,000, 7,000, and one week 10,000 eggs, and all on one stove. They have beds for thirty-five soldiers, nice warm beds with sheets, and a reading, writing and lecture room. The staff consists of

the ensign and his wife, a P. B. man, five English girls and three Belgian girls. They make little or no profit, and their expenses are rent 100 francs a week, light and heat and salaries, but he says they manage the whole thing on about \$50.00 a week. The ceiling leaks as a result of a recent raid in which one piece of shell went through the roof and two floors. He says they have had at least 120 air raids in six months besides long range gun fire and sea bombardments. Good luck to them.

I find that Dunkirk is as big or bigger than Auckland or Vancouver and quite a large shipping port. The inland water transportation is interesting. Scores upon scores of large, very large, canal boats, and of course, as is the case in all cities near the frontier, soldiers upon soldiers in every direction, in fact little other work than military and naval duties received the attention of any one. The newspaper, the "Le Nord Maritime," still publishes a miserable sheet. I can hear the distant guns roaring all the time as I write. All the hustle and bustle of men in action is very interesting and fascinating. But one's heartfelt sympathy goes out to the poor chaps who are barely twenty miles away, bearing the brunt of the incessant roar in the mud and cold on this inclement evening.

Well, the joys of electioneering in the war zone are passable after all. The Germans cannot have found out that the election is on. I have notified everyone. H. M. Navy, with all its monitors, torpedo boats, mine sweepers, motor launchers have been notified by signal and orders through Commodore Lyons, C.M.G. (with whom I had lunch to-day) and the fifty-nine detachments of the Imperial army, comprising all branches of the service imaginable, while some of them have been notified by order of the Base Commandant, Col. Marescaux, C.M. G. But evidently nothing of my arrival is known in Germany or they surely would have called before this, six days and not a bomb. We thought something would crop up to-night as it is very clear, but the wind has arisen and it is off, I think. They nearly always kill someone when they do come so it is well they have stopped away. Damn their souls; they bombed the hospital four miles away a week ago and killed about fifty.

The Fourth British Army is away from here now and there are few soldiers of fighting units other than French or Belgian. Still the number of British fighters and workers is most formidable. The immense docks with their countless locks and cranes are all worked by British units. There are all sorts of them. Here are some R.T.O., R.O.D., Port Construction Co.'s, base cashiers, censor, A.D.D.S., I.W.T., D.A.,

D.R.T., R.E., Port Survey, Transportation, Stores Co.'s, Military Prison, D.O.R.E., C.B.E., R.E.S.O., A.D.L.I., and countless other officials and units whose initials are unintelligible to the layman. I am glorified by the initials D.P.O. Then there are the R.N.A.S., the R.F.C. and the A.A. sections. They all have their work to do, as have the hundreds of Chinese and German prisoners and the hundreds of Frenchmen with thousands of badges of all colors and shapes and in all positions on their uniforms. Then there are the R.N. and the R.M.A., the R.M.V.I., R.N.V.R. and M.L. and siege guns, and last, but not least the Y.M.C.A.

The approaches to the city are many, but at night they are all closed but three. After 5 p.m. no wheeled vehicles may pass in or out and after 9 p.m. no pedestrians enter or leave. During the day the shops are open and the streets full of all kinds of transport, but at night all is still and dark as a cave. The blackness of a Dunkirk street at night is the blackest black of primeval space. The town has not suffered from bombardment by field guns at close range, but it has had every other kind of bombardment. The destruction is cruel. The fine buildings are gutted by fire, and where not battered into shapeless heaps, then so battered by exploding air bombs that the facades look mottled and speckled like "salt and pepper" pattern, where the freshly chipped embrasures of lighter color intermix with the darker hue of the weathered old stone, colored by age and soot. All, or nearly all the glass of windows has gone and its place taken by boards or thick tarred paper, and yet, amidst all this scene of desolation, there is an activity which is hard to interpret into words. In the great square in the middle of the city and, in the centre of which stands an unharmed and beautiful statue to Jean Bart, the simple country folk assemble on Saturdays, set up their stalls in scores and vend their wares, i.e.: apples, dressed fowl, celery, remnants of cloth and other nick nacks.

It is very easy to communicate with all the multifarious units of the great army. One little signal and the whole British fleet and all its armies know that the German aeroplanes are coming. The fleet by wireless, the army by phone and the city by "wailing Mary."

On Sunday I went out to Bray dunes to take the votes at No. 5 Wing, R.N.A.S. The weather was cloudy and the wind high. It was cold. I rode in a fine Rolls-Royce lent me by the R.N.A.S. and had a grand driver, ninety kilometers an hour the speedometer showed as we flew along an endless straight road from Dunkirk to Bray dunes—no speed regulations for an officer on duty in an R. N. motor car.

Anyway fourteen and a half miles including stop and turnings were finished off in fifteen minutes. It was a thrilling ride but too cold; too much like flying in a plane.

Dunkirk is a great port of its class and how different from Dover and Folkestone. The latter are ports built in the sea. Dunkirk is a port built in the land. It has had no natural advantages, nothing but what man has made it. He first dredged out little and short canals and they have grown and grown until now they form an intricate mass of canals, large, deep and long, large in that they will hold hundreds of ships, deep in that they will float anything, and long in that they run for hundreds of miles, carrying in barges the great needs of a greater army, and bringing back to be repaired the debris of the fray. People ask me sometimes, which of all the countries I have visited, is, in my opinion, to be deemed the greatest. To that question I have but one answer; it is that all are great. It seems that one country is great where another is small, and one is small where the other is great, and each has its especial virtue wherein no other surpasses it, and so the balance is preserved. The pyramids of Egypt and the skyscrapers of New York are not greater monuments to the powers of man than the canals of Belgium and France. As I grow older and see more of the world's surface I become more and more confirmed in certain beliefs of which some are that the world was made for many peoples and living things to live in, and of them all, each one should be blessed with one thing which the other has not, but no one should have more than its share; that this perfect balance is preserved by aggressiveness, one form of which is fighting and another the ambition of individuals to excel, upon which all progress depends and is based; that the fertility of the brain of man in any one era of time differs so little that no one age is justified in assuming superiority over any other age.

Well, they came. Last night from 12.20 to 1.10 a.m., and again from 5.00 a.m. to 6.20 a.m. The killed are four and the wounded about ten, and the damage nothing to speak of. It was too cold to get out and dress and go into the cellar. Went out to view the ruins this morning.

They tried hard but they did not get what they wanted. It was a narrow squeak though! Only ten feet more would have hit the belfry and another hit the pole on the side wall in front of the cathedral. About eighty bombs were dropped, one or two of them, the remnants of which I saw, were as big as a barrel. Must have been 500 mm. beggars. It is an

infernal shame though to blow out the fronts of shops, kill people in their beds and sink barges. The barrage of the French was pretty good, but nothing in particular. The Germans did about just what they wanted. Our fellows do not go up when a barrage is on, as it is not safe to get mixed up in it. They will be over again to-night sure as fate. You would soon be converted to the policy of reprisals if you saw the wreck this morning. But everyone goes on at the work of cleaning up the debris just the same old cool way. There were wagon loads of it. The whole of one house front was blown out, but the front only. Standing on the street you could see the beds and chairs, on each floor, just like a toy doll's house.

Yesterday and to-day I have been out at Bray Dunes, Furnes, Adinkerke, La Panne, Coxyde and Avecappel collecting votes. At the nearest point we were about three miles from the front line, but beyond an odd boom and mud we might have been thirty miles away. Everything is quiet now that the British have gone. It was pretty lively, they say, while the 15th Army Corps (Fourth army) was in this part. The French are here now and in Belgium of course, the Belgique. King Albert lives in a house on the sea beach near La Panne. There are a few newly arrived American nurses at the army base hospital at La Panne. Suppose they are there for instructional purposes.

The notes which I am taking for the general election in Canada are all, or very nearly all, going in favor of the present Borden government, and of course, in favor of conscription in Canada. I have been given a motor car and just go from one point to another which means from dugout to hut and from hospital to dressing station. I catch my "clients" at all times and places, and my polling booth is sometimes a bedside in a ward and sometimes a box in a dugout. All "dugouts" here are really "dug ups" because the land being so level and also so sandy, the water is close to the surface, and such shelter as can be made from shrapnel and pieces of shell, has to be of sandbags. They afford shelter from fragments, but for a direct hit would be little better than paper. An odd thing is to find all of them connected by 'phone with practically all of France, for being each connected to H2 in Dunkirk, to talk to Paris is a matter of a few plugs and no more. The voting is supposed to be secret, but I am afraid it would frightfully shock some of these "gentlemen" who lead political lives for an existence and who are supposed to be law makers, to see how simplicity simplifies and overcomes all the precautions they take securing an honest ballot, and yet observe none of their rules. Why is it that with those gentry, the lawmak-

ers, out of the way, we get a purer observation of the law than when they are near. My electors come in and take their ballot paper from me and after marking it, bring it back to me to show me how they have voted, despite my protest that I don't want to see. They say what does it matter if I do see? And I can't see that it does, either. The system is alright here, but I recognize it would not do in Canada. Here it is rough and ready, and gives quite honest results which are symbolical of hardy carefree men.

Lunch to-day cost us nothing. It was a "mulligan" and a chunk of bully with about a quart of tea. It was handed me in a mess tin by a soldier while I sat in a dark dugout and I drank out of the tin. The beef I held in my hand while I chewed off a piece as I wanted it. Yesterday, and barely two miles away, the mid-day meal cost me thirteen francs (nearly eleven shillings). We sat at a table with white linen and ate sole at five francs a piece, and drank Burgundy. At both points we were not much more than three or five miles from the front line. The contrasts of war are singular. One moment a man lies wounded, helplessly freezing to death from cold and hunger, and buried in icy mud, and an hour or so afterwards he is lying in the cosiest cot with tender hands coddling him with comforts interminable.

I secured one of the famous German darts at Bray Dunes to-day, one of the darts they drop from Zepp and planes.

The general scene of activity is much the same as on the Somme last year—endless streams of wagons, and wheeled vehicles drawn by horse, dog and motor power, and carrying everything from generals to wheelbarrows; guns, large and small, drawn by horses; machine guns by dogs; and immense motor vans as ambulances. The only difference between the Flanders scene and that on the Somme is that the prevailing color, the Frency army blue, takes the place of the British khaki. In Belgium, of course, in the army Belge, it is khaki again. There are detachments of every branch of the armies quartered in almost every estaminet, hut, or dugout or village house for twenty miles in the rear, and yet here, in Dunkirk, a city infested with soldiers, business goes on after a fashion, and farmers' wives sell their eggs and dressed fowls from stalls in the market square. As one of the American nurses remarked to me to-day, "The War has developed into a regular business."

Looking over the London "Times" of a day or so ago I see the reports of the raid of Dunkirk are short and non-committal. Of the first one it says: "Dunkirk was raided. There were

some casualties." Saturday's Times says, "On the 5th and 6th Dec. bombing raids were carried out by naval aircraft on Bruges docks, various aerodromes and railway traffic. Bombs were observed to explode and fire was caused amongst huts and sheds."

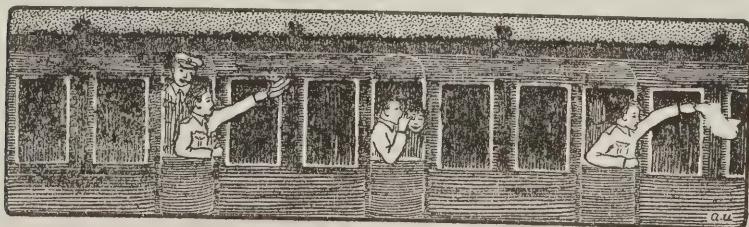
How different the aspect of a noisy barroom from within and without the bar! What a chapter of woe, what a racy tale of excitement and hairbreadth escapes, what food for thought for the philosopher, or what a text for the sermon of a preacher lies concealed behind these brief, dry and deceptive official reports!

Food in this part of France and Belgium seems wonderfully plentiful. There is more butter, bread and sugar on the table than one can possibly consume, and yesterday, in the fish and regular markets, long alleys of peasant women were walking patiently behind heaps of fish and fowl for someone to come and buy their viands. At meal times, I almost beg the waiters not to bring me such large portions, and once or twice I have had to turn some away. My hotel bill for six days includes four afternoon teas, four small bottles of Bordeaux blanc and one of beer, and is only about ninety-nine francs, not any more, if as much, as similar attention would cost at any modern Western hotel. I went out this morning in the Ford car. Nine G. S. wagons, each drawn by only two horses and each carrying two French blue colored coffins followed by a thousand French soldiers passed the hotel as we got ready to leave. Who said, "there were some casualties?" Eighteen in all were victims of the air raid.

Just got back from spending the evening with Capt. Johnson at the base commandant's office. It was odd to sit by the fire and hear "Wailing Mary" at it. They came over at 6.45 p.m. and stopped until 8.30 p.m. You could hear the bombs dropping down near the docks. The night was clear and brightly starlit, but no

moon. While we were on our way from the hotel to the offices an aeroplane flew over our heads going at a terrific speed. It was one of ours. You could tell by the little pilot light he was showing to signal what he was. It must be great excitement to shoot through the air like that. There was very little difference between a shooting star and that machine except for the noise, the barely discernible outline and the fact that the light travelled horizontally. A searchlight flashed a beam on him for a second to establish his identity and then hurriedly took it off. He went off in the direction of the place where our shells were bursting in the air, away up in the sky, like little red fireflies. But he would not go near that barrage. I have my doubts that he was British even if he was in one of own make of machines, with our colors.

I flew down to Calais or near it from Petite Synthe, this afternoon. Flight Commander Cleghorne was good enough to take me for a spin. It was a delightful afternoon and we had a cup of tea when we came back. The make of machine I am not quite certain (B3) but she was a powerful little two seater bomber of 300 h.p. We went up to four thousand feet and got a speed of eighty-five miles an hour. I was nicely wrapped up in the proper fur lined overall and cap, goggles and gloves and enjoyed the spin of thirty minutes over land and sea very much. These airmen are real fine gentlemen with all that word means unsullied. What a conquest of the air theirs really is. I know of no occupation or employment, or pleasure which combines so many fine features for young warriors as the science of flying. It affords ample opportunities for the use of brains, of endurance, of bravery, of skill, of ingenuity, of keenness of eye and steadiness of nerve and the command of a man-made yet almost living bird which floats up and down among the clouds makes one feels majestically noble. It gives one a desire to go into space and call upon the stars.



The End of a Perfect Day.

A Page of Poetry



MY MOUNTAINS

I have a window in my house, from whence I gaze
On mountains, wrapped in mournful purple haze,
With stately heads snow-crowned;
While out the drear grey sky, the softest fleecy strands
Of clouds reach down, and touch with loving hands,
Their rugged sides, ice-bound.

Anon I looked, and lo! the purple turned to gold;
The sun shines forth—his loving rays enfold
Each shimmering frost-held peak;
The cruel snows give way, in melting tear
drops start
And soften all beneath—e'en so the overburdened heart
Its best relief will seek.

Once more I gazed on glowing mellowed tone,
On rugged frowning sides new green had found a home,
Where gaping fissures stood.
Their heads upreared in steadfast faith, My Mountains know
What wealth of hope, and life, and warmth,
lies hid beneath the snow.
And tell "Thy ways are good." L. R. T.

A FIELD OF LILIES

I know a field of lilies;
It nestled in old time;
The air was clear and sweet with prayers;
A happy mother's clime.

I saw that field of lilies
Grow stately in the sun;
With silver hopes and golden dreams
The spotless robes were spun.

I saw that field of lilies,
And heavy 'twas to see,
The blight of life upon the gold,
The stained purity.

Cold lay that field of lilies
Beneath the waning moon;
And foul were all the lovely heads
That stood so fair at noon.

I saw that field of lilies
Beneath the trump of war;
And many a head was proud again,
And many an eye a star.

But low that field of lilies
Lies trampled in the mire;
Crushed the stately stalks of green,
Blind the eyes of fire.

No more that field of lilies
Will thrill to meet the morn;
Flushing high with joyous zest,
To greet the hunter's horn.

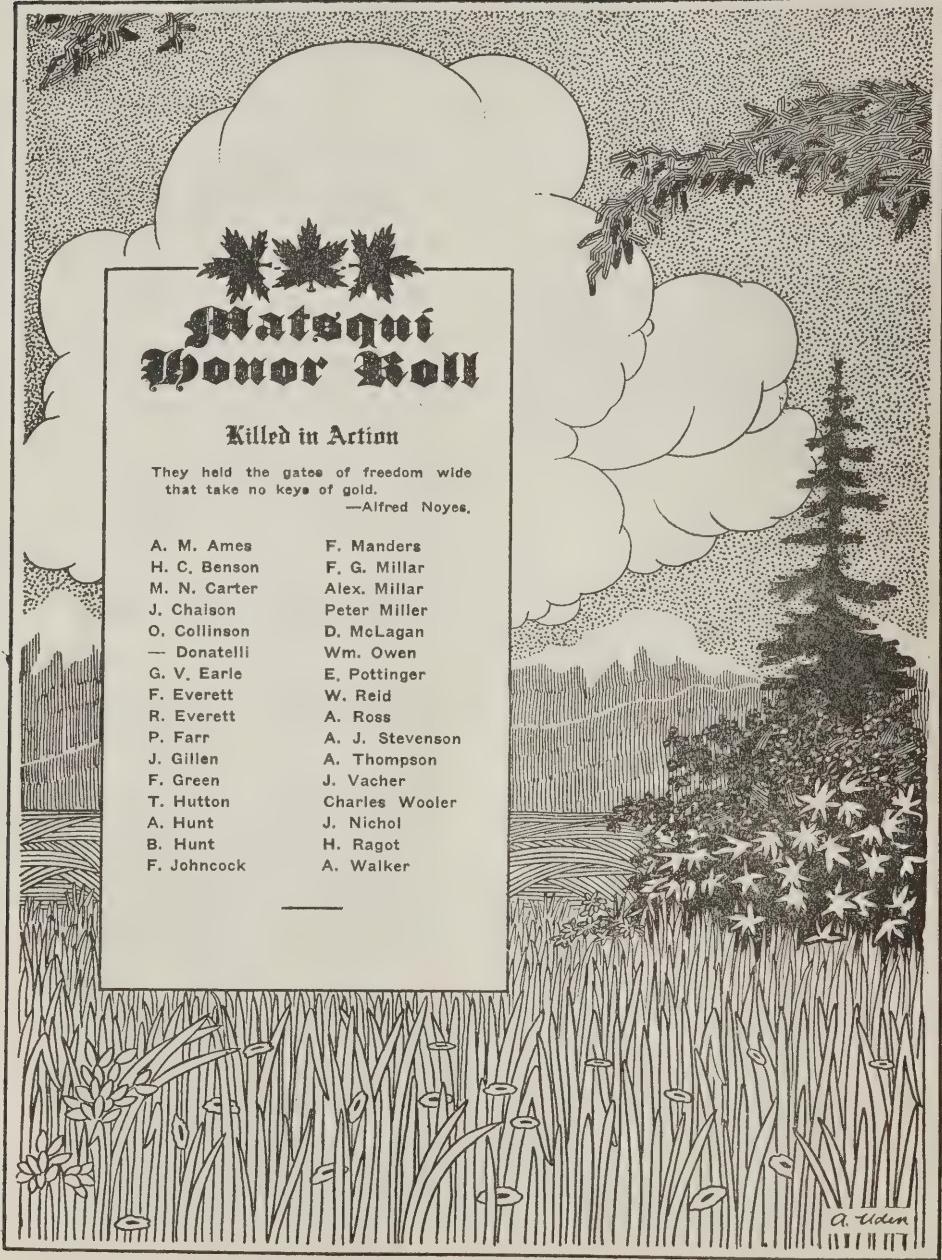
But still that field of lilies,
It wakes me in the night;
When all the house is hushed and dark,
The lilies dance in light.

O, joyous field of lilies!
That makes night day for me;
I weary through the garish hours,
That keep my heart from thee.
—Donald Graham.

NO TEARS.

(By Lady Roddick)

For a hero's death, no tears!
He fought for lasting peace,
But everlasting peace he's won;
It might be troubled if I wept.



Matsqui Honor Roll

Killed in Action

They held the gates of freedom wide
that take no keys of gold.

—Alfred Noyes,

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| A. M. Ames | F. Manders |
| H. C. Benson | F. G. Millar |
| M. N. Carter | Alex. Millar |
| J. Chaison | Peter Miller |
| O. Collinson | D. McLagan |
| — Donatelli | Wm. Owen |
| G. V. Earle | E. Pottinger |
| F. Everett | W. Reid |
| R. Everett | A. Ross |
| P. Farr | A. J. Stevenson |
| J. Gillen | A. Thompson |
| F. Green | J. Vacher |
| T. Hutton | Charles Wooler |
| A. Hunt | J. Nichol |
| B. Hunt | H. Ragot |
| F. Johncock | A. Walker |

With the F. A. N.Y.'S in France

(By Miss Katie Snyder)



Miss Katie J. Snyder claims Calgary as her birthplace. She resided in the Yukon for a number of years, was educated in Vancouver, where she now lives. Her father, Major A. E. Snyder, was with the R.N.W.M.P., and was for a number of years officer commanding at White Horse, Y. T. Her brother, Hilliard, a lieutenant with "B" battery, Canadian Motor Machine Gun Brigade, was killed in March, 1918, at Villers Breteaux when his battery was almost completely wiped out in the attempt to stem the oncoming Teutons before Amiens.

I HAVE been asked to relate my experience while overseas and will relate one instance.

There is always more or less scepticism over certain features of the events of the war just over, but I can tell of one instance where a hospital was bombed and where machine guns fired on the wounded and the helpers.

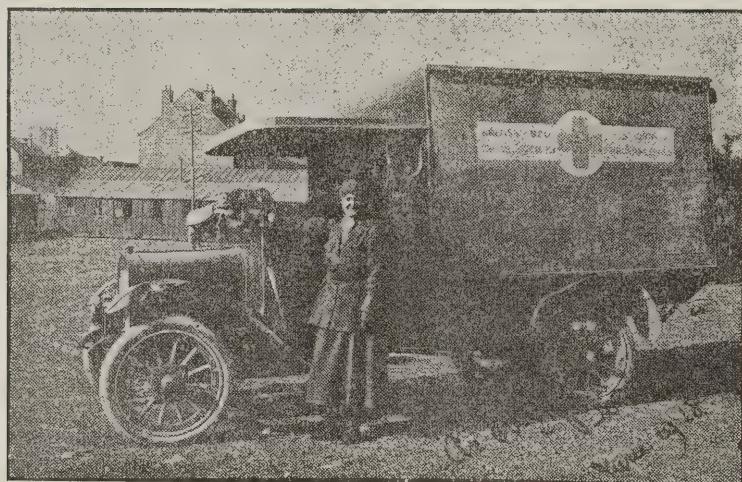
When I arrived in England in November 1916, I had one thought in my mind, which was to do something useful in the service of the Empire. I had experience in driving a car, and straightway made enquiries in this direction.

Through a train of references, recommendations and red tape which it would be idle to reiterate, I finally succeeded in securing a place at the British School of Motoring where I found two hundred other women receiving instruction in the art of driving, mechanics and repairs. They were all English girls and, being the only Canadian among them, I broke to them very gently the fact of my nationality, with I must say almost disastrous results. It happened while at lunch at the "Blue Cockatoo Inn," an institute established by Lady Cholmondeley and where we girls lunched, that one of the girls related her conversation with an American girl and finished up with "Those Americans and Canadians think they know everything and have come over to teach us how to win the war." The apologies were profuse when I told them I was a Canadian. However, they were an excellent lot of girls and I can recall many pleasant hours spent in their company.

On passing my examination I was sent to the C. A. M. C. headquarters by General Hogarth where I was initiated by performing a test-drive on a eight cylinder Cadillac; this passed and I was called to duty as an ambulance driver. I was fortunate in securing the acceptance of my suggestion for a uniform for Canadian ambulance drivers which consisted of a tunic much like that of an infantry officer, a walking length skirt, riding breeches underneath, high boots and a light colored khaki velour hat. The work of ambulance driving during my service in London, consisted of driving convalescent soldiers from station to station, moving patients from residence to hospitals and also doing staff work. For a time I was attached to staff and drove Col. Godson-Godson.

After a period of service in London, I finally succeeded in getting to France with the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps (Fany's as they are called for short) where we were stationed at St. Omer. There were fifty of us altogether, Miss Evelyn Gordon Brown, the first Canadian woman to win the Military medal and myself being the only two Canadians at that depot. From this point we did considerable driving, our area extending from Calais at the coast to Abbeville on the Somme.

My most thrilling experience occurred during my stay at the Tenth Stationary Hospital at St. Omer where I was sent for a rest. The



A Snapshot of Miss Snyder's Car in France.

first four days were very interesting. Each night we had air-raids. On the fifth night, May 26th, 1918, I found it somewhat difficult to sleep, so I sought rest by moving to a bed close to the other wall (lucky move), and soon I was asleep. Sometime after midnight there came three of the most terrific crashes that I had ever heard. Three bombs had struck the hospital. Twenty-four patients, all of them wounded soldiers, were killed outright in the adjoining room, and the bed I had vacated was demolished by the falling wall. For a moment there was tumult and confusion. Patients, their bandages undone, their wounds reopened and bleeding, in many cases from fresh wounds, a most heartrending sight, all rushed to the main stairway only to find it blown to pieces. In utter darkness, for no lights were allowed, we stumbled over the debris of broken walls, upturned beds and shattered glass, in our bare feet. One of the nurses found a little electric torch which helped to light our way. We groped about but it seemed like ages before we finally found our way to the back stairway. I'll never forget the sight of those poor boys, supporting each other down the narrow stairway. It must also be remembered that these patients were in a most

dangerous condition, too serious to be moved any farther, which made the occasion a most pitiful one.

Just as we were making for the back door, a little Red Cross orderly violently barred our way with the warning that the Hun raiders were playing their machine guns on the grounds outside. He led the way to the morgue underground where the whole crowd of us remained in the dark for what seemed hours until the raiders left the vicinity. Pungent, asphyxiating fumes were gradually filling the entire place, emanating, as I was told, from the hospital dispensary which had been hit. In this suffocating atmosphere we helped to remove the killed and the wounded from under the debris to a place of safety.

On the following morning I rejoined my camp at Blendeques. Fortunately enough it had been moved to that point just in time to escape disaster, our camp at St. Omer having also been bombed by raiders shortly after being vacated.

The adventure went rather hard with me for I was quite done up. I was given three months' leave but it was no use so finally I came home. One of the things that I learned overseas was, why the boys never liked air raids. The reason is still vivid in my memory.



The Bugler

(Written after the first battle of Mons)

HARK! cry the bugles all,
"Back, though 'tis not defeat."
Sullenly answered the khaki line,
"Why should we yet retreat?"

"Back!" cry the bugles all,
"We will call you on again
And shrill your foes to the swift red death
When blood shall flow like rain."

"Hark!" cry the bugles all,
"With horse, and gun and blade,
Your kin o'er the world, from every sea
Are hastening to your aid."

(Three years later)

"On!" cry the bugles all,
"On, and on with a will,
For the river of blood, is now in flood,
'Tis no small brook nor rill."

At Mons we called you back,
Now on, for God in his power
Hath given the foe to wrath and woe,
Strike, for now is the hour."

"On!" cry the bugles all,
"Strew high the shuddering plain
With each long breath, give a foe to death
And glut yourselves with the slain."

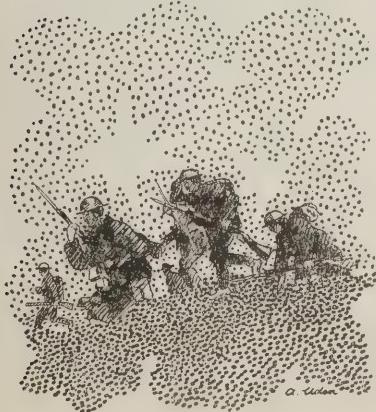
"Yet!" cry the bugles all,
"Make not your wrath too high,
Give the wounded and weak, the grace they
seek,
They are broken, pass them by."

—E. A. JENNS.

In Fort-bound Metz

July 26th, 1914.
(By Lady Roddick)

NEAT uniformed, with close cropped head
and fierce moustache
Near us they dined one July day in fort-
bound Metz.
We could not catch their words; but we could
see and feel
Their strong excitement, breaking forth, then
held in check,
Then breaking forth afresh as some new health
was drunk.
The joy, imprinted on their faces, spread to
ours.
We laughed in turn as they; but knew not why
we laughed.
It was indeed a merry meal in which we shared,
That July day, in fort-bound Metz.
Next day, in France, we were to know at what
we laughed
With those large built, full blooded German
men of rank,
For when we asked a grieving woman why she
wept,
She sobbed: "Because the Germans will make
war on France!"



A Nightmare Redeemed

By Noel Robinson (Canadian Engineers)

(This article was written immediately after Passchendaele and while the impression was still vivid in the writer's memory. There have been padres good and bad "over there," but you will never meet any man of the splendid 43rd (Winnipeg), a "Kiltie" battalion, who has not a good word to say for the Rev. George Pringle, of Vancouver, and formerly of the Yukon, to whom reference is made in this article. He stuck with "the boys" through thick and thin.)

SCARLET poppies and blue cornflowers! Can it be that such gems of vivid and ephemeral beauty can ever have graced this our present sordid battlefield? Was that lovely summer scene in sunny—sometimes!—France, a dream? One has to resist the temptation to become melodramatic. Yet the craziest writer of melodrama could hardly have conceived a fitter setting for deeds of horror than one I witnessed the other night. Figure to yourself pitchy darkness, a black morass—that, as the war correspondents have told you, is all this battlefield consists of—the narrow bath-mat walk left far behind, and a concrete blockhouse (or pill-box, as it is called) upon the site of what was once a farmhouse—hardly a trace of the farmhouse remaining. The farm bears the name of a battlefield famous, like those of Hastings and the Armada, as that of one of the three epoch-marking battles in British history—that of Waterloo.

Under cover of the darkness it has been the duty of the engineers to build a series of low bridges over a swamp, bridges across which the 43rd and 58th will pass at dawn, to the attack. The enemy advanced shell-holes and our own—there is no defined front line on either side—are near, so near that one of their patrols stumbles through the mud into some of our infantry near where we are working. Two are shot dead and five are captured and taken to the pill box. "Fritzie," who has been quiet, sends over a series of uncomfortable explosive presents, and an occasional gas shell. Fortunately the explosions are partly smothered in the mud—about the only service that I have ever known this handicap to render.

We squelch back to the pill-box.

As we stand outside in the darkness the gas screen over the entrance is quickly moved aside and dropped again, and a tall, spare officer asks me to hold a very carefully-shaded light while he searches a corpse on a stretcher for some papers. (There are a number of bodies lying

on or off stretchers all about this pill-box). It seems unwise to hold a light, however carefully shaded, so near the enemy line, but I obey. It is the dead body of a lieutenant of the — Battalion, he tells me, two days dead and carried there from the place where he fell. I try, involuntarily, to remember that the fine spirit which recently occupied this shapeless mass and gave it volition, made a most noble end.

Suddenly my thoughts are directed into an entirely different channel. The long arm of coincidence again! I recognize something familiar in the grey-moustached, pale officer as he bends low near the faint light; something familiar also in the voice. Carrying out his brother officer's request he is searching for the papers. He cannot find them. I am ransacking my memory all the time. At last a responsive chord. My recollection flashes back more than ten years, and I am in a little bit of a lecture hall in Kitsilano, Vancouver, listening with deep interest to the story of a Yukoner, a sky-



(Some Sketches from a War Note Book)



(Some Sketches from a War Note Book)

pilot, as he tells of those wild Dawson days in the mad, Klondyke rush, and this elderly officer searching the dead is the same man, the Rev. George Pringle, well-known and very popular out here as padre to the 43rd Battalion, and, in that capacity, successor to the author of "The Sky-Pilot," "Ralph Connor," who himself "made good," in that difficult office.

Never, in the years intervening between that winter night in Kitsilano and this very different winter night in Flanders have I heard that voice. A few minutes later we have a brief but memorable chat—the redeeming feature of one of the least attractive nights I have spent. I have related this incident exactly as it occurred.

One by one round the corner of the concrete blockhouse, their heads bent before the keen wind and driving rain and hail, a party of infantry carrying rations (usually two sacks full, connected and slung back and front of the shoulder) file past me in the darkness. They are weighted beyond belief by their soggy greatcoats and the rations they carry. Water pours from their helmets and rifles. They are not far from the front line shell-holes, but the intervening distance is little else than a morass.

Even as I stand there, chilled to the marrow myself, I could take my hat (or rather, helmet) off to these splendid men. I wonder if you at home can possibly realize more than faintly what they (and their counterparts in the infantry of the Imperials and the other Dominions) are suffering in freedom's cause. I wonder—as there flashes through my mind what I had

read the day before in a well-known English paper of profiteering, of extravagance going on among the munitioners of Newcastle and Sheffield; and of strikes in England and Canada by workers paid and apparelled better than they have ever been—I wonder if all these people dimly realize what these men, wet and half frozen inside their soggy greatcoats, are enduring in order that the others may stay at home.

These utterly miserable men passing doggedly before me know there are many splendidly patriotic men and women in England and other parts of the Empire, but you want to hear their scathing comments upon "those others" to whom reference has been made.

There are other branches of the service, such as the machine gunners (first and foremost), the engineers, whose duties often take them near and sometimes in front of the line, the light artillery and other units, which see a lot of dangerous and heavy work and endure considerable hardship, and there are branches of the service behind the lines which hardly know that a war is on—yet are necessary to the completing of the great machine. But the infantry alone go "over the top," and their sufferings when in the line exceed those of any other branch. Always remember that.

That night, as we struggled through six miles



(Some Sketches from a War Note Book)

of mud and slush, entertained once in a while with explosive and gas shells in our vicinity, falling into mud and water-filled shell holes, sometimes up to our waists, and dragging each other out; losing—in my own case—rifle, ground-sheet, and both puttees, sucked off, I thought to myself that nothing could be worse. Then we arrived at our cellar billets, five or six miles back in Ypres, and still wet to the skin and mud-envolved, ate a hot supper and drank a spot of nectar—rum, I mean—and I realized that those infantrymen I had left would be spending the night in sodden shell-holes. I felt then that I must take the first opportunity of paying them another feeble tribute. And this is it.



By "Felix Penne."

(Recited by Mdme. Burton.)

This is a story about a man,
Tell it the boys in the schools,
Tell it the girls, to be mothers of men,
Not mothers of "fox-trot" fools:
'Tis a tale of the brave on the ocean wave
Of the sea Britannia rules.

The German fleet wouldn't dare to meet
Our ships on the open sea,
But their submarine, sneaked about unseen,
The murderous "U-33."
That could, hidden, glide, pierce the vessel's
side
And then turn tail and flee!

And many a ship on a peaceful trip,
Though she never carried a gun
Was sent below, by the unseen foe,
By the coward, assassin, Hun,
Who gave "no show," but off would go
And boast of a victory won.

And the ocean caves and the North sea waves
Were strewn with Britain's dead,
With Belgian wives who flew for their lives,
From the land where their husbands bled,
And their babes they bore to our friendly shore,
That their starved lips might be fed.

A captain bold, with a heart of gold,
Though he sailed but "a cockle shell,"
No heed e'er paid to the Hun's blockade,
He knew his duty well.
"I'll carry the grub, though I sail a tub .
Right into the swirl of Hell."

Through the cold North sea, to and fro went he,
Charlie Fryatt, stout, bold, bright,
Showing never a spark, his ship all dark,
"Till he came in the Hun's searchlight.
"You haven't a gun, don't try to run,
But yield, for you cannot fight!"

Did the Briton run from the scurvy Hun?
I haven't that tale to tell,
We don't breed cowards, but Drakes and Howards,
And, fighting, Nelson fell!
"Remember the dead, go straight ahead,
We'll ram the sub to Hell!"

With her tower all bent, down the diver went,
And the "Brussels" went on her way,
Said Fryatt then, to his cheering men,
"We've beat the Hun to-day,—
But sure as fate, we've won their hate,
If they catch us, we must—pay!"

"The pitcher that oft to the spring doth go
Will broken be at last."
And the Huns one day stopped Fryatt's way,
They had him safe and fast;
He knew right well their purpose fell,
He knew his fate was cast.

For a deed sublime, which the Huns called
"crime,"
Brave Captain Fryatt fell.
While the sea runs blue, his story true
Will Britons proudly tell;
He died for the sea, to keep it free,
His story ne'er forgot!
Sound his fame, honor his name,
To his memory pay your debt;
With such heroes bold, the sea we'll hold,
Or our liberty's sun will set.

Union Bay, U.J., B.C.

Roll of Honor

Many whose faith implicit, doubting not
 The nation's cause, said: "Here am I!" soon found
 A holier issue waging than they thought,
 And called, as deep to deep, for mates (not far to seek)
 Good mates to die with, having God's revenge to wreak.
 —J. S. Phillimore.

*W. G. Campbell	*H. Reid	*J. H. Vaughan
†H. Hillier	D. Roe	*†Jas. Dempsey
†John Glover	M. Roe	E. Trehearne
*S. Glover	P. O'Leary	J. G. Davis
*A. Glover	A. Selliers	R. L. Allan
Herbert Glover	G. Davis	W. Haggart
E. Glover	A. Hutchison	R. Hammerstrom
†T. Garrick	R. P. Fogg	S. Jemson
*G. Grange	P. Anderson	M. Davidson
*R. Ray	D. T. Cameron	John Baird
*W. J. Fraser	Frank Nello	R. Muschamp
*Stewart Hooper	Frank Calder	Herbert Geary
*A. McCulloch	F. P. Davidson	Thomas Miller
*Fraser Campbell	C. McTaggart	Harvey Leithhead
W. Hooper		Percy Renwick
Jas. McKay		Wm. Piercy

†Killed in Action

*Wounded

*†Died in France

O. Uden



The University of B. C. and the War

THE Universities of Canada have nobly responded to the demands of this war.

They boast of long honor-rolls bearing anywhere from 100 to 3,000 names, according to their age and population. The university men were among the first to take up arms in this struggle, and in the past four years they have proved without doubt their high sense of duty and patriotism.

The University of British Columbia has, in common with the older institutions, taken the war greatly to heart. She has given as large a percentage of her men to active service as any of her eastern sisters. The U. B. C. has no long list of pre-war graduates on her record. It was not until the war had been in progress for some months that our University was organized. For this reason we cannot include, as Toronto and McGill are able to do, the names of a thousand graduates on our honor-roll. With a register averaging less than two hundred and fifty names, and with less than fifty male graduates, we take great pride in an enlistment roll of two hundred and seventy-five. A great number of these men enlisted in 1915 and 1916. The rest followed suit as they became old enough to qualify. None waited to be conscripted. Five of the Faculty have served overseas. Others applied for the privilege but the army doctors considered them physically unfit for active service.

We have been represented in most of the fronts in Europe and Asia. There have been U. B. C. men in France, Italy, Egypt, Saloniki and Palestine. They are to be found in the infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, tank corps, flying corps, R.N.V.R. and in the hospitals. They range in rank from the rear-rank private to major, and were only barred from the higher ranks by youth. Every where they have acquitted themselves well.

We look with mingled pride and sorrow at the In Memoriam list. Here are the names of some thirty-five who have made the supreme sacrifice, and whose names will always be retained in the records of our University. No

doubt some memorial tablet will be erected in the new buildings at Point Grey.

Over half of our overseas men appear on the casualty lists—the wounded alone numbering over one hundred and fifty. Finally, we record between twenty and thirty medallists. Men who have special distinction for bravery among the always brave and gallant Canadian volunteers.

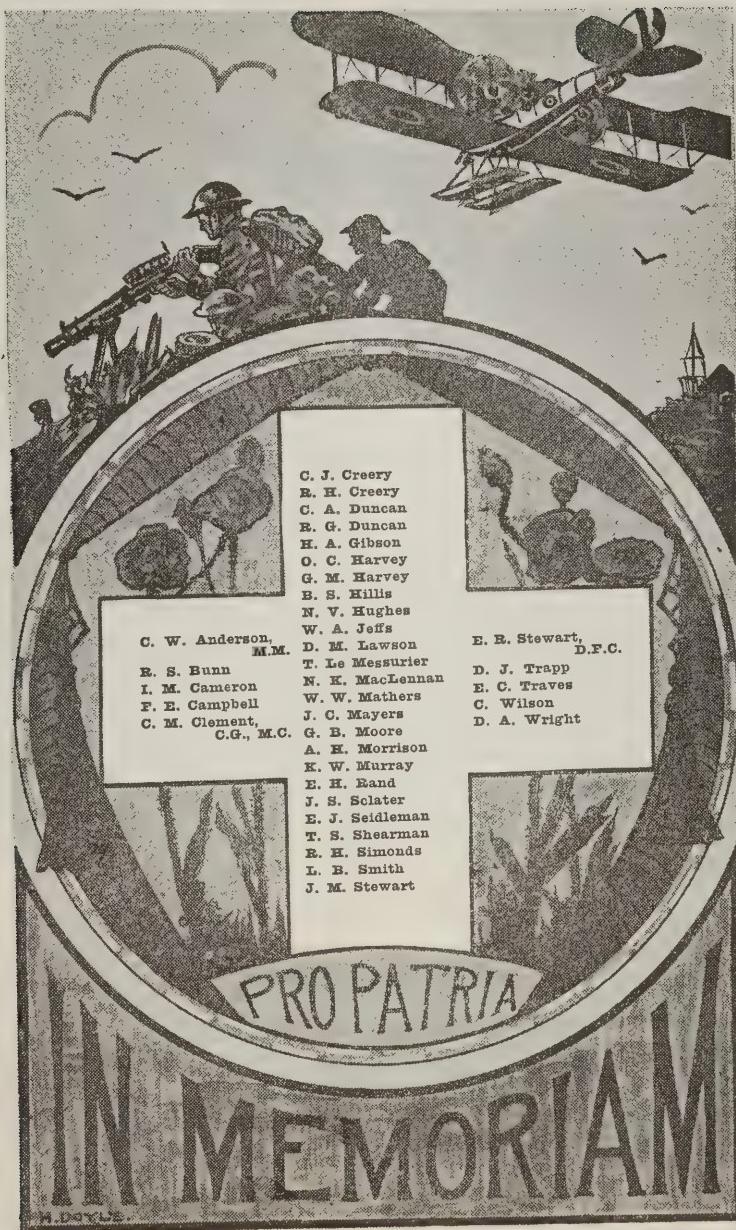
At the same time the students who were unable to enlist for active service have been working faithfully at home. The University C.O.T.C. was organized at the outbreak of the war and a great interest was taken in it. Every student who was physically able to do so belonged to the corps. The average strength was about one hundred and fifty, all ranks. By the time the men became old enough to qualify for overseas enlistment, they were thoroughly trained in rifle and squad drill and fitted to proceed overseas immediately.

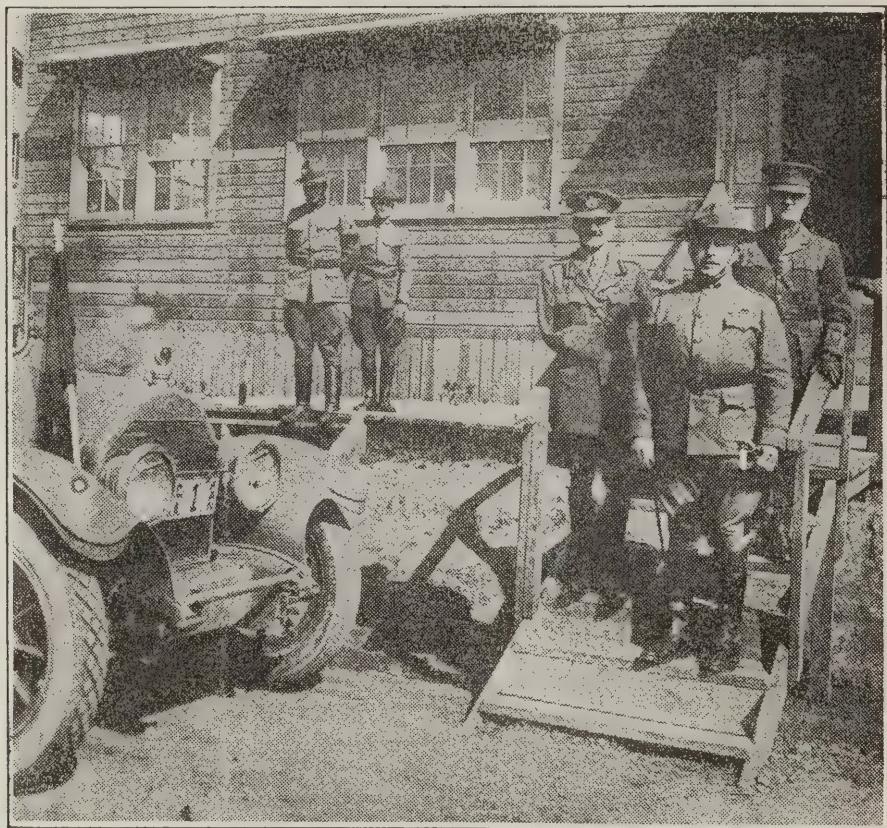
The corp sent detachments of trained men to the Princess Pats, the Queen's Battery and several other units. A full company was raised without difficulty for the 196th Western Universities Battalion. At the close of the war the C.O.T.C. ceased operations having fulfilled its duties to the utmost satisfaction.

The ladies of the University have also done their share. Parcels were continually forwarded to the men at the front and in England. The ladies adopted a ward at the military annex which insured the inmates some splendid luxuries and entertainment.

The Red Cross Society has also been a very busy University unit. The ladies organized this society at the outbreak of war and worked very faithfully sewing bandages and making various hospital comforts for the sick and wounded. Large monthly contributions by the students kept them well supplied with material. The ladies have already been warmly congratulated and thanked by the senior Red Cross societies for their excellent work.

It is certain that the University of British Columbia will be credited with taking a glorious part in this war.





Major-General Leonard Wood, Brig.-General Trotter, and Major Hall at Camp Funston, Kansas.

Major Hall's Story of British Pluck

NUMBERED among those decorated by a grateful sovereign with the Order of the British Empire "for special services to the Crown in 1917," is a well-known citizen of Vancouver, Major G. W. Hall. A Winchester College man, it was to the old cathedral town that he went, after leaving Vancouver in November, 1914, to join the 60th Rifles. The second battle of Ypres, his first big engagement, following the granting of his commission in April, 1915, brought him military distinction in dispatches and the bestowal of

the Croix de Guerre. Severely wounded, however, he was incapacitated for some time, finally being appointed King's Messenger. This office he relinquished at the end of the year. Early in 1916, he was again fighting in France, receiving in the Somme battle second mention in dispatches. Previously he had helped to organize the machine gun corps for the Imperial Army, and later, preparatory to the operations at Messines Ridge, took part in machine gun organization work at the headquarters of the Fifth British Army.

In November, 1917, he was honoured by being chosen a member of the British military mission to the United States. There for a year he travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, delivering over two hundred lectures on machine gunnery and modern methods of warfare to American army officers. Attached at first to the Military College at Washington, he was later appointed advisory officer to the organization staff at Camp Hancock, Georgia. The machine gun officers of the United States 89th and 92nd Divisions were among his students.

Of the pluck and endurance, the indomitable courage, the dogged tenacity of the British fighting men, Major Hall has seen enough to chronicle volumes of magnificent deeds unparalleled in the annals of war. The sufferings of the Old Contemptibles, the first hundred thousand who stemmed the Teuton rush, can never be depicted. 'All we had was a human wall—and a very thin one at that—between the Empire and the Hunnish hordes. The story can never be told, for it would be regarded now as mere exaggeration, so vastly different are the conditions of warfare to-day from those at the beginning of the great war.' Pamphlet upon pamphlet on military method was tossed away as obsolete; textbooks on warfare had to be discarded. Soldiers had to learn the art of war afresh, and in the bitter school of daily experience. To keep an open mind was an essential in leadership. True, the Germans had also to revise their military theory in the light of new experience; but prepared as they were they were far ahead of the British in military supplies, in artillery, in numbers.

By 1917, however, the British had outstripped their enemies. At first, German organization, aided by superior quantities of machine guns, made difficult work for the British. 'They handled their machine guns well and we had the greatest respect for their work as gunners. But they were slower,' declared Major Hall, 'in learning their lessons. Our men turned their knowledge to far better advantage, and in the end we were giving them pointers.'

While it is fine rhetoric to talk as civilians sometimes do of a million men springing to arms in a night, it remains mere rhetoric. Men have to be trained and only time, perseverance, and dogged determination on their part count.

There were only two things to which Great Britain could be likened in the first years of the war—a hospital and a training camp. 'How curiously typical of the English tem-

perament it was,' mused Major Hall, 'to see the raw recruits daily drilling practically in the presence of the maimed and shattered men back from France—for camp and hospital were as often as not adjacent—all unperturbed by the harrowing sights that betokened the future awaiting them. In these days, British casualties were terrific. To use a current comparison comprehensible to all—that of the American casualties—the 60th Rifles alone had as many. Even at times when all was more or less "quiet" on the Western front, monthly casualties ran to a hundred and seventy-five thousand. Many of the British crack regiments, many territorial troops suffered as severely as did the 60th Rifles—the Black Watch, and for instance, the Guards.'

The pluck of the individual Tommy, his stoic devotion to duty, was the factor that really won the war. 'Take the work of the "runners,"' cited Major Hall, in illustration. 'I have had to send as many as six to get a message over to a machine gun position. Each man knew that he was going on a mission of almost certain death, for he had little chance of getting alive through the machine gun barrage—one of these weapons is equivalent to about one hundred rifles, for each fires from four to six hundred bullets a minute—yet I never once saw a man hesitate at the call to traverse the tortuous half-mile or so of very bad ground and intense fire that lay between him and the post he had to reach. We have often enough talked of the wonderful Bugler of Ratisbon, but his brave act has been performed thousands of times in the great war, and without any dramatic effect. Time after time I have seen them after delivering the precious message crawl away like stricken creatures into the nearest shell hole, there to die, their sole satisfaction the consciousness only of duty well done.'

'As for the machine gunners, not even the many thrilling deeds of self-abnegation and valour that I myself have seen entitle them to be singled out above other branches of the service. I well remember a magnificent example of courage and sheer sacrifice to duty that is typical of what was happening daily all along the lines. Two or three brigades had failed to take a wooded position, which was, however, eventually captured by infantry. To consolidate their gains, machine gunners were told off to defence positions to hold it. One morning about two o'clock, I found a gunner, the sole defender left, for seven of his comrades lay dead around him. 'You've had a pretty hard time,' was my remark. 'Yes, but so have the Bosches.' Something

about his face and the weakness of his voice led me to say, 'You've been wounded. Badly wounded?' 'Yes.' 'Let me get you out of this?' 'No, I've strength enough left to give them another belt.' And as a group of Germans came into view he hurriedly said, 'Just brace your knee against my back, will you?' firing his gun as he spoke. But it was his last effort. I had his body taken back for burial,' continued Major Hall, "and next morning

when we came to examine him we found his corpse a mass of blood. No fewer than thirty-two pieces of shrapnel had riddled his back, but he had grimly fought on, his life ebbing away as he faced the foe. How often, too, have I seen officers ordered back when on the point of collapse from exhaustion, encounter on their way out a brother officer in a tight corner and set to for another five or six hours of it."



The "Spirit" that won the War.

The Postage Stamp in War



By Stephen Golder.

AN exhibition of war stamps held in London, the publication of Mr. D. B. Armstrong's book on "Postage Stamps of War," and the sum of \$850 obtained in open auction in London for a few German colonial stamps overprinted G.R.I., brought home very forcibly to philatelists the part that the great war has been playing with stamp collectors.

"War's grim record," says Mr. Armstrong, "inscribes itself in many and unexpected quarters, but nowhere more prominently than upon the postal issues of the nation concerned. It is, indeed, somewhat of a paradox that the humble postage stamp, the emblem of peace and commerce, and of the concord of nations, should be so closely associated with wars and rumors of wars. Yet few modern campaigns have failed to leave their trace upon the pages of the stamp album."

Already stamp collectors are filling up fresh pages in their albums for the reception of new issues arising out of the great war, which have made their appearance, and in after years will be fraught with a deep historical interest."

Many notable examples of postage stamp issues have been occasioned by the wars and conflicts of the latter nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The collection and study of war stamps constitutes one of the most fascinating phases of the stamp collector's hobby.

Apart from the special cancellations of the military post offices applied to the contemporary postal issues of the combatants, particular issues of actual adhesive stamps serve in many instances to mark outstanding events of modern warfare.

Precedent in Crimea.

The invasion of the Crimea by the allied forces of Great Britain and France in September, 1854, affords the earliest instance of the use of the adhesive postage stamp in war—fourteen years after its inception. A base post office in charge of an official of the gen-

eral post office, with a small staff of assistants, was opened in Constantinople in November, 1854, with advance offices at Scutari and Balaklava, for dealing with the correspondence of the British forces in the field. Ordinary stamps of Great Britain were used, a distinguishing postmark only being the collector's guide for these rarities.

A French Example.

During the Franco-German war as soon as it became evident that Paris would be besieged, the committee of public safety caused the stocks of postage stamps available in Paris to be distributed amongst the provincial post offices, but these were speedily exhausted, and as no further supplies could be obtained from the beleaguered capital the delegation at Tours decided to create a provisional 10-centime stamp, representing the French inland postal rate at that period for use in that part of France unaffected by the hostilities. The branch mint at Bordeaux to which city the seat of government was subsequently transferred was entrusted with the preparation of this stamp, the design of which, showing the head of Ceres, emblematic of the republic, was based on that of the first French stamps issued in 1849. Meanwhile in besieged Paris itself the public had protested against the continued circulation of stamps bearing the effigy of the deposed emperor. An instance is recorded of the imperial portrait being actually cut out of the stamp before it was affixed to a letter and there is no doubt that public feeling ran high on the subject. The heavy war indemnity exacted by the Germans made necessary the raising of the charge upon inland letters from 20 to 25 centimes, and that of town letters from 10 to 15 centimes, stamps of these values being issued in September, 1871.

During Siege of Paris.

Interesting philatelic mementoes of the siege of Paris exist in the form of letters sent

out of the city by special means adopted to ensure their penetrating the Prussian lines, including balloons, pigeons, and clock working devices resembling small submarines for travelling under the waters of the Seine. For the balloon post special cards and letter sheets were issued, whilst letters sent by this service bore the super-inscription, "Par Ballon Monte."

The Prussians used particular postage stamps for use in the occupied French provinces; they were issued from the postal administration of Nancy in September, 1870, for the use of the civil population, and were employed as far afield as Abbeville on the north and Le Mans on the west. The severe type set design of these stamps, consisting merely of the word "Postes" and the value inscription upon a network ground, was evidently prepared by the officials of the Imperial Printing Works in Berlin, more with a view to practical utility than with an eye to artistic effect. They remained in general use until March 24, 1871, when, following the conclusion of peace, they were withdrawn from circulation in all districts excepting the ceded territories of Alsace and Lorraine, where they were employed provisionally until superseded on January 1st, 1872, by the first unified stamps of the German Empire. To philatelists this issue of the German occupation is familiarly known as "the stamps of Alsace and Lorraine."

Chile and Peru.

During the invasion of Peru by Chile in the war of 1879-84, the contemporary postage stamps of Chile were issued in a number of occupied Peruvian towns between the dates July, 1882, and October 22, 1883. A number of the current Peruvian stamps were also overprinted with the device of the Chilean arms.

At the engagement of Kassassin, in the Egyptian revolt, the then newly organized army postoffice corps received its baptism of fire, a detachment in charge of a field post office being attached to the expeditionary force under General Wolseley, which landed in Egypt in August, 1882. The contemporary 1d. and 2½d. stamps of Great Britain were issued by the military post office.

In South Africa.

The postage stamps in use in the Transvaal when the burghers repudiating the British dominion, proclaimed the second republic at Heidelberg, on December 16th, 1880, bore the stately profile of Queen Victoria, but after

the disaster at Majuba Hill early in the following year the country was handed back to the Boers, subject to the suzerainty of Great Britain. This event was signalized by the surcharging of the Queen's head stamps in local currency and ultimately by the reissue of national postage stamps emblazoned with the arms of the South African Republic. In this manner is the great historical event perpetuated in the memory of the stamp collectors.

Japan honored the memory of two princes of her royal house who fell in the war with China by placing their portraits upon two commemorative stamps issued on August 1st, 1896, to mark the conclusion of the peace of Shimonoseki.

Other notable war issues are stamps of the British South Africa Company, surcharged "one penny," or "three pence," and issued at Bulawayo in April, 1896, during the dark days of the Matabele Rebellion. The capital, Salisbury, where the headquarters of the postal service were located, was completely cut off from Bulawayo, and in consequence no fresh supplies of postage stamps could be exchanged. Recourse was had at first to surcharging new values upon such stamps as were available, but eventually these became completely exhausted and the Cape government was requested by wire to lend a small supply of its own stamps to meet immediate requirements. This was done, the stamps being overprinted, "British South Africa Company," and used provisionally until the end of the war, when a new permanent issue was obtained from England.

The most familiar of all war stamps are those which owe their existence to the great Boer War. On the occupation of Bloemfontein in March, 1900, instructions were given for the whole of the available supply of postage stamps of the late Orange Free State to be overprinted with the initials, "V.R.I.," for use under the military administration, and the same was done as regards the contemporary stamps of the Transvaal after the fall of Pretoria, three months later. The overprint was afterwards changed to "E.R.I.," in consequence of the accession of King Edward VII.

Cræze for Postage Stamps.

For a time there was a veritable "boom" in "V.R.I.'s" and a scramble to secure some. Mortimer Memps, in his "War Impressions," draws the following pen picture of the state of affairs produced by the issue of these V.R.I. stamps:

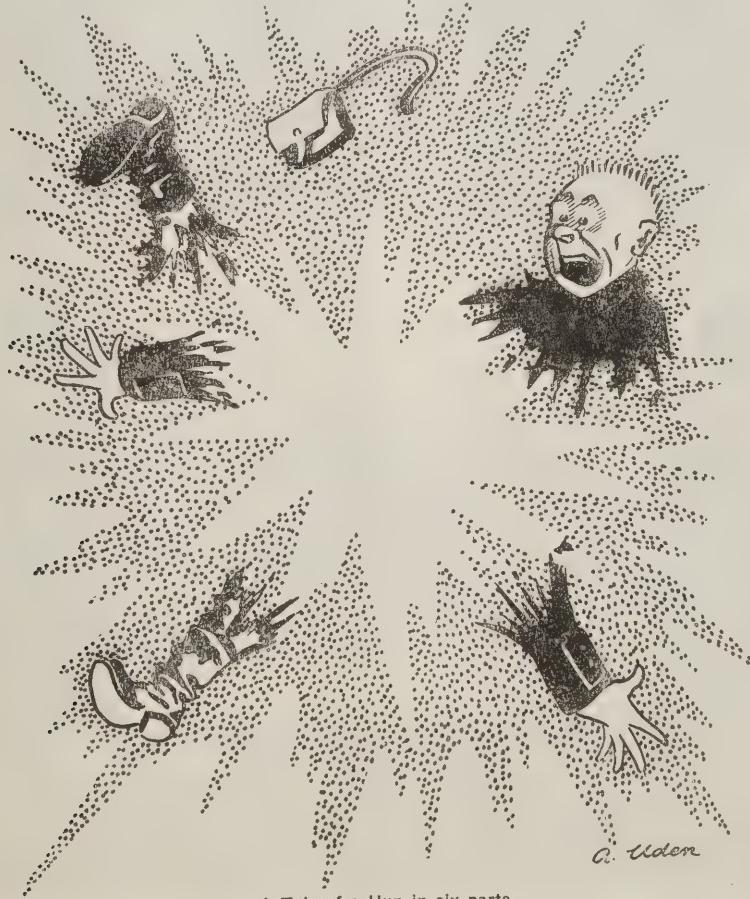
"During this campaign there was an extra-

ordinary craze which had never before occurred in any war in the world, but may possibly play a very considerable part in the wars of the future, and that is the craze for postage stamps.

"I was quite an authority on stamps and a rabid collector, too. Nothing ever happened connected with stamps without my being on the spot. All my thoughts were of stamps—they were food and drink to me.

"All the world lived at the post office now, generals jostled sergeants and privates hustled doctors in their eagerness to buy up the twopence halfpennies, but I noticed that in a rush for a missing dot the doctors invariably came out on top, while the clergy came in a good second."

The most famous of all issues of the Boer War are the renowned siege stamps of Mafeking. At first these stamps took the form of contemporary stamps of the Cape of Good Hope and Bechuanaland Protectorate overprinted at the offices of the Mafeking Mail, with the words "Mafeking Besieged," and a new value to meet the high rates of postage upon letters sent by Kaffir runners through the enemy's lines. There was also a local issue for use upon messages conveyed between different points within the defences which was produced by a photographic process. One of these stamps bore a representation of a cyclist orderly, whilst on the other appeared a portrait of Major General R. S. S. Baden-Powell.

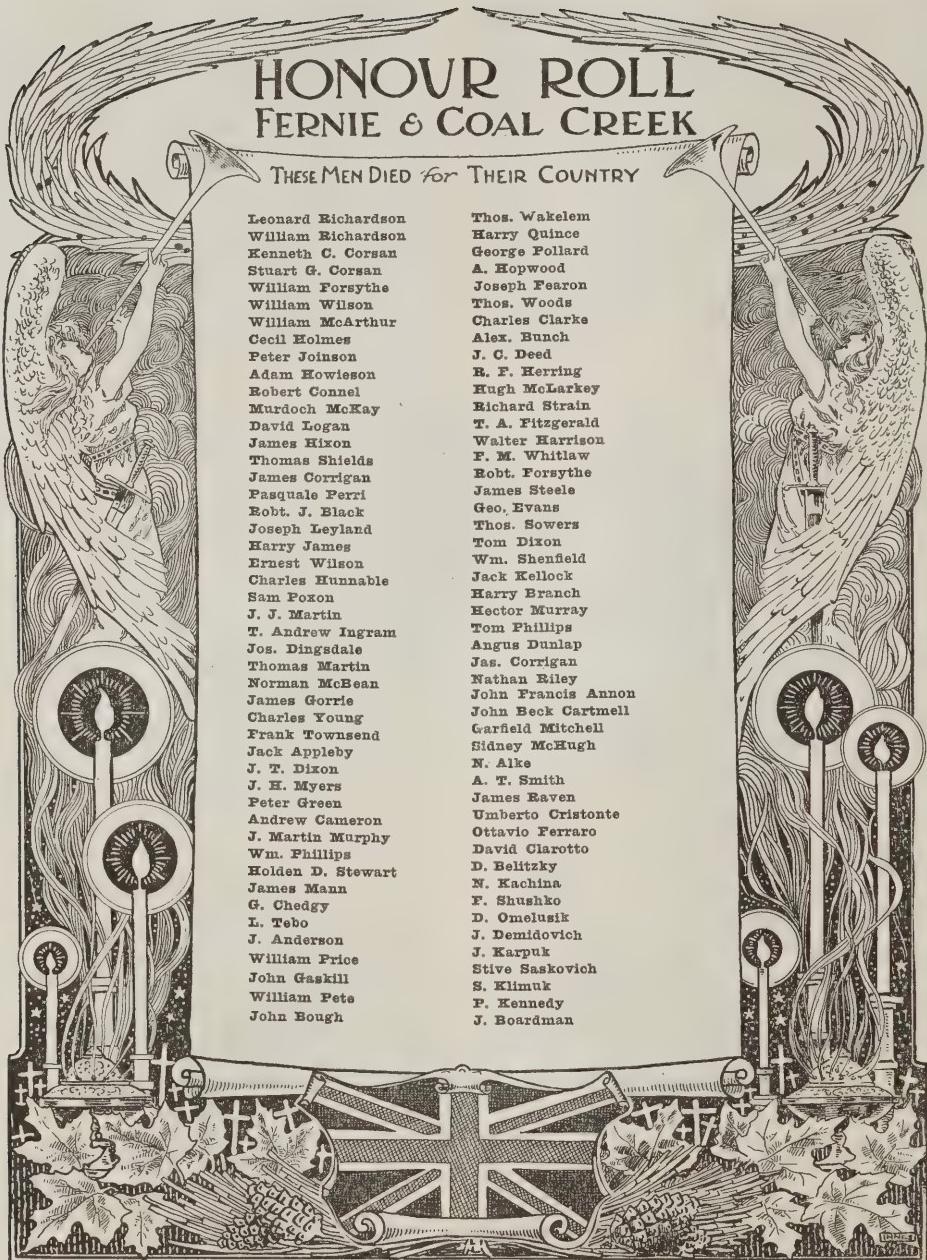


A Tale of a Hun in six parts

HONOUR ROLL FERNIE & COAL CREEK

THESE MEN DIED for THEIR COUNTRY

Leonard Richardson	Thos. Wakelem
William Richardson	Harry Quince
Kenneth C. Corsan	George Pollard
Stuart G. Corsan	A. Hopwood
William Forsythe	Joseph Fearon
William Wilson	Thos. Woods
William McArthur	Charles Clarke
Cecil Holmes	Alex. Bunch
Peter Joinson	J. C. Deed
Adam Howleson	R. F. Herring
Robert Connel	Hugh McLarkey
Murdoch McKay	Richard Strain
David Logan	T. A. Fitzgerald
James Nixon	Walter Harrison
Thomas Shields	F. M. Whitlaw
James Corrigan	Robt. Forsythe
Pasquale Ferri	James Steele
Bobt. J. Black	Geo. Evans
Joseph Leyland	Thos. Sowers
Harry James	Tom Dixon
Ernest Wilson	Wm. Shenfield
Charles Hunnable	Jack Kellock
Sam Foxon	Harry Branch
J. J. Martin	Hector Murray
T. Andrew Ingram	Tom Phillips
Jos. Dingsdale	Angus Dunlap
Thomas Martin	Jas. Corrigan
Norman McBean	Nathan Riley
James Gorrie	John Francis Annon
Charles Young	John Beck Cartmell
Frank Townsend	Garfield Mitchell
Jack Appleby	Sidney McHugh
J. T. Dixon	N. Alke
J. H. Myers	A. T. Smith
Peter Green	James Haven
Andrew Cameron	Umberto Cristonte
J. Martin Murphy	Ottavio Ferraro
Wm. Phillips	David Clarotto
Holden D. Stewart	D. Belitzky
James Mann	N. Kachina
G. Chedgy	F. Shushko
L. Tebo	D. Omelusik
J. Anderson	J. Demidovich
William Price	J. Karpuk
John Gaskill	Steve Saskovich
William Pete	S. Klimuk
John Bough	P. Kennedy
	J. Boardman



THE GOLD STRIPE



WOUNDED PRISONERS

Canadian Official.



DERELICT TANKS

Canadian Official.

GOLD STRIPE



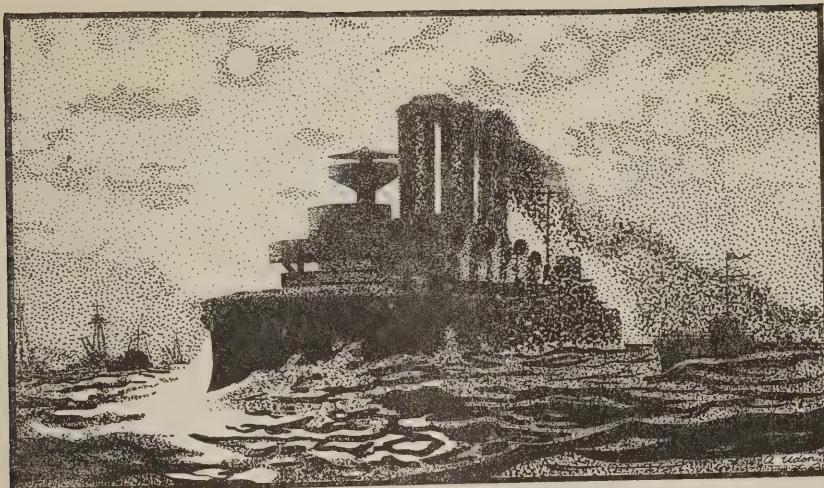
SURRENDER OF THE SUBMARINES—BRITISH OFFICERS RECEIVING PAPERS FROM
GERMAN COMMANDER.

British Official.



THROWING OUT SMOKE SCREEN

British Official.



The Vindictive on Her Last Cruise.

Chasing the German Submarine

By Quarterdeck.

No doubt the great majority of the members of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces can readily recall the very strict orders in force aboard the transports for the purpose of ensuring that during the hours of darkness no light whatever should be visible from seaward and it was understood, of course, that these precautions were taken simply and solely for the purpose of eluding the persistent and wily German submarine (commonly known as Fritz) which even at night pursued his relentless campaign against Allied shipping. They will also remember the elaborate formations assumed by the transports in the convoy, the never-ending zig-zagging and continuous activity of the escorting vessels, and it is only too well known that even all these strenuous efforts at times failed to prevent a torpedo reaching its target.

It has occurred to me that those Canadians who have been obliged to comply with many irksome regulations aboard the ship regarding such personal pleasures as smoking on deck at night and have also been more or less concerned with the possibility of having to take

to the boats at any moment might derive a certain measure of satisfaction in reading these few lines descriptive of the manner in which an enemy submarine was hunted, located and finally destroyed with the whole of her crew.

This submarine had been engaged in laying mines off the entrances to some very important harbours on the south coast of England, but fortunately the presence of the mines was discovered before any ships had come into contact with them and our efficient mine sweepers soon disposed of these invisible and most dangerous weapons of destruction.

Having completed this nefarious mission, Fritz started to return to his base happy in the knowledge that his work had been well done. On his way up the channel he sighted about nine o'clock one morning a harmless British freighter outward bound, which he concluded would be an easy victim and forthwith proceeded to attack, and did so successfully, in so far that the torpedo struck the ship and caused the death of several innocent seamen. Fortunately, however, the ship re-

mained afloat and was eventually towed into harbour and beached.

The motor launch patrols at sea were soon on the scene and were quickly reinforced by others which had been "standing by" at the base ready for such eventualities. Operations were commenced at once and the motor launches, under the direction of a destroyer, were stationed at various points and in such a manner that it would be impossible for the submarine to move her engines without being detected by the highly trained listeners at the hydrophones aboard the vessels engaged in the hunt.

It was suspected that the enemy was lying on the bottom awaiting an opportunity to escape and orders were therefore given for depth charges to be exploded in the vicinity in the hope that they might damage the submarine, or at any rate make the crew feel uneasy and nervous and generally "jumpy." It can well be imagined that the explosions of several depth charges, each containing three hundred pounds of high explosive, would certainly not tend to soothe the nerves of a submarine crew, for they would then realize that their position was known and that they were being closely hunted with all possible energy and resource.

These depth charge attacks did not, however, produce any visible results, and some of the less sanguine were inclined to think that Fritz had managed to slip away from his hunters.

About 6:10 p.m. some of the motor launches including that of which the writer was in command were ordered to take up new positions and were soon under way. About ten minutes after we had started I very fortunately happened to turn around, and to my great surprise and satisfaction sighted the stem of an enemy submarine emerging from the water about two points abaft our port beam and five hundred yards distant. At the moment when I first saw it, only about two or three feet of the bow was visible. We immediately altered course for the enemy, increased at once to a maximum speed, and in a few moments the crew was at action stations, and within ten seconds our gun had opened fire.

Fritz in the meantime, had brought his conning tower clear of the water and presumably saw us rushing towards him, for he submerged very rapidly and thereby spoiled our chance of finishing him off on the surface by gunfire. However, we were then fairly close to the spot where he had submerged, could see his wake clearly and were able to get into a very advantageous position

for attacking with depth charges. We released two charges and were immediately rewarded with results for the explosions of the charges were followed by a great rush of air to the surface and much oil. The sight of the air bubbles was particularly gratifying, for it clearly showed that the submarine had been holed. As further proof of the success of our attack a special type of electric bulb as used on German submarines was picked up out of the water and also a German sailor's cap, but except for a man's hand which was seen floating there was no sign whatever of the crew. A close watch was kept at the position for some time but nothing further developed except that oil rose constantly to the surface. It is, I think, generally known that submarines carry large quantities of oil as fuel for their engines, and of course the escape of oil would naturally indicate that the fuel tanks had sustained damage. A few days later the mine sweepers reported having located an obstruction on the bottom and thus destruction of the submarine was definitely established.

There was naturally great satisfaction at the base at the success of the operations and especially when the Admiralty officially communicated its appreciation.

A few days after the event the writer had the honor of receiving on board his ship the Admiral in charge of the area, by whom he was congratulated for the successful action of his ship against the enemy.

Thus ended the career of one of the weapons on which Germany had fervently hoped would bring Britain to her knees and incidentally added yet another to the long list of enemy submarines that failed to return to their bases.



Fred Brewer
Gibbert Burrington
H. H. Findlay
Percy Frost
Robt. Gough

Frank Gray
John McBride
A. Schooling
George Williams
George Walker

The Old Order Changeth

(By Capt. C. Wellesley Whittaker)

"Things will never be the same again!" How often did men repeat those words, both in and out of the line, whenever occasion gave them chance to think. In the light of those new experiences one such man pictured his return Home:

"The same dull town,—the same dull street,
The market square where women meet.
The same old church, where people pray
And worship in the same old way.
The same—O God! it cannot be!
The same again to men like me!
Through mists of blood I've seen the skies,
While anguish gleamed from human eyes—
And scorched within the fires of hell,
Have gazed on deeds no tongue can tell.
Heaven's highest peaks, too, have I trod,
And seen, in man, the face of God—
And all the time, walk in the street
The ghosts of those I used to greet—
The same! Ah, no! 'Twill never be
The same again to men like me."

And that I venture to say was the wish of a great proportion of those men—the wish that upon their return home they would see things in a new light. Many of them do and go about their daily tasks quietly. Only their immediate friends notice the change—the change that speaks of better things, because the world in general is distracted by the noise and complaint of those—the few—who have not been through the deepest depths of the war, have not had the fires of comradeship, sacrifice and love burn into their souls. But the others, they are here to do the best for their pals as they did it even when attention to one's own safety was a tremendous consideration. The hope of the future lays with these. They are the men who will take upon themselves the duty to scrap the old order and usher in the new, and when they act it will be with speed and precision. They have slipped quietly out of military life to their former place or one similar, and are waiting the return of comrades with ideals such as their own in order to bring about the new day. When they speak, their voice will be heard above the noise and din—when they act, it will be with determination and purpose. Today they are dreaming dreams and seeing visions, tomorrow the structure will take shape. Like the wise men of all the ages, they will not pull down until they are ready to build up a better and grander order. Never destructive without at the same time being constructive, they will



A Fighting Parson.

be the stabilizing force in the national life of the future, supporting all that is best and noblest. Amidst war's grimmest horrors, they learned courage and calmness. These lessons burned into their souls so that they cannot be hastened to act before the time is fully ripe and before they have the necessary strength to accomplish.

Returning home they have been surprised and humbled that the war has meant so little to their own land. Those at home have failed and failed miserably to create the new country they dreamed of whilst overseas. On the one hand, as they see it, selfishness and greed have manifested themselves, on the other, disloyalty and destruction is in the air. Coming back they are bewildered, confused, but are seeking out the many quiet and kindred souls who have not been turned away from life's higher purposes. Those upon whom they can rely. Men and women dependable because of the principles which make them so. And in the coming "new order" every individual will have his chance—the one chief thing that true men desire.

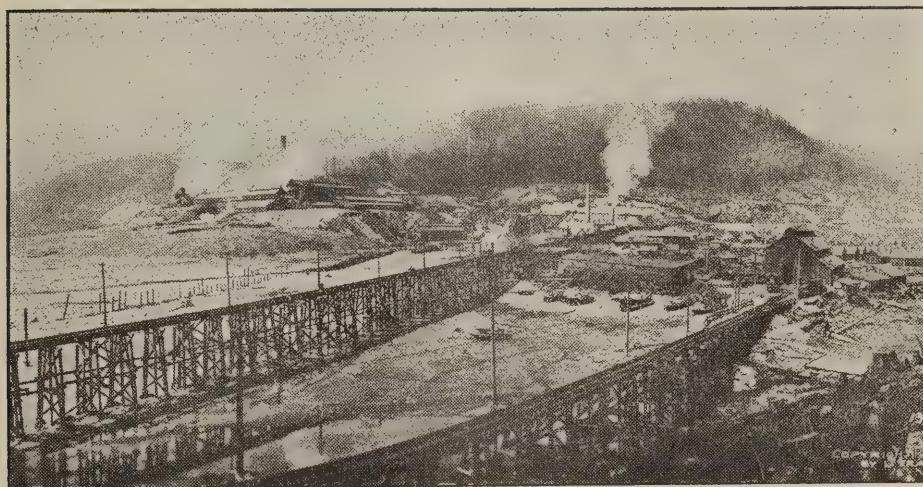
In the scrapping process much that is old will be retained, much that is new will be cast to the discard. One at least of these men returning longs to see incorporated into the order that shall be, a better relationship than at present exists between masters and men. A rela-

tionship so real that each will study the other's problems and from the other's standpoint. Standing outside the Guildhall in old London he had a vision, a vision of a former day. A day when in that hall, around a common table, the crafts and the guilds, employers and employed met together to discuss the problems that each had to contend with. So harmonious were the conferences of those days that, in the spirit of them, men went out and built St. Paul's Cathedral and similar structures. Buildings that have meant everything in the life of a wonderful nation both for their architectural beauty and for the deeper purpose for which they were built.

A better understanding, a truer conception of one's duty to the other fellow, a willingness to lay down one's life—not for self aggrandizement—but for principles that admit of no question must be incorporated in "the day" that is to be. For its speedy coming all these will work until their dreams are fully realized.



But he didn't find one.



The Granby Mining Co.'s Property, Anyox, B. C.

The Mining Situation in British Columbia

IT is estimated that the mineral production of the Province for the year 1918 represents a monetary value of \$41,083,093, which is \$4,072,701 greater than that of 1917, or the equivalent to an increase of 11 per cent. Only once in the history of the Province's mineral statistics has this output been exceeded, and that was in 1916, when the year's production was only 2.9 per cent. in excess of that of 1918. The results of the past year in regard to this important industry are more satisfactory when it is borne in mind that 1916 was a phenomenal year, metal prices being abnormally high owing to war conditions, and when it is pointed out that the 1918 output exceeds the next highest recorded production — \$32,440,800 made in 1912—by \$8,642,293, or about 26.6 per cent.

The achievement of 1918 is made all the more noteworthy by comparison with the results of mining operations during the same period in six of the great mineral-producing states of the American Republic, there being a marked decline in the value of production in Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Colorado, California and New Mexico.

The margin in favor of 1918 as compared to 1917 in reference to the value of the pro-

duction of our metalliferous mines is not great, the total for 1918 being \$27,288,161 and that for 1917 \$27,284,474, but these figures cannot be accepted as correctly indicating the conditions as to the output of actual mineral. Prices in 1917 were high, but in 1918 the demands occasioned by the war having been met to a large extent, they commenced to drop. Thus we find that, while in 1918 our mines produced 63,387,010 lbs. of copper as against 59,007,565 lbs. of copper in 1917, there is a decrease in the value of the 1918 output in comparison with that of 1917 of \$356,310. We also produced more lead last year than in that previous, but in valuation, again owing to prices, a decline must be shown. Of zinc there was a decrease both in quantity and in value of that produced. With silver the condition is reversed for the production, while slightly less in volume, represents an increase in value of \$335,371. As to gold British Columbia is in the gratifying position of having increased her output while most other mineral countries, owing to its fixed value and the general rising costs, show a decline. Although the value of the output of the placer mines fell off the value of the production of

the lode mines advanced to the extent of \$883,705.

Our production of coal is another phase of the mining industry which gives marked satisfaction. The Provincial Collieries show outputs, both of coal and coke, exceeding those of the preceding year; the increased output of coal being some 142,093 tons, while that of coke was 30,751 tons. As the value of coal has advanced substantially the product of our coal mines for 1918 represents about \$12,794,932, an increase over 1917 of \$4,310,589.

These figures are significant. They show that the Mining Industry of British Columbia continues to flourish; that the mineral resources of the Country are being energetically developed; and those directly interested are proving to an even greater extent the economic value of our minerals.

With the active commencement of re-construction the demand for metals will be as strong as ever and once settled condition is re-established, and the world begins in earnest to heal the sores of the recent great conflict, our mines will be called upon to yield their riches in an even greater degree than during the past five years, and the wheels of our large mining plants will revolve as actively and to as good purpose.

It is interesting, in this connection, to refer to an address delivered by the Hon. Wm. Sloan, Minister of Mines, before the delegates to the International Mining Convention recently held in Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Sloan touched optimistically on all phases of mining development in the Province, but perhaps his most significant and gratifying observations were directed to the possibilities of the Iron and Steel Industry in the Pacific Northwest. On this question he said: "This, gentlemen, is a big problem. It is one that might easily be made the exclusive subject of an address. I am not going to attempt to go into it exhaustively. When I assumed office it was with a conviction of the importance of this matter and an ambition to do something that would give the Province a start. How to begin was the question. It seemed to me that the first step was to secure ample data as to our resources, and the work was instituted and still is in progress. I next recommended that the Government offer a bounty on the production of pig-iron in the Province, and this was done. An Act now is on the statutes providing a

bounty of \$3 a ton on pig-iron manufactured in British Columbia from local ore, and \$1.50 for pig-iron manufactured in the Province from foreign ore. My attention having been drawn to the possibility of overcoming the difficulties existing in the smelting of our Magnetite ores without the Haematite for fluxing purposes by means of the Electro-smelting method, I decided to have an expert make a report on this phase of the question. Accordingly Dr. Alfred Stansfield, an acknowledged authority on this Continent on the question, was given a commission to investigate and submit a report on the feasibility of treating British Columbia iron ores by the electro smelting process. His report has been received and was laid before the Provincial Legislature. He finds that the treatment of our ores by electric smelting is not only feasible but practical. The only difficulty he finds is in the expense of electric power. That must be overcome in order, if we are to treat the iron ores of this Province in this way, that British Columbia pig iron may be produced at such cost as will enable it to take its place successfully in the markets of the world. And now I come to our most recent declaration of policy on this question. There are at present two firms possessing small smelters close to Vancouver whose representatives came to me recently and said, in effect: "If the Government will guarantee us a supply of Magnetite Ore at a certain rate for a specified period, we are prepared to make necessary changes in our plants to put the electro-smelting process of these ores to a practical test." After consideration the Government agreed to this and the result is the introduction of legislation at the present session giving the Minister of Mines power to take ore from iron properties which are lying idle, for such experiments, the owners, of course, to be recompensed. In leaving this subject I wish only to add that the Government is sincere in its desire to promote this industry, that it is fully alive to its importance, and it will continue to offer every encouragement to those manifesting a desire to assist in launching such enterprise. I am hopeful that, as in Nova Scotia, where one of Canada's premier industries grew from a small forge-shop in a trifle over sixty years, one or both of the small plants to which I have referred will prove to be the basis of the industry which we are all so anxious to see flourishing in this Province."

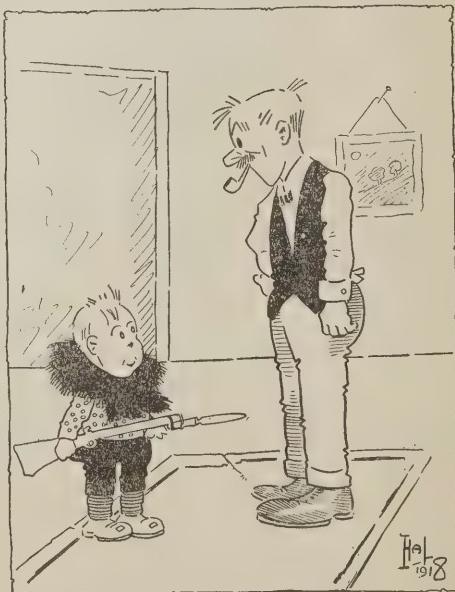
> FORCE OF HABIT <



BILL: ONCE ELEVATOR BOY WHAT FLOOR DID YER SAY SIR?



"Strange to say, the grim horrors of war have developed the soldier sense of humor."—Sir Douglas Haig.



"Where are you going, son?"
"Well, they wouldn't let me go to France, so I'm off to Siberia."



The

CRUTCHES' TUNE

*Down the street, with a lilting swing,
Each so bright that never a thing
Seemed to harass, so proud were they.
One leg gone, but their hearts were gay.*

*Clickety clack, went the crutches' tune,
God! How can they be brave so soon!
Brave, when I can not keep back the tears,
Thinking ahead of the crippled years.*

*With a rythmic swing they passed me by,
And although, at first, I wanted to cry,
I didn't, because on each smiling face
Was the peace of God and the pride of race.*

*And the splendid pair, each with one leg gone,
Swung out of sight to the crutches' song.
And I thought I would give all my future joys
To feel just like those Canadian boys.*

*All night long, like an ancient tune,
Rang through my dreams the crutches' tune.
I shall never forget, though I'm old and gray,
The song that the crutches sang that day.*

Elizabeth R. Stone, in Everybody's Magazine.

Kamloops

Roll of Honor

They gave, but not in vain.

P. R. Adams	F. T. Fisher	D. W. McDonald
H. P. Allan	O. L. Gammon	J. L. Notley
E. A. Allan	F. Gardiner	A. Neil
J. Andrews	B. L. Geddes	J. A. Partridge
E. J. Appé	E. A. Gibbs	W. J. Peabbe
J. C. Ash	O. Gordon	E. Pete
J. Atkinson	A. A. L. Green	F. E. Pierce
W. Atkinson	C. W. Greer	D. Pyper
W. A. Archibald	R. V. Gordon	E. Pemberton
A. Bateson	W. Hargraves	O. Petrie
F. Barrett	N. S. Harper	H. E. Johnson
E. W. Bartlett	L. G. Harris	A. J. Ross
W. E. Barker	E. Hunter	J. Ross
F. Beston	F. Hunt	F. T. Rosling
H. M. Bolam	W. E. Hunter	G. Rothnie
H. L. Bond	G. W. Hoffman	J. Rowbottom
L. A. Bond	A. B. Hoffman	F. H. Ryder
F. J. Bristow	B. A. Johndro	J. Shaw
E. R. Brown	A. W. Johnson	J. L. Sharp
F. C. Buchanan	S. G. Johnstone	D. N. Shupway
F. A. Busteed	E. M. Jones	F. J. Sinclair
E. S. Barton	T. Lambert	J. E. Sjouquist
A. Baynton	R. O. Leach	J. D. Slater
J. A. Blomlie	F. Lee	Anthony Smith
F. Butterworth	J. E. Levitt	E. W. Shelton
W. Barker	V. G. Loney	H. C. B. Smith
F. C. Bowman	C. M. Leland	J. W. Smith
F. H. Campbell	B. H. Lorts	Leo. A. Smith
A. E. Carrick	V. F. E. Long	W. Stevenson
F. E. Carter	J. A. Levi	G. Still
A. C. Chamberlain	C. H. Mason	F. Stocking
C. W. Chiddy	D. A. E. Manson	O. M. Stitt
A. G. Chippendale	H. Mansley	E. J. Strong
J. R. M. Christie	W. Miller	G. W. Stubblefield
F. S. Cleggatt	S. Mills	W. E. Tait
T. Clark	J. R. Mitchell, Jun.	J. B. B. Thompson
E. A. Colvin	E. G. Morecombe	J. Todd
J. Corbett	W. Milligan	E. J. Tozer
C. E. Curran	W. H. Murr	G. Traina
D. E. Currie	C. A. Mills	E. E. Twycross
W. Duckett	E. Metcalf	M. C. Tunstall
W. A. Duck	C. Meyers	A. L. Wain
L. Davis	F. G. Mackenzie	J. Tudge
E. Dayton	F. G. McMillan	A. J. Waddell
N. Dalgleish	F. H. McDiarmid	W. Waddell
E. M. Dann	G. E. McDermid	H. G. Walkley
A. C. Day	J. McDonnell	F. B. Walker
J. Dennison	P. W. McDonald	A. Ward
F. G. McIndenau	A. McFarlane	J. H. Watson
H. Griscoll	J. McGillyvary	J. F. Whately
J. W. Eaton	D. McGwatkin	G. White
I. C. Eaton	(Davey Jones) name he was known as	H. Wilkinson
S. J. Edwards	C. J. McInnis	F. D. Wilkinson
J. A. Enright	G. A. McKenzie	H. Wikstrom
J. Evans	J. McLennan	T. Wilson
G. A. Evans	D. McLaughlin	G. A. Winterbottom
A. E. Eccles		M. C. Wood
C. Edwards		

O. Uden

Japan's Share in the War



Pte. T. Sato.

WHEN the great European War broke out in 1914, and the Canadian Government started recruiting for overseas service following Great Britain's declaration of war against Germany, the Canadian Japanese Association, the organized body of the Japanese residents in Canada, took up the question of forming a battalion to join the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Owing to various circumstances definite steps were not actually taken until November, 1915, when an appeal was made to the members of the association for volunteers to the proposed unit as a sign of loyalty and faithfulness to the country of their adoption which was then fighting for the cause of liberty, civilization and humanity.

The appeal was answered promptly by over two hundred and fifty members who went into training under Capt. Colquhoun and Sergt. Hall the following January, the association financing all the wages of the men, board and other expenses. At the same time the Canadian Japanese Association, having the confi-

dence that they could raise a full battalion, petitioned the Minister of Militia for the approval of the scheme. For five months the training of these Japanese volunteers was carried on, but in April word was received that permission could not be granted, so on May 15th, 1916, the recruits were disbanded. This was very disappointing to the members themselves and to the members of the association, as the training had been carried on up to this date at the expense of the association.

However, the members of the volunteer unit had made up their minds to fight for the cause of their adopted country and on hearing that they would be accepted as volunteers a large number of them proceeded to Calgary where they enlisted in the Alberta battalions. Within a couple of months nearly every member of the original volunteer company was in khaki, forty-two enlisting in the 52nd Battalion; fifty-seven in the 175th; fifty-one in the 192nd; eighteen in the 191st, and about thirty in various other units.

They followed the fortunes of their respective battalions and were sent overseas to England and then on to France where they fought side by side with their Canadian comrades at Ypres, Cambrai, Hill 60, Vimy and other battle fields.

They have a proud record to look back on. Out of a total of two hundred who went overseas, when the Armistice was signed on November 11th, 1918, their casualties were one hundred and twenty-one wounded, twenty missing and fifty-five killed in action or died of wounds. Of the total, but ten returned unscathed. With the proportion of killed, wounded and missing as stated above it will be easily understood that the Japanese soldiers were in the thick of the fighting, nor is it surprising that a number of them distinguished themselves creditably on the field of battle.

Pte. T. Sato was credited as having been recommended for the Victoria Cross. Whether this award was actually made is not known, as Pte. Sato paid the supreme sacrifice for his devotion to duty. M. Mitsui, T. Iwamoto and Y. Kanekura were each awarded the Military Medal and promoted to the rank of sergeant for their distinguished conduct.

JAPANESE
1914 FOR KING, EMPIRE AND HUMANITY 1918

+ Teijii Nagaoka	+ Teiji Suda	+ Kohji Tada	+ Teranobu Daga	+ Matsui Yamada,
Kijimura Tokumasa	Mitsuo Yosiozo	Hikosaburo Iwane	Tsurugenji Kuroda	and Kurosechi Osera,
Georgi Shimbata	Akiochi Yamakura	Hikobiki Kourangi	Eigenji Mikido	+ Tozoharu Otsuka
Chikuden Okudaira	Masumi Yamaguchi	Keisuke Matsumoto	Munisaburo Ozawa	+ Kiyaji Matsu,
- Iku Kurogawase	Yosaku Tanaka	Chachii Nakamura	Tarouji Matsuo	+ Kanshi Tchisai,
+ Nagoya Marukawa	Ryukichi Yamazaki	Yutaku Tajiro	Kyujiro Komatsu,	+ Tokiharu Kuroto
+ Sanjuro Marukawa	Takemi Hachizaku	Morochi Nakamura	Pekiyo Koyanagi	Shinkichi Ono,
+ Tokuji Sanjuro	Sanemochi Kishimoto	Hiroyuki Ban	Tomoyuki Ayukawa	Kazuo Takeuchi,
+ Isamu Ijiri	Yasukichi Terasawa	Tsurumio Harai,	Kuribayashi Anzengo	Jitoku Tsubota
+ Kozue Nagao	Sankichi Asahina	Otomoji Yanamizu	Tarski Matsumura	Shigenori Ito,
+ Jihachi Shimizu	Tadefusa Matsuzaki	Motoji Iwaseki	Denjiro Sato	+ Katsuhiko Saito,
+ Kihachiro Nishimura	Kinsaku Iwazaki	Satomori Nishigaki	Shinkichi Hara,	Kenshi Fukuda,
+ Irie Yosuke	Seitaro Iwasa	Ryujiro Ichijo	Yukio Ueda,	Rikizo Hoda,
+ Keishi Saito	Yasukuni Yamaguchi	Torakichi Iwasa	Yukitaro Fukuda,	Yukio da Koba,
+ Seichiro Kuroshige	Takemoto Kuroda	Kinjiro Kuroda	Yoshimaro Fukuda,	To z. Hanamori,
Zenzosuke Inouye	Takemoto Kuroda	Tarouji Kuroda	Yukio Kuriu,	Satoru Iwahashi,
+ Matsujiro Iwasa	Terajima Norio	Yasuoji Tomoyuki	Yukimatsu Kuroza	+ Kuroki Kuroza,
+ Kanematsu Inouye	Terajima Norio	Ryōhei Kobayashi	Teruyuki Taki,	Bunshiru Furukawa,
+ Sakuraya Okamoto	Terajima Norio	Masamori Miyazaki	Zenichirō Matsunobu,	+ Tadetaro Okuyama,
+ Hidemaro Okamoto	Terajima Norio	Eigenji Miyata	Yoshioji Saito,	Saburo Kondo,
+ Noboru Arada	Terajima Norio	Heikichi Saito,	Isamu Kondo,	+ Tokuji Kondo,
+ Saburo Arada	Terajima Norio	Seiji Nakachi	Kameji Kondo,	Zenichirō Kondo,
+ Saburo Arada	Terajima Norio	Yukio Kondo	Takao Kondo,	Zenichirō Saito,
+ Shigeru Miyaki	Terajima Norio	Takao Kondo	Osamu Ouchi,	+ Kameji Kondo,
+ Eitoku Nagai	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Satoru Nakasawa,	Zenichirō Saito,
+ Tomoki Gotohko	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Yukio Chiba,	+ Tometsu Otsuka,
+ Takachika Fukui	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Yasukuni Ibara,	Kazuo Yamawata,
+ Kinpei Matsumoto	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Satoru Ono,	+ Sei-jiro Wada,
+ Tokuji Kuroda	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Masaji Kuroka,	Jiokichiro Yamaseki,
+ Kazuo Kuroda	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Takao Sato,	Hiroaki Ochiai,
+ Nobuo Matsumoto	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Terajima Ono,	+ Yasuo Itoishi,
+ Otoji Matsui	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Shigeru Watabe,	Toshiro Iwama,
+ Tatsuhiko Tsuboi	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Shigenori Nakata,	+ Gessaburoki Iwata,
+ Masanori Hayashi	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Takao Ono,	Tatsuji Hara,
+ Kichimasa Sugimura	Terajima Norio	Terajima Norio	Terajima Ono,	Gonzaku Nitaya

† Killed.

— Missing.

■ Wounded.

★ For Valor.

○ Returned.

A Bit of the "Old Country"

AN IMPRESSION AND APPRECIATION
OF SUSSEX.

By Edward J. Cherry.

See Sussex Etchings on Another Page



HOW many of us have sung the jerky lines of "Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty?" as laboring along with pack and rifle, leaning forward in an effort to shift the weight of the load to another part of the shoulder, the swing long since gone out of our step, as the morning wears on and we are still on the dusty road in the back area heading for a village.

No one seems to know its name or exactly how far it is, except that a traffic control man said that it might be eight kilometers or so—that was hours since. A passing battalion moving up to reserve told us just now it was five kilometers, if we were going to the billets they had left! and it seemed more than likely they were right.

The busy one sent word from the platoon in front the cheerful information, "The C.O. has a thousand tins of metal polish waiting for us at the transport lines." Visions of a week's rest—that's what the home folks

called it--came in hot flashes, a week of picnics and frolics. The first picnic will be held in the company parade ground. Prizes will be awarded, good-uns too, three to seven days C.B., depending on your luck, and if its whiskers, or buttons you fell down on—well, you are just feeling like saying something to air your grouch when someone started singing "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile! Smile! Smile!" then "Take Me Back to Dear Old London Town." Not much tune, maybe, but the sentiment was there, so what odds?

Now to be unexpectedly taken back to dear old Blighty was my luck, and while recovering from "gas" and neurathenia, I had splendid opportunity for seeing much of Blighty.

I paid many visits to London, Exeter and Canterbury, and shall have to go again before I feel even familiar. There is too much of the magnificent and historic for me to attempt description. I prefer to lead you to pastures green, but I must warn you first that mere words fail to adequately paint Sussex as nature painted her.

I shall cycle through some of the interesting parts, and so make a start from Eastbourne, where the 11th Canadian Hospital is situated, almost at the foot of Beachy Head. Following the sea front, which is well laid out with roomy promenades and shelters reaching from the hospital in the west, to near the Martello Towers in the east, we leave the gay promenade and make our way northward along Terminus Road, the principal thoroughfare, with its endless streams of holiday folk. One is struck by the number of English women in khaki, of the various branches of the war service, and we feel honored to be sharing it with the noble women of Britain. Kiddies in naval suits of blue or white, with pail and spade, headed for the children's paradise.

On a fine open square, is the Art School and Library, a beautiful piece of architecture, fitting its educational enterprise. It is one of those public buildings where the design

seems not to have been borrowed from the past, and it reflects great credit upon the people of Eastbourne.

We have a hill to climb for our way leads over the Downs, and as we wheel along the well-kept avenue—whose trees in places meet overhead—we get glimpses of homes of charm and distinction, calling invitingly to us from behind their lovely gardens. As we get to the top of the first hill we reach the older part of Eastbourne, known as "Old Town." Elizabethian and Tudor go hand in hand. The parish church with Norman tower and ruins of the Priory, are of more than passing interest, and from their history we shall learn much of this coast, since they were much influenced by the events of import and export. Closely connected in those early days was the hostel—now known as "Ye Lamb Inn." It was here that travellers stayed on their journeying to and from London, Canterbury and France. This inn pleases me so I will make a few notes for sketching.

History has it that at one time a load of contraband, too large for the cellars of the inn, was stored in the church by the smugglers and at the weekend the priest announced that owing to his enforced visit to a further boundary of the parish, no service would be held on Sunday.

A little higher up the hill lies Summerdown Camp, the home of about five thousand convalescent British soldiers, a fine camp, and jolly boys they are, ever singing as they march, all the latest songs in part or unison, dressed in very smartly cut blue hospital suits. I may tell you we envied them their style, as we mixed with them in Y.M.C.A. and cafe and enjoyed their banter.

Close to the camp is Paradise Drive, a road cut through a lovely wooded slope on the estate of the Duke of Devonshire. This estate is open to the public and so is very popular with "Tommy."

Now we feel the breath of the downs and we are indeed not far from the "No Man's Land" of Sussex, and soon we shall see the quaint thatched cottages and simple "next to nature" way of life.

Little wonder that many of the business men have built their homes out on the Sussex highway. Coming along the road we passed many beautiful examples of domestic architecture, built of stone and tiled, parked and lawned about so that things have the effect of growing there. Bottomley, beloved by Tommy, and the champion of everyman's rights, has his home close by.

Each village we pass possesses a charm distinctly its own, whether it be sentiment or

romance—the winding street, the thatch-roofed cottages with little gables peeping at you from unexpected corners, all strike a responsive note within me and I feel richer for their acquaintance. The absence of commercialism and the restfulness of the gardens and lavender beds, the atmosphere of rest pervading them all, call irresistibly to you if you have the soul for peace.

Every turn in the road is marked by some new aspect of country life, but we are upon the highway and so expect variety. Whannock, Willington and Jevington are all interesting, and as new vistas of the downs scenery open up to us, it becomes a veritable kaleidoscope of color. At Whannock one was always sure of meeting some of our boys from Seaford Camp, for we all enjoyed the walk over the downs with a good tea at the finish. The way is thickly strewn with blackberry bushes nearly ripe, and this time our visions may take shape—a jolly bunch of picnickers with blackened hands, torn pants, a load of lovely berries and an appetite to boot.

The road from Jevington takes us along the valley, which ends at the waterworks and connects with the valley road, leading to Seaford.

Several old homes of Sussex notables lie secreted in this district. One of them, Filching Manor, seems to be several smaller half-timbered houses pushed close together and joined by a common bond of style and the sympathetic use of trees in the background.

Quite a stiff climb from here brings us to the old Manor House, Friston Place. I leave the sketch to tell you of the view from the road. On the south and the west side the house is Tudor in construction, so that while it is indeed interesting, I think I got the best of the bargain. The interior has been kept in its original style, Elizabethian.

The panelled banqueting hall with its minstrel gallery is still used in peace times, for Major Mailland, our host, is master of the hounds and a popular figure in east Sussex life.

In the grounds stands a substantial stone structure—it might almost be a chapel—but it is the well house. It is complete with the old donkey wheel set on a horizontal shaft of oak, a foot through—the donkey used to be admitted to the wheel and started walking, effecting the revolving motion of the wheel, like the mouse wheel we had as boys. It is not used now. The estate has its electric plant for all domestic and farm purposes. I have promised to pay a return visit to Friston Place and I shall not forget!

Besides homes and village and Downs' scenery, Sussex can provide you with castles if you wish. Lewes, Pevensey and Bodium, Herstmonceux and others are there for you to visit, for Sussex, with Kent, once featured as the bulwark of the Island, and her sturdy sons went forth, as now, to battle for her freedom. Let one here, as a Westerner, say how proud I felt to be in the fighting line of Britain with such men. There were many of

the English county regiments who had their part with us in the big Canadian engagements.

Finally, I must voice my appreciation of the hospitality of Sussex families. Not a village that I visited but I have received invitations to return—pressing and genuine. "Come again," and I've promised to return and enrich myself with further studies of England's rural paths.

The Brothers Cherry, who served in the Great War and saw much of Belgium, France, and England, are sketching Overseas, and will make special drawings for any future publications issued by "The Gold Stripe."



ARRY, AINT THAT JUST ROTTEN BILL P. BILL NOT ON YER LIFE IT WIFFS !
LIKE DEAR OLD HOME, FALSE CREEK VANCOUVER.

This humorous sketch is by a returned soldier, Warwick Sugden, who has, during convalescence, developed much talent as an artist and wood-carver.

A Page of Poetry

At Dawn

Within the lantern's gleaming ring of light
 Your compass lay;
 All else was dark as on the edge of night;
 We slipped through fog and mist across the bay,
 To northern marshy lands the wild ducks know
 Four years ago.

Above our heads the sea gulls' piercing call,
 The crane's harsh cry;
 A whirr of rushing wings, the misty pall
 That shut out star and sea, and earth and sky,
 The while we waited for the shadowy flight
 From out the night.

Against our faces beat the fog and mist,
 Vivid and cold.
 Slowly a bar of palest amethyst
 Grew till the eastern skies were spanned with gold
 That gemmed Mount Baker's crown of stainless snow
 Four years ago.

Within the blinding ring of rockets' glare
 Your pathway lies;
 Along the edge of death you slip to share
 With a wounded world high Victory's glorious prize,
 Through clouds of deadly shrapnel lies your way
 In France to-day.

Above your head the shrieking of the shells,
 The cannonade;
 The crashing of the bombs where red death dwells,
 While in the lightening sky the last stars fade,
 Your eyes have that high look which sees beyond
 Life's strongest bond.

The leafless, broken trees, all stark and dead,
 Lean desolate;
 But singing birds, hailing the dusky red
 Of eastern skies that glow through dust of hate
 And smoke of battle, make the morning gay
 In France to-day.

Grey sky! Grey mist! The grey sea's curling foam,
 And the sea-gull's cry!
 These things have made the earth our spirits' home,
 And if in sunny France your body lie,
 We'll meet, your soul with glory clothed upon,
 At the gates of Dawn.

—A.M.W.

The Triumph Glorious

(By Flora Davis)

Though 'twas Victory led us onward
 While the guns made loud acclaim,
 'Tis the Cause of God that triumphs
 And not the blood and flame.

Though we've crushed the iron gauntlet,
 And we've brought a tyrant shame,
 'Tis the power of hell we've humbled
 And not the Kaiser's fame.

In the dawn of Peace gleams Heaven,
 Yet the struggle must remain
 Till the Christ in Man exalted,
 Lifts all to bear His Name.

Amiens

Heartstruck she stands—our Lady of all Sorrows—
 Circled with ruin, sunk in deep amaze,
 Facing the shadow of her dark tomorrows,
 Mourning the glory of her yesterdays.

Yet is she queen, by every royal token,
 There where the storm of desolation swirled;
 Crowned only with the thorn, despoiled and broken—
 Her kingdom is the heart of all the world.

She made her breast a shield, her sword a splendor,
 She rose like flame upon the darkened ways;
 So, through the anguish of her proud surrender,
 Breaks the clear vision of undying praise!

Au Revoir

YES, Gentle Reader, we shall meet again, we trust. In closing this, the last page of "The Gold Stripe No. 2," the Editors desire to warmly thank contributors, advertisers, artists and all friends who have, with noble generosity, assisted.

"The Gold Stripe" has taken such a firm hold on the affections of the public that we confidently expect "No. 3" will be called for at Christmas.

From Overseas, as in Canada, we have had kindly appreciation and warm encouragement. For once the words of Shakespeare have proved lacking in truth. There has been no jesting at scars, even by those who never felt a wound, but only words of heart-felt sympathy for those on whose behalf this book is published.

The Editors have discovered such artistic and literary talent among returned soldiers that another volume may be anticipated. So "Au Revoir!" May PEACE remain with us, and "The Gold Stripe," like the sun dial, mark only the sunny hours.

FELIX PENNE.
J. A. PATON.

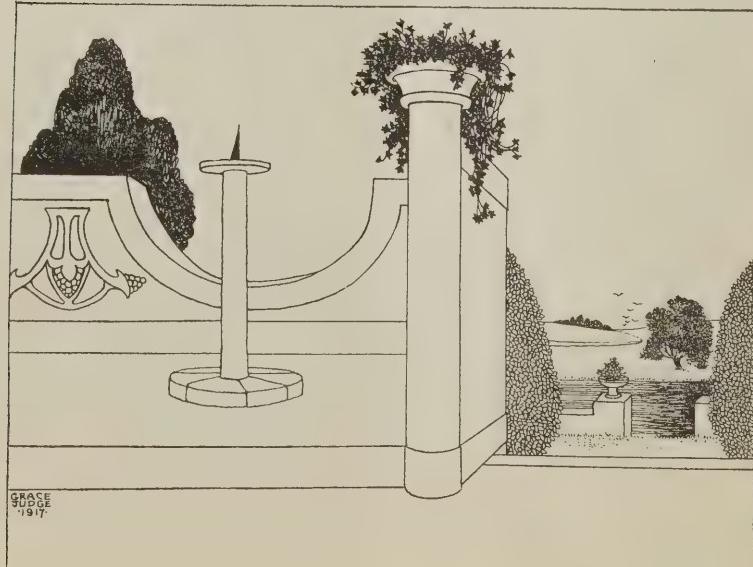
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The Table

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The Episode of the Lemon Pie

A Story of Hospital Life in Blighty

By T. H. Potts

Being a member of Canada's Overseas Forces, wounded in the famous battle of Arras, commonly known as Vimy Ridge, I should like, through the medium of this book, to show its readers the way our boys are treated in English hospitals, by placing before you my own experience.

Wounded on the ninth of April (Easter Monday), 1917, I went from the front line by devious routes to Boulogne, and from there to England, where I landed at Dover, on the 16th of April. We were then placed in a hospital train and finally landed at the First Eastern General Hospital, Cambridge.

As everyone knows, Cambridge is the famous Collegiate town, and abounds in all kinds of interesting material for the historian. The hospital was situated not far from the King's College, the architecture of its Chapel being unsurpassed and the beauty of the Cam River, with its banks of grass as soft as a bed of moss, also its old-fashioned bridges, would be hard to find anywhere. We landed during the night and everything was ready for us, the nurses expecting (and they were not disappointed) a hungry bunch of "boys." Boiled eggs, bread and butter were served up to us, and after that we retired for the night. The next day we settled down to regular hospital routine, and some of the rules and regulations governing patients did not go down very well. For instance, the night sister would come round at 4.30 a.m. and wake us all up so she could make the beds and

finish the dressings before the day sisters came on duty. Four-thirty in the morning may be a good time to go "over the top," but to be awakened from a sound sleep at that time is, in soldiers' French, "No Bon."

After that comes breakfast, and then the boys with the serious wounds begin to quake at the sound of the Sisters' "Agony Table." The "Agony Table" is a small table with four small wheels placed there so that the table will run easily, but invariably the said wheels are in need of oil, and, when in use, reminds one of a motor-man on a street-car putting on his brakes in a hurry. On the top of the table is placed the agony part of it. This comprises cotton wool, gauze, bandages, probes, and all kinds of instruments of torture. The sisters always say that they have to be cruel to be kind. In the afternoon visitors are allowed in the hospital. Some of the visitors are welcomed with outstretched arms, the reason being the smiling countenance and the cheeriness they bring into the ward. Cigarettes, chocolates and books are also brought in by these same visitors. On the other hand there is always the unwelcome one, some lady who, no doubt, means well, but who has a string of questions, something like filling out an attestation paper, or a medical board sheet. "Were you wounded?" is a question put to a man swathed in bandages. "My poor man, have you lost a leg?" "However did you get your leg blown off in the trenches?"

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them, and decided to buy the pipes if the price did not go too high. On the morning of the sale the Commandant drove the Scotch boy, who, by the way, had one leg amputated, also one or two other injuries, to the place of sale. On arriving, a dealer asked him how much he was going to bid and Jock, unsuspectingly, told him. Imagine Scottie's surprise when the dealer ran up the pipes far above his means, and he had to relinquish the idea of ever owning them.

But a Good Samaritan was at hand, a farmer who had watched the tragedy and saw the disappointment of the boy. He immediately went to the dealer and told him in no uncertain language what he thought of him, gave him a cheque for the amount he had paid for the pipes, plus 10 shillings, and then made a present of them to Jock. And that night there was great rejoicing in the House of Whitehall.

About this time I was returned to Cambridge for an operation. Not a very serious one, just a gas attack. I landed in Cambridge about the end of October, and while there participated in (if I may be excused the expression) a tragic comedy. The tragedy part of it occurred to myself, and of course everybody else saw the amusing side of it.

On the afternoon of my operation (I was scheduled to be in the theatre to see the "pictures" at 3:00 p.m.), I had a lady visitor to see me, and the visitor was a Canadian, so I was rather glad to see her. I noticed she carried a very large basket, and I may say that soldier patients, when they are a long way from home and just about broke, "get the habit" of noticing these small details, and a very deep curiosity overtakes them. After the preliminary bombardment (of questions), the lady took the lovely white cover off her basket and started to display some cookies and pies, and behold my astonishment when she dug deep down in the recesses of her commodious carrier and produced a

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real, honest-to-goodness lemon pie.

She laid said pie on the top of my locker and produced the operating machinery wherewith to bisect said pie. By this time I had actually forgotten that I was to undergo an operation and the time set was 2:45 p.m. My mouth was "crying," not crocodile tears, but real Capilano water. Oh, how my teeth did feel the want of that luscious-looking pie. Just place yourself in my position for a minute. Remember that I had been wounded at Vimy Ridge; had not seen any Canadian pastry for so long that I had nearly forgotten all about it, and all at once a kind fairy brings in a great big lemon pie and places it on my locker. Oh, Boy! Oh, Boy! What a glorious sensation.

My visitor took a knife and cut a large portion of the pie, and was about to place it in my hand when there was a commotion at the entrance of the ward and all eyes were turned that way. My mind became rather active in those few moments. The commotion was caused by a party dressed in a long, flowing white robe, pushing, not a baby buggy, or a handcart, but a wheeled stretcher, and that particular means of transportation had arrived to take me to the "pictures" (some pictures). I used all the strategy that I had learned while serving with the colours, but of no avail. The enemy advanced in solid formation and arrived at his objective just in time to see my Canadian visitor in the act of trying to appease my ever-growing appetite for lemon pie.

My visitor saw the "enemy" stop at the foot of my bed, and looked at me in a rather wistful way. "Is this stretcher for you?" she asked me. I did not answer for a minute, I was too busy trying by means of motives and signs (the army would call it signalling, but anyone else that saw those signs and motions would think I was a candidate for a lunatic asylum), but it was of no avail, the "enemy" had no

mercy. My visitor withdrew, carrying off the spoils, and the "enemy" placed me on the stretcher and away we went to the "pictures."

I am not going to explain here the different pictures I saw when I arrived at the theatre, but one thing in particular caught my eye, and that was a big two-hundred-pound doctor, dressed up in a-butcher's smock, and he looked something like an American. When I say this I mean that when you are away from here the North American type seems to stand out in a-class of its own.

I was not given long to think over this, however, a nurse came behind me and placed a bag over my face. Two or three breaths and I was well away, and all the time I was under the anaesthetic I was dreaming of lemon pie.

When I came to myself I saw my American doctor laughing to beat the band. Every one else in the theatre was laughing and when my mind had advanced to a stage of realization, I saw that they were laughing at me. They finally told me that I had been raving about lemon pie all through my operation and that at the thought of such a thing being right in Cambridge Hospital, "so near but yet so far," so to speak, the doctor's teeth had watered so badly that he had to get his partner to finish the operation.

I was finally taken back to my ward, the whole operation only took fifteen minutes and imagine my chagrin when six heads bobbed up from six different beds and six different pairs of hands held six different pieces of lemon pie. They had divided the spoils between them and I had to go back to the hospital fare of bread, margarine and plum and apple jam.

After the rather disappointing and tragic experience I was glad to be sent back to the convalescent hospital.

Christmas, 1917, is one I shall never forget. Mrs. Cavendish certainly gave the boys a good time. There were very few people who fared as well as we in

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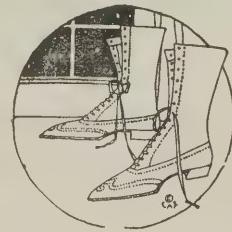
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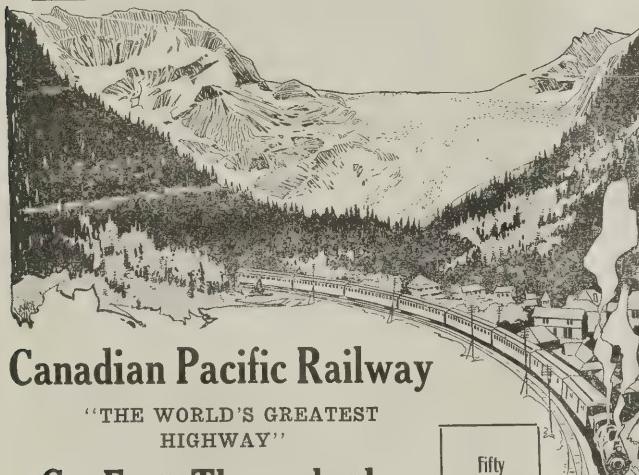
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X

England, and very few in Canada. We had everything a man could wish for. Turkey, Christmas pudding, bon-bons, Christmas crackers—even to the old custom of Christmas carolling. Real Christmas games and presents, on top of which we received the Christmas stockings so kindly sent through the Canadian Red Cross by the people at home.

My stay in this hospital lasted eight months, and I should liked to have stayed eighteen, but all good things come to an end, and at last I was marked fit to travel, and I started on my journey homewards.

Officer—Well, my man, and what's wrong with you?

Private—Valvular disease of the heart, sir.

Officer—My word! How on earth did you get that?

Private—Last Medical Board gave it me, sir.

* * *

O.C. (with genial condescension to private working by the roadside)—Well, my good man, and what were you before you joined the army?

Private (wearily)—Professor of history at the University, sir.

* * *

After the War.
Forty acres and a tractor,
Surely that should be a factor
In assisting soldier laddies
To be useful men and daddies.

* * *

Future Use.
Now that your brother is back,
what are you going to do with your
service flag?

We'll put it in the window again
when he gets married.

* * *

Humbled.
Hunter doesn't think so much of
himself any more.

No, his little son is beginning to
ask him questions.

* * *

His Forte.
Oil Producer—To-morrow we will
shoot a well.

Employee (formerly in German
army)—Shoot it? Why not poison it.

* * *

Policeman appealed to by pompous
old gentleman—Now, then, you there,
what do ye mean by throwing dirt
on this gentleman's front steps?

There's no other place to throw it!

Well, thin, in that case, yez had
better dig another hole an' throw it
in there.



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XII

A pilot at sea was compelled to get his relief from a raw recruit who had never seen a steering wheel before. He was told to keep the ship going toward a certain star, but through his carelessness the tide turned the ship completely around. On looking for the star he saw it was in the rear. The pilot on returning asked, "Well, how are you getting on?"

"All right," answered the sailor, "but give me another star. I've passed that one already."

* * *
Obvious.

Red Cross Nurse—Tell me your name so that I can tell your mother.

Wounded Soldier (indignantly)—My mother doesn't need to be told my name!

* * *
An Old Acquaintance.

Bloggs (to his friend)—Ha, watch me get a rise out of that tramp!

After the hobo has told his hard luck story.—Why that's the same yarn you told me the last time I saw you.

Hobo—Is it? When did you hear it?

Bloggs—Last week.

Hobo—Oh, mebbe I did tell it to yer, but I don't remember yer face. I was in prison all last week.

* * *
Teacher—Now, children, here's an example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1888?

Knowing Lad—Man or woman, sir?

* * *

Courage.

District Visitor—When you are tempted to drink think of your wife at home.

Hobo—Madam, when the thirst is upon me, I am absolutely devoid of fear.

* * *

As Man to Man.

Your wife says you have her terorized.

Honest, Judge—

I do not ask you this in my official capacity, but as man to man. Do you understand?

Yes, your Honour.

What's your secret?

* * *

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Suitor—Yes, sir, but my guv-nor is tired of supporting me, he says, and I thought I'd get into another family.

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Fair Warning.

I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months.

Better be careful, old man. You'll never get another like that!

* * * Time Limit.

I see here that a Missouri man boasts that he has had an umbrella in his possession for twenty years.

Well, that's long enough. He ought to return it.

* * * His Job.

What position do you occupy in the matrimonial firm? Manager?

No, my wife's that. I was the cash boy until baby came. Now I'm only floor walker.

* * * Harmony in Discord.

Irritated old gentleman in theatre—Can't you make that young cub behave himself? He does nothing but fidget and make unpleasant noises."

Father of restless boy—Sorry, sir, I'm only waiting for the jazz music to get going well and then I'll box his ears.

* * * Paid to Diagnose

Mrs. O'Flaherty—n' did ye tell the docther now that yer bhoy et al' the green apples at yer foins tree?

Mrs. McGonnigle—Sure, an' I did not. Is it not meself that's payin' him two dollars for his visit? Indade, let him find out for himself.

* * * She Knew Better.

"Change at Epsom," said the booking-clerk to the elderly lady buying a railway ticket.

"None of them tricks, my lad," was the old lady's retort. "I wants my change here and now afore I gets into that train."

* * *

Had Been Tested Out.

"I believe that everybody ought to say exactly what he thinks in his own way."

"And yet, objected the slow-speaking man, "that plan didn't seem to help much at the Tower of Babel."

* * *

The Mean Man—"I never buy raffle tickets. I never won anything in a raffle in my life."

His Victim—"Been unlucky, eh?"

The Mean Man—"Wouldn't say that. I've never bought a raffle ticket."

* * *

Wife—"The landlord called for the rent this morning."

Husband—"Did you ask him to call again?"

Wife—"It wasn't necessary — he threatened to."

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If so it be for every generous thought
Spring scents are sweeter yet,
For every task with high endeavour
wrought
Earth's gems are fairer set—
Trimrose and violet;

If for each noble dream in dormant
seed
The life-spark stirs and glows;
If for the fame of each heroic deed
Some bloom the lovelier grows—
White lily or red rose;

Then, France, thou shouldst be lavish
of thy flowers
For all our dead and thine,
And for all women's tears, or thine
or ours,
Put forth some tender sign—
Heartsease or eglantine.

FORE AND AFT

The A.S.C.'s a nobleman; 'e rides a
motor-car,
'E is not forced to 'ump a pack, as we
footsluggers are;
'E drives 'is lorry through the towns
and 'alts for fags and beer;
We infantry, we does without, there
ain't no shops up 'ere;
And then for splashin' us with mud
'e draws six bob a day,
For the further away from the line
you go, the 'igher your rate of
pay.

My shirt is rather chatty and my
socks 'ud make you larf;
It's just a week o' Sundays since they
sent us for a barf;
But them that 'as the cushy jobs they
lives in style and state,
With a basin in their bed-rooms and
their dinners on a plate;
For 'tis a law o' nachur with the
bloomin' infantry—
The nearer up to the line you go the
dirtier will you be.

Blokies at the base, they gets their
leave when they've bin out three
munse;
I 'aven't seen my wife and kids for
mor'n a year, not once;
The missus writes, "About that pass,
you'd better ask again;
I think you must 'ave been forgot."
Old girl, the reason's plain:
We are the bloomin' infantry, and
you must just believe
That the nearer up to the line you
go the less is your chance of
leave.

"There goes a man who did me out
of a million dollars."

"Old Gotrox? Why, how was that?"
He refused to let me marry his
only daughter."

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17, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Sept.
1, 1.

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The Mudlarks

The scene is a School of Instruction at the back of the Western Front set in a valley of green meadows bordered by files of plumy poplars and threaded through by a silver ribbon of water.

On the lazy afternoon breeze come the concerted yells of a bayonet class, practising frightfulness further down the valley; also the staccato chatter of Lewis guns punching holes in the near hill-side.

In the centre of one meadow is a turf "manege." In the centre of the "manege" stands the villain of the piece, the Riding-Master.

He wears a crown on his sleeve, tight breeches, jack-boots, vicious spurs and sable moustachios. His right hand toys with a long, long whip, his left with his sable moustachios. He looks like Davolio, the lion-tamer, about to put his man-eating chums through hoops of fire.

His victims, a dozen Infantry officers, circle slowly around the "manege." They are mounted on disillusioned cavalry horses who came out with Wellington and know a thing or two. Now and again they wink at the riding-master and he winks back at them.

The audience consists of an ancient Gaul in picturesque blue pants, whose metier is to totter round the meadows brushing flies off a piebald cow; the School padre, who keeps at long range so that he may see the sport without hearing the language, and ten little "gamins," who have been splashing in the silver stream and are now sitting drying on the bank like ten little toads.

They come every afternoon, for never have they seen such fun, never since the great days before the war when the circus with the boxing kangaroo and the educated porks came to town.

Suddenly the riding-master clears his throat. At the sound

thereof the horses cock their ears and their riders grab handfuls of leather and hair.

R.M.: "Now, gentlemen, mind the word. Gently away—tra-a-t." The horses break into a slow jog-trot and the cavaliers into a cold perspiration. The ten little gammins cheer delightedly.

R.M.: "Sit down, sit up, 'ollow yer backs, keep the hands down backs foremost, even pace. Number Two, Sir, 'ollow yer back; don't sit 'unched up like you'd over-ate yerself. Number Seven, don't throw yerself about in that drunken manner, you'll miss the saddle altogether presently, coming down—can't expect the 'orse to catch you every time."

"Number Three, don't flap yer helbows like an 'en; you ain't laid an hegg, 'ave you?"

"'Ollow yer backs, 'eads up, 'eels down; four feet from nose to croup."

"Number One, keep yer feet back, you'll be kickin' that mare's teeth out, you will."

"Come down off 'is 'ead, Number Seven; this ain't a monkey-'ouse."

"Keep a light an' even feelin' of both reins, backs of the 'ands foremost, four feet from nose to croup."

"Leggo that mare's tail, Number Seven; you're goin', not comin', and any'ow that mare likes to keep 'er tail to 'erself. You've upset 'er now, the tears is fair streamin' down 'er face—'ave a bit of feelin' for a pore dumb beast."

"'Ollow yer backs, even pace, grip with the knees, shorten yer reins, four feet from nose to croup. Number Eight, restrain yerself, you ain't shadow-sparrin', you know."

"You, too, Number Nine; if you don't calm yer action a bit you'll burst somethin'."

"Now, remember, a light feelin' of the right rein and pressure of the left leg. Ride—wa-a-alk! Ri—tur-r-rn! 'Alt—'pare to s'mount. Dismount, I said, Num-

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ber Five; that means get down. No, don't dismount on the flat of yer back, me lad, it don't look nice. Try to remember you're an horificker and be more dignified.

"Now, listen to me while I enumerate the parts of a horse in language so simple any bloomin' fool can understand. This'll be useful to you, for if you ever 'ave a orse to deal with an' 'e loses one of 'is parts you'll know 'ow to indent for a new one.

"The 'orse 'as two ends, a fore-end—so-called from its tendency to go first, an' an 'ind-end or rear flank. The 'orse is provided with two legs at each end, which can be easily distinguished, the fore legs being straight an' the 'ind legs 'avin' kinks in 'em.

"As the 'orse does seventy-five per cent. of 'is dirty work with 'is 'ind-legs it is advisable to keep clear of 'em, rail 'em off or strap boxing-gloves on 'em. The legs of the 'orse is very delicate and liable to crock up, so do not try to trim off any unsightly knobs that may appear on them with a hand-axe—a little of that 'as been known to spoil a 'orse for good.

"Next we come to the 'ead. On the south side of the 'ead we discover the mouth. The 'orse's mouth was constructed for mincing 'is victuals, also for 'is rider to 'ang on by. As the 'orse does the other forty-five per cent. of 'is dirty work with 'is mouth it is advisable to stand clear of that as well. In fact, what with 'is mouth at one end and 'is 'ind-legs at 't'other, the middle of the 'orse is about the only safe spot, and that is why we place the saddle there. Everything in the Harny is done with a reason, gentlemen.

"And now, Number Ten, tell me what coloured 'orse you are ridin'?

"A chestnut? No, 'e ain't no chestnut and never was, no, nor a raspberry roan neither; 'e's a bay. 'Ow often must I tell you that a chestnut 'orse is the colour of lager beer, a brown 'orse the colour of draught ale, and a black 'orse the colour of stout.

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"And now, gentlemen, stan' to
yer 'orses, 'pare to mount—
Mount!

"There you go, Number Seven,
up one side and down the other.
Try to stop in the saddle for a
minute, if only for the view.
You'll get yourself 'urted one of
these days dashing about all over
the 'orse like that; and 'posin'
you was to break your neck,
who'd get into trouble? Me, not
you! 'Ave a bit of consideration
for other people, please.

"Now, mind the word. Ride—
ri—tur-r-rn. Walk march. Tra-a-at.
Helbows slightly brushing
the ribs—your ribs, not the
'orse's, Number Three.

"Shorten yer reins, 'eels down,
'eads up, 'ollow yer backs, four
feet from nose to croup.

"Get off that mare's neck,
Number Seven, and try ridin' in
the saddle for a change; it'll be
more comfortable for everybody.

"You oughter do cowboy
stunts for the movin' pictures,
Number Six, you ought, really.
People would pay money to see
you ride a horse upside down like
that. Got a strain of wild Cos-
sack blood in you, eh?

"There you are, now you've
been and fell off. Nice way to
repay me for all the patience an'
learning I've given you!

"What are you lyin' there for?
Day-dreamin'? I s'pose you're
goin' to tell me you're 'urted
now? Be writing 'ome to Mother
about it next: 'Dear Ma,—A mad
mustang 'as trod on me stum-
mick. Please send me a gold
stripe. Your loving child, Algy.'

"Now, mind the word. Ride—
Can-ter!"

He cracks his whip; the horses
throw up their heads and break
into a canter; the cavaliers turn
pea green about the chops, let go
the reins and clutch saddle pom-
mels.

The leading horse, a rakish
chestnut, finding his head free at
last and being heartily fed-up
with the whole business, suddenly
bolts out of the "manege" and
legs it across the meadow, en
route for stables and tea. His
eleven mates stream in his wake,
emptying saddles as they go.

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up against the pie-bald cow and
shakes his ancient head. "C'est
la guerre," he croaks.

The deserted Riding-Master
damns his eyes and blesses his
soul for a few moments; then
sighs resignedly, takes a cigarette
from his cap lining, lights it
and waddles off towards the vil-
lage and his favorite "estaminet." —Patlander, in "Punch."

THE SONG OF THE TYPE- WRITER

I tell mankind of toil and speed,
Of worry and of strife,
My song is dear to those who lead
Our modern, breathless life.

Riskful it is to look around,
Or falter in life's race;
Rest but a moment—someone's
found

Eager to fill your place.

Praise to the pushing and the
strong,

Down with the slow and weak;
Pause, and you're trampled by
the throng—
Those words I plainly speak.

So, hurry forward! hurry on!
My lay comes clear and quick;
"Work at full speed or get the
gone!"

Thus chants my fateful click.

—Lewis Wharton.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By Lieut. Col. John D. McCrae

(Written during the second battle of
Ypres, April, 1915. The author, Dr.
John D. McCrae, of Montreal, Can-
ada, was killed on duty in Flanders,
January 28, 1918).

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
in Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies
grow

In Flanders fields.

AMERICA'S ANSWER

By R. W. Lillard

(Written after the death of Lieut.
Col. McCrae, author of "In Flanders
Fields," and printed in The New
York Evening Post).

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own life blood ran
red.

So, let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye
taught

In Flanders fields.

When the car left the terminus a
very stout lady, clad in muslin, was
hanging on to a strap for dear life.

A very small soldier, who was
wedged in on the seat, struggled to
his feet, and in quite the old-world
manner offered his seat to the ample
lady.

Smilingly she thanked him, and
then, looking rather bewildered, said,
"Thanks so much! But where did
you get up from?"

* * *

Recruit: "If you was to put the lid
on, you wouldn't get so much dust in
the soup."

Cook: "See here, young feller-me-
lad, your business is to fight for your
country."

Recruit: "Yes, but not to eat it."

* * *

"Father," said the small boy, "what
is an overt act?"

"My son, an overt act is something
that either compels you to be so rude
as to fight or so polite as to pretend
you didn't notice it."

* * *

"How many revolutions does the
earth make in a day? It's your turn,
Willie Smith."

"You can't tell, teacher, until you
see the morning papers."

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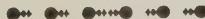
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FOSTERING ART IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By Mary Daniell.

NOTHING, perhaps, marks the real progress of a great city as much as the interest taken generally in art matters. The study of the fine arts has ever been the hall-mark of education and refinement. It is equally an indication of "set-fair" in the municipal barometer.

Equally in the old country as in new communities utility must be considered first, but when the wooden shacks and log cabins give way to stone buildings, and streets are widened, there must be public gardens and a use of the art of the sculptor; the picture gallery must be inaugurated. Otherwise the new city is neglecting an important phase of progress in the real civilization.

The city of Hull, on the Humber, has completed a fine art gallery, with an impressive marble staircase, and other features of a fitting temple for the conservation of those things in life which are fine and beautiful. I do not know of a less likely city for such an art building. Hull, as I remember it many years ago, is by no means that which would attract an artist. But the city is very "sporting" as regards offering inducement to painters to make the best of Hull, and I have no doubt that, before long, some fine paintings will be sent forth from the city to let the wide world know that there is a glory, never dreamed of by the general public, in that cheerless, smoky manufacturing town by the colorless river.

Artists, as a rule, are sensitive to surrounding influences, and require sympathy in others before their best work can be done. When they reach a place where there is no sympathy, they move on. The point for a city to consider is whether art is useful as a commercial asset or not. One need not be an artist when travelling in Europe to know that the first question of the tourist on ar-

riving in a strange town is, what pictures and churches there are to be seen? Both are everywhere in profusion, because in times long past, cities, as well as individuals, did their best to foster art in all its branches. I remember a very old and fine church in Prague, where was some of the finest stone carving I ever saw. It was so old that the name of the architect and almost the date of the building had been erased by the finger of time. But, down in a dark crypt, and behind a door which opened back against the door, where none could see unless they went to look for it, was an exquisite piece of carving, just as beautiful as that which appeared in the full light of the day above. This is the true spirit of art—the same spirit which made Fra Angelico paint his sacred subjects on his knees, and which gave us the beautiful work of the monks of the middle ages. In this hurrying age, where utility is of the first importance, consideration of the beautiful is apt to be overlooked and under-valued.

The arts and crafts societies all over the world have done much to prevent many industries and crafts from being completely forgotten—and in a new country they are calculated to do at least as much good, for, living so far from centers of art, there is little to remind us of what painting and sculpture really are. It is well known that until a few years ago American artists had to go to London and Paris for recognition. The reason was not far to seek. The millionaire who bought pictures had, as a rule, no knowledge of art, and, not caring to trust to his own judgment, purchased only the work of artists well known in the great cities of Europe. His children, better educated, are better qualified to judge, and act accordingly, thus encouraging artists to remain on this continent. The right education of the children will bring picture galleries to every city.

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